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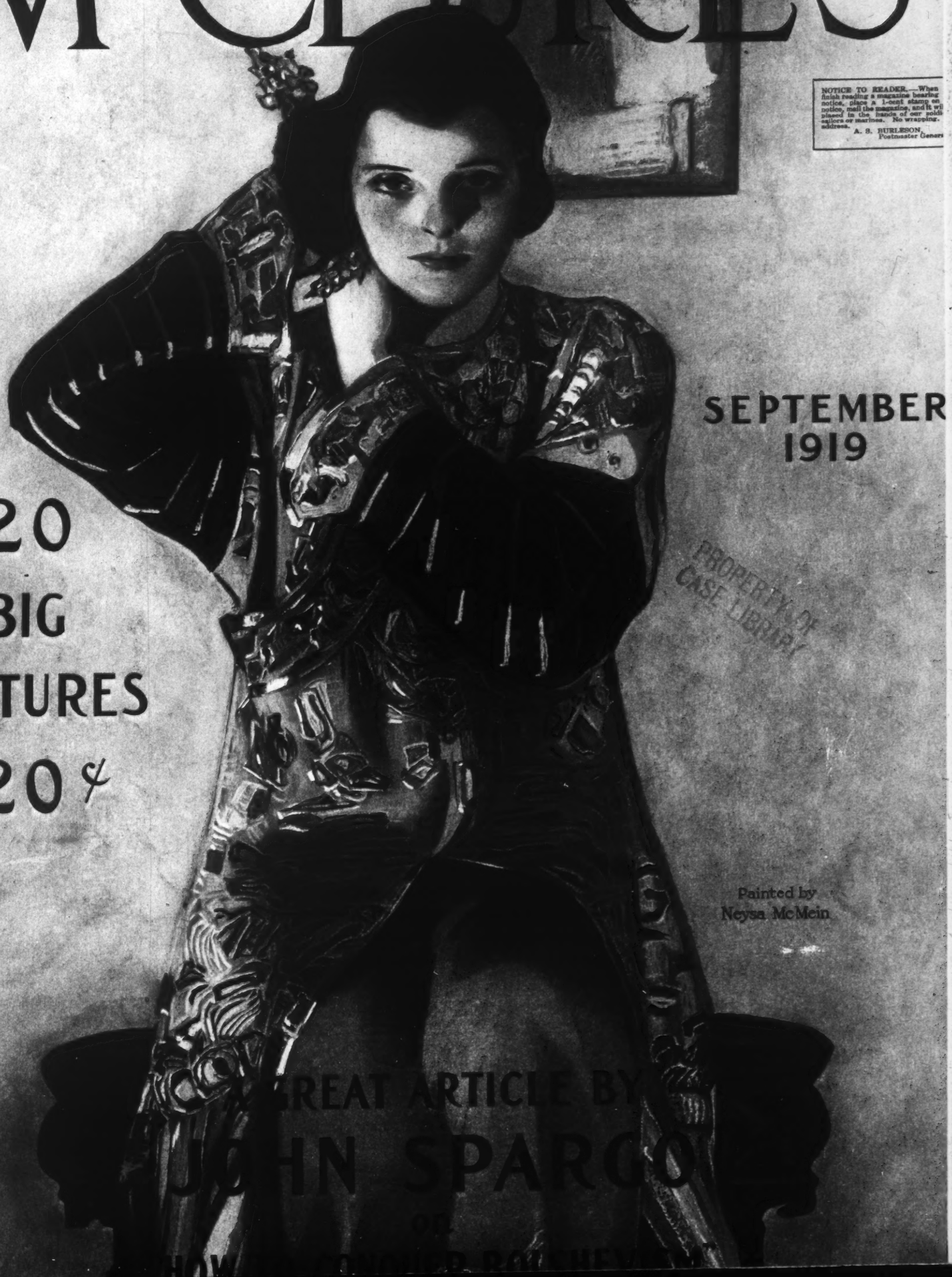

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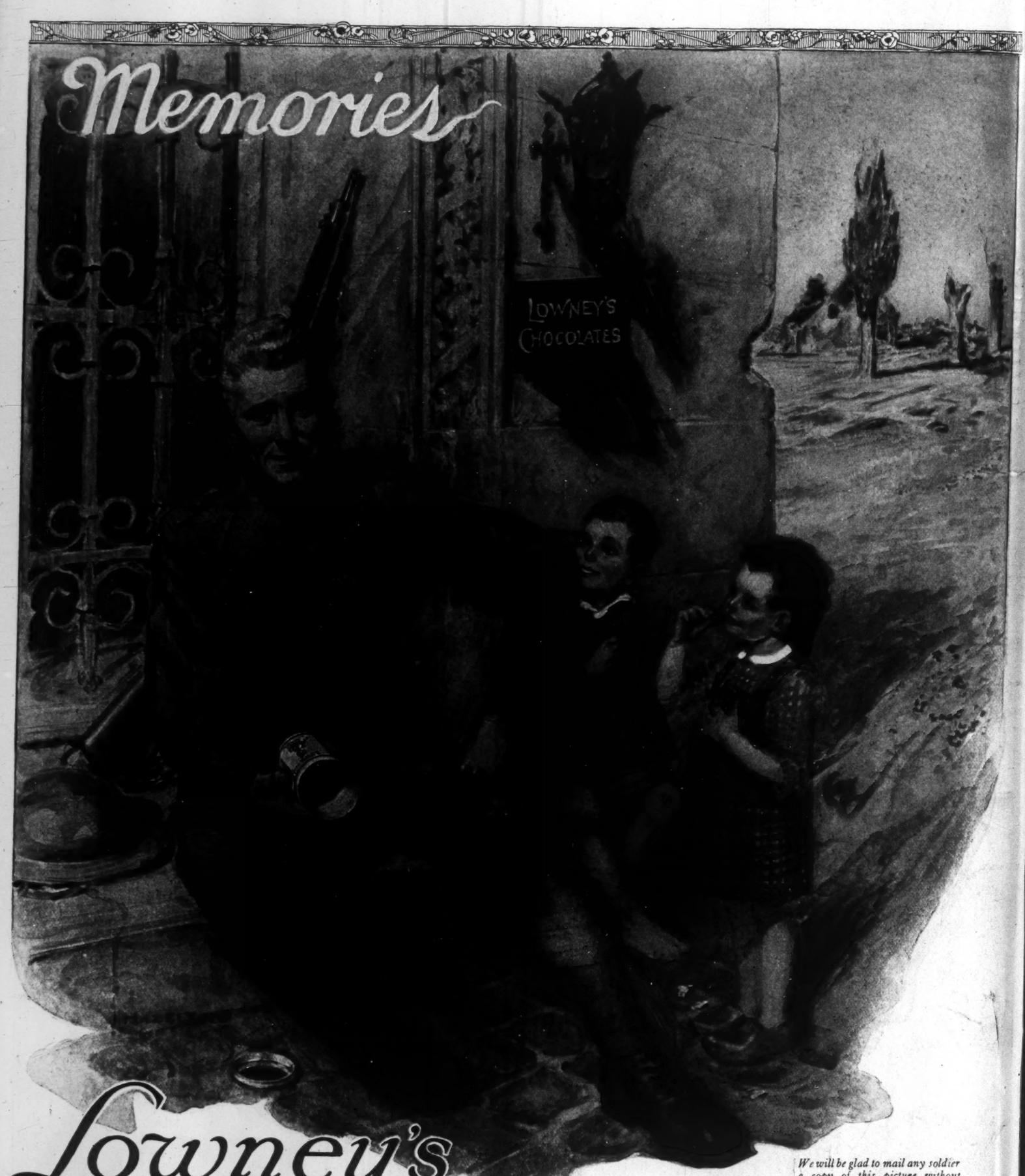

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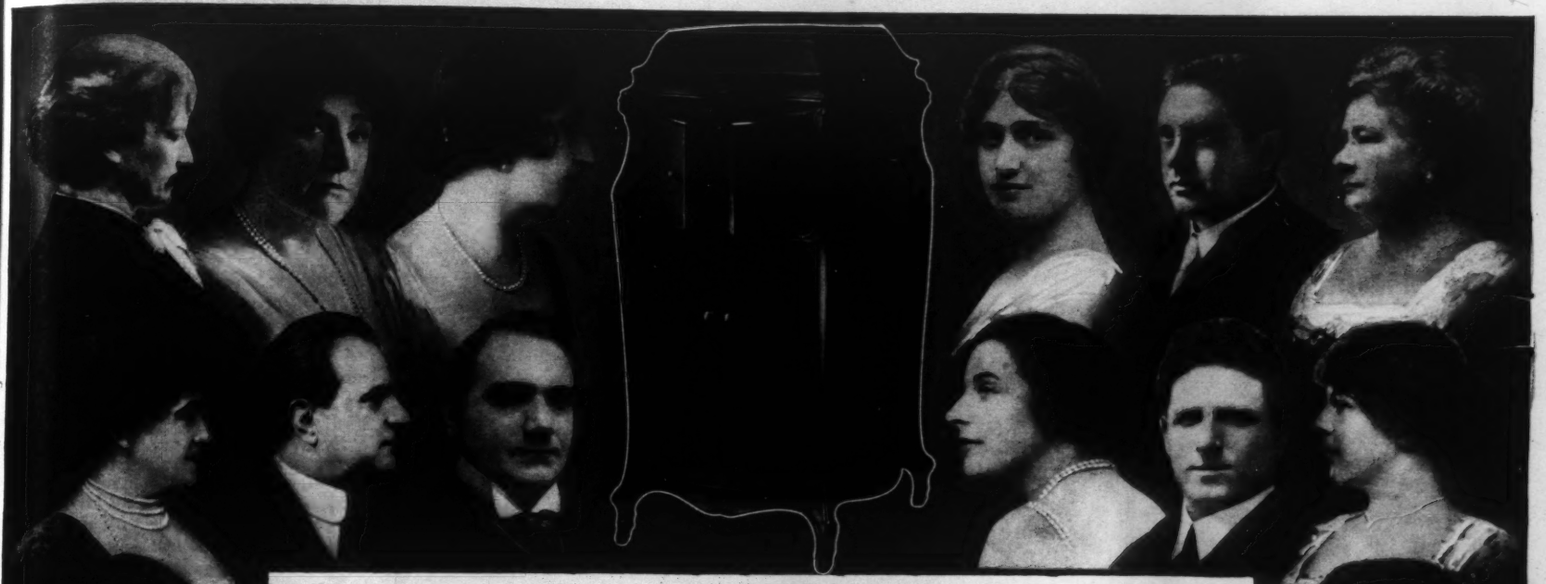

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McCLURE'S

Volume 51 — Number 9

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"I was astounded at my new power over men and women. People actually went out of their way to do things for me — they seemed EAGER TO PLEASE ME."

The Secret of Making People Like You

"Getting people to like you is the quick road to success—it's more important than ability," says this man. It surely did wonders for him. How he does it—a simple method which anyone can use instantly.

ALL the office was talking about it, and we were wondering which one of us would be the lucky man.

There was an important job to be filled—as Assistant-to-the-President. According to the general run of salaries in the office, this one would easily pay from $7,000 to $10,000 a year.

The main requisite, as we understood it, was striking personality and the ability to meet even the biggest men in their offices, their clubs and their homes on a basis of absolute equality. This the firm considered of even more importance than knowledge of the business.

YOU know just what happens when news of this sort gets around an office. The boys got to picking the man among themselves. They had the choice all narrowed down to two men—Harrison and myself. That was the way I felt about it, too. Harrison was big enough for the job, and could undoubtedly make a success of it. But, personally, I felt that I had the edge on him in lots of ways. And I was sure that the firm knew it, too.

Never shall I forget my thrill of pleasure when the president's secretary came into my office with a cheery smile, looked at me meaningly, handed me a bulletin and said, "Mr. Frazer, here is the news about the new Assistant-to-the-President." There seemed to be a new note of added respect in her attitude toward me. I smiled my appreciation as she left my desk.

At last I had come into my own! Never did the sun shine so brightly as on that morning, and never did it seem so good to be alive! These were my thoughts as I gazed out of the window, seeing not the hurrying throngs, but vivid pictures of my new position flashing before me. And then for a further joyous thrill I read the bulletin. It said, "Effective January 1, Mr. Henry J. Peters, of our Cleveland office, will assume the duties of Assistant-to-the-President at the home office."

PETERS! Peters!—surely it *could not* be Peters! Why, this fellow Peters was only a branch-office salesman. . . . *Personality!* Why, he was only five feet four inches high, and had no more personality than a mouse. Stack him up against a big man and he would look and act like an office boy. I knew Peters well and there was nothing to him, nothing at all.

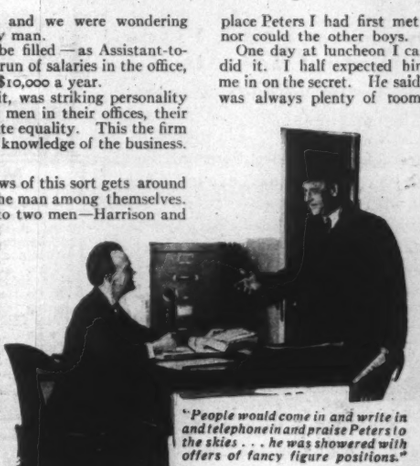
January the first came and Peters assumed his new duties. All the boys were openly hostile to him. Naturally, I felt very keenly about it, and did not exactly go out of my way to make things pleasant for him—not exactly!

But our open opposition didn't seem to bother Peters. He went right on with his work and began to make good. Soon I noticed that despite my feeling against him, I was secretly beginning to admire him. He was winning over the other boys, too. It was not long before we all buried our little hatchets and pulled up with Peters.

The funny thing about it was the big hit he made with the people we did business with. I never saw anything like it. They would come in and write in and telephone in to the firm and praise Peters to the skies. They insisted on doing business with him, and gave him orders of a size that made us dizzy to look at. And offers of positions!—why, Peters had almost as many fancy-figure positions offered to him as a dictionary has words.

WHAT I could not get into my mind was how a little, unassuming, ordinary-to-look-at chap like Peters could make such an impression with everyone—especially with influential men. He seemed to have an uncanny influence over people. The masterly Peters of today was an altogether different man from the commonplace Peters I had first met years ago. I could not figure it out, nor could the other boys.

One day at luncheon I came right out and asked Peters how he did it. I half expected him to evade. But he did not. He let me in on the secret. He said he was not afraid to do it because there was always plenty of room at the top.



"People would come in and write in and telephone in and praise Peters to the skies . . . he was showered with offers of fancy figure positions."

What Peters told me acted on my mind in exactly the same way as when you stand on a hill and look through binocular glasses at objects in the far distance. Many things I could not see before suddenly leaped into my mind with startling clearness. A new sense of power surged through me. And I felt the urge to put it into action.

Within a month I was getting remarkable results. *I had suddenly become popular.* Business men of importance who had formerly given me only a passing nod of acquaintance, suddenly showed a desire for my friendship. I was invited into the most select social circles. People—even strangers—actually went out of their way to do things for me. At first I was astounded at my new power over men and women. Not only could I get them to do what I wanted them to do, but they actually anticipated my wishes and seemed eager to *please me.* But let me tell you some of my experiences:

One of our biggest customers had a grievance against the firm. He held off payment of a big bill and switched to one of our competitors. I was sent to see him. He met me like a cornered tiger. A few words and I calmed him. Inside of fifteen minutes he was showering me with apologies. He gave me a check in full payment, another big order, and promised to continue giving us all his business.

For certain reasons it became necessary for the firm to obtain a signed letter from a prominent public man. Three of our men had tried, and failed. Then I was given the job. I felt I had been made the "goat." But I got the signed letter, and with it an inside tip which enabled us to land a prize order about which our competitors are still guessing and wondering.

Then trouble sprang up at one of our factories. The men talked strike. Things looked ugly. I was sent to straighten it out. On the eve of a general walkout, I pacified the men and headed off the strike. And not only this, but ever since then this factory has led all our other plants in production.

I could tell you dozens of similar instances, but they all tell the same story—the ability to make people like you, believe what you want them to believe, and to do what you want them to do. I take no personal credit for what I have done. All the credit I give to the method Peters told me about. We have told it to lots of our friends, and it has enabled them to do just as remarkable things as Peters and I have done.

Which reminds me: One of my wife's close friends moved to another town where she was a stranger. My wife of course knew of my method. She told it to her friend with the idea that it might be of assistance to her in meeting new people. It helped her so wonderfully that in a very short time she won the close friendship of many of the "best families" in the town. Everyone wonders how she did it. But WE know.

BUT YOU want to know what method I used to do all these remarkable things. It is this: You know that everyone does not think alike. What one likes another dislikes. What pleases one offends another. And what offends one pleases another. Well, there's your cue. You can make an instant hit with anyone if you say the things they want you to say and act the way they want you to act. Do this and they will surely like you, and believe in you, and will go miles out of their way to PLEASE YOU.

You can do this easily by knowing certain simple things. Written on every man, woman and child are signs, as clearly and as distinctly as though they were in letters a foot high, which show you from one quick glance exactly what to say and to do to please them—to get them to believe what you want them to believe—to think as you think—to do exactly what you want them to do.

Knowing these simple signs is the whole secret of getting what you want out of life—of making friends, of business and social advancement. Every great leader uses this method. That is why he IS a leader. Use it yourself and you will quickly become a leader—nothing can stop you. And you will want to use it if for no other reason than to protect yourself against others.

WHAT Peters told me at luncheon that day was this: "Get Dr. Blackford's "Reading Character at Sight." I did so. This is how I learned to do all the remarkable things I have told you about.

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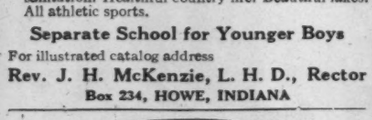

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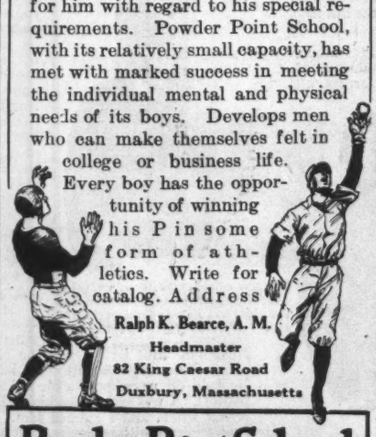

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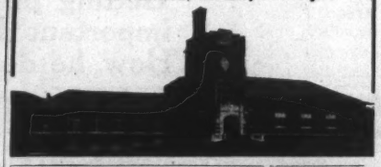

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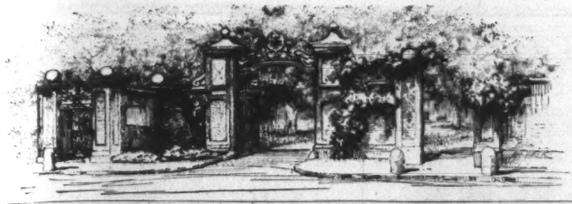

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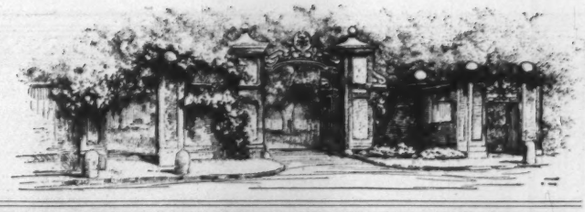

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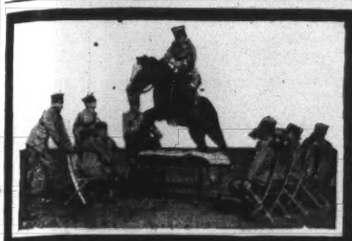

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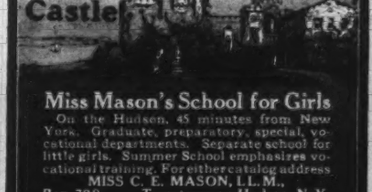

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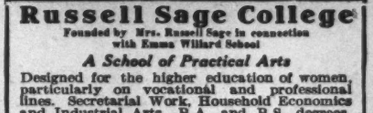

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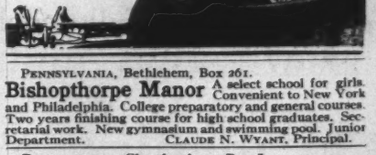

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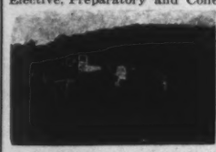

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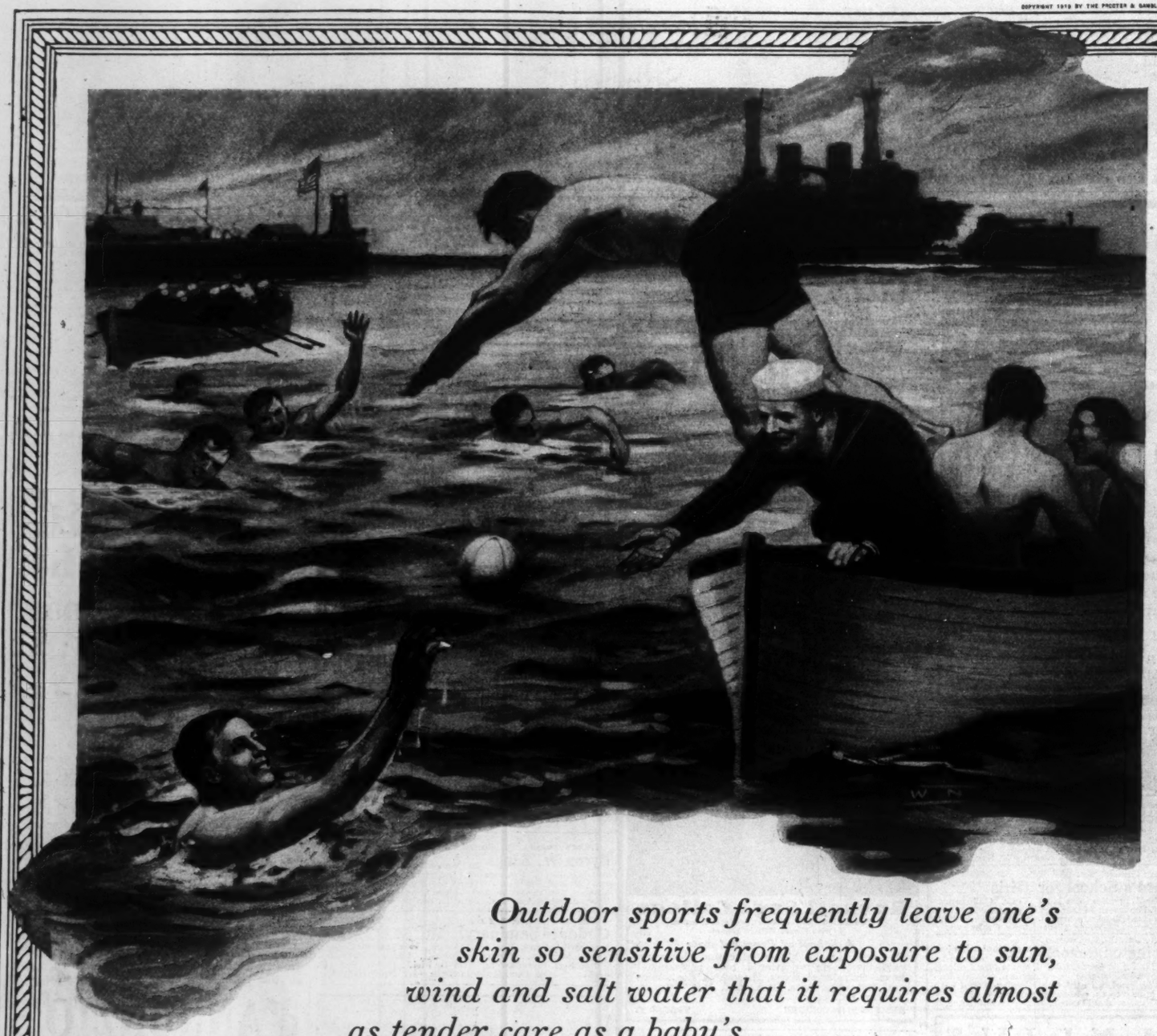

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Volume 51
Number 9

McCLURE'S

SEPTEMBER
1919

FREDERICK L. COLLINS, *Publisher* CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Managing Editor*

After her father had stormed out of the house, Sallie crept down-stairs into the shelter of Aleck's sympathy

The Edgar Jennings Case

An Exciting Little Novel, Complete in This Number

by William Hamilton Osborne

Illustrations by F. A. Gruger

OVER in Chicago, away back behind the German war, Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked over a lamp. The lamp did the rest. Almost immediately Chicago went rip-roaring dry.

River City is a far cry from Chicago. And Dan Dever, desk sergeant at headquarters in River City, was not a cow, though he looked like one. It was a balmy Sunday afternoon in River City, and Sergeant Dever, his feet cocked high upon a shiny brass handrail, was busily engaged in chewing his cud. Suddenly he ceased to ruminate. He kicked — that is, he leaned over and pushed a button on his desk. That button did the rest. As though he had rubbed a lamp instead of pushing a button, two fly cops immediately appeared from nowhere in particular. Sergeant Dever expertly flicked toward them a paper that was lying on his desk. It was a warrant of arrest.

"Nine Spring Street," he commented. "You'll find th' lad at home."

"How do you know?" queried one of the plain-clothesmen.

"He's there now," returned the desk sergeant, "and he'll stick. I 'phoned his wife that his friend Latour was on his way to see him. He's got a friend Latour. An' friend wife said she'd have th' lad wait home to see his friend Latour."

Sergeant Dever leaned back once more in his chair and closed his eyes. The kick had been delivered. The fly cops oozed across the floor like oil and disappeared through swinging doors. Unknown to himself, unknown to the fly cops, unknown to everybody else, Sergeant Dan Dever in that hour had lighted such a torch as River City couldn't quench for many a long day to come.

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Mr. Packy McGovern, the very efficient fifteen-dollar-a-day foreman of the welding room at the Steel Products plant over on the meadows, lolled, purring, at an open window in the living-room of his well-furnished flat on Spring Street. Clutched tightly in one hand he held the editorial section of the *True American*. The *True American* was River City's most conservative sheet — Packy read it because he disagreed with all its policies; it provoked him to indignant speech.

He was exceedingly well clad. Reading Mr. Packy McGovern from top to bottom, it was to be noted that he had indulged himself in a thorough-going, delicately perfumed shampoo and shave. Supported upon the bridge of his small, pugnacious nose there rested a pair of huge tortoise-shell glasses. His teeth were fine as silk and white as snow. This being Sunday, he smoked a twenty-cent cigar. Packy McGovern's pleasing, expressive countenance surmounted an expensive tie. His gray flannel shirt with its snug, well-cut collar, stood him in just thirteen dollars and a half. He wore no coat. He wore no waistcoat and no suspenders. His three-dollar leather belt was of gray suede and matched his flannel shirt. The belt, furthermore, blended exquisitely with the general tone of his trousers, the nether portion of a sixty-five-dollar suit of clothes. Gray silk stockings of a heavy texture and a pair of fifteen-dollar low-cut tan shoes completed the ensemble. Mr. Packy McGovern was small, singularly well put together, aggressive in appearance, restless in manner, nervy.

He was not alone — he had an audience.

AT another window of the living-room there sat an individual of a vastly different type, younger than Packy — twenty-nine or thirty at the most; big-boned and tall — twice Packy's size. This man smoked a pipe and lazily scanned the sporting section of the *True American*. He was as clean and fresh as Packy — yet he seemed, somehow, all mussed up. There was a reason. He sported a fifty-cent tie, a dollar-and-a-half shirt, a six-dollar pair of shoes, and a suit of River City clothes, ready made, ill-fitting and half worn, which had set him back just thirty dollars, war prices, with all that that implies. He was boyish in appearance, his smile whimsical, his eyes wistful. He was Aleck Underwood, this lad — Packy McGovern's lone-star boarder. From his collar up he looked like a million dollars. From his chin down he — well, he didn't. Packy McGovern was a wage earner. The other man was paid a salary. Therein lay the difference.

"Now," said Packy McGovern, conceding a point, "I grant you th' doctors. Them boys is essential industries. Them boys shakes hands with you when you're born, an' they sticks to you while you live, an' they puts you together in case you fall apart. I grant you them."

"How about the clergy?" queried the younger man.

Packy McGovern nodded jerkily. "You keep your shirt on, Aleck," he returned. "I was just comin' to them. In case o' death or marriage or any o' th' like catastrophes, them boys is the salt o' th' earth. But th' rest is shrimps. . . . Holy smoke," exclaimed Packy, leaping to his feet and thrusting his head out of the window, "an' who's this, now, gettin' home drunk so early on a Sunday afternoon?"

His query was punctuated by the clang of a gong and the honk of a horn — raucous tumult outraging the peaceful quietude of Spring Street. The police patrol-wagon — it was that sinister conveyance — had swung around the corner on two wheels, and now dashed madly up the narrow thoroughfare. With a horrible screech of its protesting brakes it came to a full stop in front of Packy McGovern's; it settled down to silence — the lion suddenly became a lamb. Out of the lamb's interior there emerged two husky plain-clothesmen — one of them darted into the alleyway toward the rear of the house. The other ascended the front porch.

"It's Moran, of Headquarters," said Packy McGovern, a bit breathlessly. "What's eatin' him? This ain't no dive." He turned and made for the door of the living-room and darted down the stairs. Aleck Underwood shook his big shoulders and followed Packy to the head of the stairs. There he stopped and listened. He heard a woman's voice, choking, terrified, inarticulate.

Aleck started down the stairs. Almost immediately, however, he checked his impulse, retraced his steps and made his way back to the McGovern living-room. Through the single flooring under his feet the hubbub in the flat below filtered to him — the murmur of voices, the protesting treble of the woman, the low grumble of men. Aleck stood in the front window, staring in vague wonderment at the patrol-wagon out in front. It was the center of a curious, jostling crowd. While Aleck watched, Moran of headquarters swung out of the house, scattered the crowd with a threatening wave of his arm, and issued a command to the driver of the vehicle. The lamb once more became a lion. Violating most of the River City traffic ordinances, it swung about in the middle of the street, once more turned the corner on two wheels and disappeared from view, leaving nothing but a fragrant memory behind. As it swept out of sight a woman hastened into the McGovern living-room and placed a nervous hand on Aleck's arm. She was a pretty woman — the charm of her face accentuated just a bit by a touch of rouge and a dash of powder.

"Aleck," she cried, "what's happening — where's Packy?"

BEFORE Aleck could answer, there was a clatter on the stairs without and Packy McGovern darted into the living-room, and closed the door behind him.

"Moran give me all th' dope," he said. "'Taint worth botherin' about. It's Jennings — just that shrimp down-stairs — that's all."

"He ain't drunk," protested Packy's wife. "I've never seen him take a drink, Packy — never in my life."

"He ain't drunk," echoed Packy disgustedly. "He's a dirty little thief. Been monkeyin' with th' pay-roll down to th' Bon Marché. Goin' on a long while — they laid f'r him an' got him dead to rights. We might a-known it, Mat — a shrimp like Jennings. We sh'd a-had nothin' t' do with 'em — we sh'd have let them folks down-stairs alone. Look here."

He caught his wife and Aleck Underwood by the arm and dragged them to the side window of the room.

"There he goes, th' shrimp," said Packy. "Pretty sight — between two bulls. 'S a neighborhood disgrace."

Packy's wife started for the door.

"Mat," yelled Packy in stentorian tones.

"Yes, Packy," faltered she, her hand upon the doorknob.

"Where you off to?" he demanded.

Sudden appeal shone in the woman's eyes. "I gotta go down-stairs an' do for Minnie, ain't I?" she exclaimed

Packy McGovern, his brow black as thunder, crossed the room and dragged her back

"Ain't you got no sense of decency or pride?" he cried. "You listen t' me, Mat. You're t' have nothin' at all t' do with them shrimps — a thief an' th' family of a thief. T' think of our havin' had 'em in this room, playin' cards with 'em night after night — goin' t' the movies with 'em on stolen money! We're through with 'em, Mat. You hear?"

"Marry him?" echoed Sallie. "You don't think I can marry Aleck Underwood — not now!"

In his excitement his twenty-cent cigar had gone out. He re-lighted it, and waved his hand.

"Aleck," he said, "you take a seat. Mat, you set down. Got somethin' to talk over with you both. Mat, you been pickin' on me f'r a long time now. I see now that, f'r a wonder, you was right an' I was wrong. Spring Street — it's all right in its way, Aleck, only it don't weigh enough f'r us. I gotta reputation to protect, Aleck — gotta standin' t' live up to. This Jennings down-stairs has brought things to a focus. Made up my mind. Can't afford t' live around in neighborhoods with twenty-five-dollar-a-week pay-clerks like this shrimp down-stairs. Made up m' mind."

"Packy," cried his wife, her eyes wide with expectation, "you don't mean . . .?"

Packy nodded energetically. "Yes, I *mean*," he returned. "You win, Mat. You get your five-room apartment down t' the Gouverneur. We give notice here to-morrow — move at th' end o' th' month. Your five-room apartment, Mat. It's yours — an' don't you ask me f'r nothin' else f'r th' next five years. You hear?"

"Packy," screamed his wife, ecstatically. She swooped down upon him, and threw her arms about his neck and kissed him. Packy wriggled out of her embrace.

"You leave me alone," said Packy, wiping his face with a large linen handkerchief. "You get me all red paint, you hear. I done enough without gettin' all smeared up with paint."

Aleck Underwood regarded them gravely — he was mightily disturbed. His eyes were wistful — troubled. More than that — a hurt, pained expression had somehow settled there. He leaned forward.

"Look here, Packy," he cried, "this leaves me out, doesn't it? I *suppose* it leaves me out?"

It was Packy's turn to be troubled. He exchanged glances with his wife, he looked out of the window, at the ceiling, at the floor.

"To tell you the truth, Aleck," he returned regretfully, "it *does* leave you out. An' nobody regrets it more than us. But livin' in five rooms . . ."

"AT the Gouverneur," interposed Packy's wife. "With Mat goin' t' th' matinee nearly every afternoon," continued Packy, "you see how 'tis, Aleck. You sure see how 'tis."

"Gosh," said Aleck, visibly perturbed, "this is home to me. For seven years now I've lived with you. And I don't know where to go — I really don't."

"Packy," cried the woman, "look at him — a handsome young roustabout like Aleck there . . . with them bashful eyes . . ."

She flashed toward Aleck Underwood a glance of frank, womanish admiration. And Aleck's eyes grew bashfuller than ever, and by that token, he grew handsomer than ever.

"I know where you can go — and you do, too, Aleck," went on Mrs. Packy, "housekeeping with that girl of yours."

"She won't have me, I tell you," complained Aleck sheepishly.

"Tell that to the marines," said Mrs. Packy. "A lad like you . . . she can have anything she wants, that girl . . . Packy," suddenly screamed the lady, "look — our Letty comin' up the street with that Jennings boy down-stairs. Th' poor kid, he don't know what's waitin' f'r him home."

Packy hastily thrust his head out of the window once again.

"You — Letty," he bellowed, beckoning, "your mother wants you, quick."

There was a tattoo on the stairs without. A thirteen-year-old girl, flushed and fresh from an after-dinner ramble, burst into the room

"What's eatin' you, Pop?" she demanded. She sidled up to Aleck and caught hold of his hand and held it tight against her breast.

"Letty," said her father, "you leave go o' Mr. Underwood, and you listen t' me. You're t' have nothin' t' do with them down-stairs. Mind now, I mean it. By now his father's in th' city jail — he's nothin' but a common thief."

The girl stared blankly at her father. Her eyes blazed. "It's a lie," she cried hotly. "I don't believe it."

"It's no lie, Letty," said her mother gravely. "The cops just come an' took him. You'll leave that boy alone, Letty. We're going to move away."

The girl, still staring, burst suddenly into tears of excitement. Her mother dragged her into the kitchen out of sight.

"Infernal shame," said Aleck, "a thing like this."

Packy shrugged his shoulders. "Just what I was tellin' you when Moran drove up," said Packy. "Shrimps — th' whole pack o' them. Shrimps an' thieves, just makin' out t' work. Just handlin' other people's money — just pushin' a pen. What kind of a joke is that? — pushin' a pen. Non-producers, th' whole bunch. . . .

"Th' doctors an' th' ministers," went on Packy, "an' Cushing's Manual o' Parliamentary Law f'r the presidin' officers o' th' local unions — we got t' have them lads. But outside o' them, there's nobody counts but labor. Prove it t' yourself by th' rule o' three. If you're a kid an' need a drink o' milk, you don't find a professor o' philosophy handin' it t' you. You get it from a lad who milks a cow, an' worries it through a creamery, an' slaps it into a can, an' rushes th' can t' you before it spoils. You gotta have some clothes, we'll say. Who makes 'em f'r you — th' head bookkeeper? If th' plumbin's out of order, does a lawyer come an' fix it? All the bank presidents in th' world can't get you from N'York to Chicago — they couldn't even build roads f'r you to walk on. Everywhere you turn your path is smoothed by labor — an' roughed up by all the rest o' them. Sweep all th' shrimps — th' bank presidents an' this Jennings down-stairs, who're pushin' pens an' handlin' other people's money — sweep 'em all off th' face o' th' earth — what have you left? You still got everything that counts. But if you want t' commit suicide, you kill off th' working-man. You'll freeze, an' starve, an' die. . . ."

The telephone bell rang. Packy stopped talking.

"My chief," said Aleck, with a sigh.

"He wants nothin'," protested Packy. "He wants you t' come up on th' hill an' hold his hand. I'll tell him it's Sunday down here in th' hollow. . . . I'll tell him you're gone out and ain't never comin' back."

Aleck shook his head. "I'll answer it," he said reluctantly, "but why can't the old man leave me alone?" He unhooked the receiver and held it to his ear. His glum expression altered. A woman's voice came in over the wire — a young voice — a girlish, tantalizing voice.

"Me, Aleck," said the voice. "That you?"

"Sallie," cried Underwood. "Yep, I'm here. Yep. Up and dressed and fed. Oh, just sitting here at the feet of Socrates. . . . Socrates McGovern. The coast — what about the coast?"

"It's clear," cried Sallie.

"Usually is, isn't it? Grouch — who's got a grouch?"

"Papa," said the girl. "He's gone out, Aleck. Aleck . . . as early as you can. He's coming back. He wants to talk to you. Aleck, I want to see you first."

"Well," said Underwood to Packy McGovern, as he hung up the receiver, "false alarm. It wasn't Simon Whipple."

"Wantin' you t' hold his hand," grinned Packy, "not Simon Whipple. I agree with you on that."

DOWN-STAIRS on the front porch, Aleck stopped, hesitating. Then he stepped softly to the Jennings flat and knocked gently on the door. The Jennings boy, scared and white and trembling, let him in.

"There's nobody home," explained the boy.

Aleck nodded. "You tell your mother," he commanded, "that if there's anything that I can do . . ." He stopped. A door opened. The boy's mother rushed, sobbing, toward Aleck. A terrified little girl was clinging to her skirts.

"Mr. Underwood," gasped the woman, "you *can* do something for me — I'm sure you can. Edgar didn't do this thing — I know he didn't do it — I just know. But Edgar's like a child. He doesn't know how to act or what to do when . . . things happen. Neither do I. Edgar knows his job, that's all. You should have seen him go to pieces when they came and took him — like the guiltiest man in the world. And I know he didn't do it, Mr. Underwood."

"I believe you," said Aleck.

"But I'm told," went on the woman, "that these things take influence — backing. If you could have Mr. Simon Whipple see the company — and see the judge. It takes influence. It would be the saving of us all."

Aleck smiled reassuringly. "I know Mr. Ernshaw, the owner of the Bon Marché," he said. "You know I know him very well."

"Oh — stupid of me," said the woman; "of course you know Mr. Ernshaw very well. Of course you do."

Aleck glanced at the woman's face — at the face of the trembling boy — at the face of the terrified little girl. Some kind of future awaited these three people — what kind of future would it turn out to be?

"Mrs. Jennings," said Aleck solemnly, "I promise this. You tell me that Jennings is innocent. That being so, sooner or later I'll get your husband free. I'll leave no stone unturned. A promise and a threat — I'll get him free."

He raised his head defiantly — his nose and chin standing out into the air — a young giant, in the midst of these trembling human beings. He became aware, suddenly, of the change his words had wrought. The boy stopped trembling — the little girl smiled. Hope surged into the woman's face.

"Oh, Mr. Underwood!" she cried.

Aleck drew a deep breath — he felt inspired. In fact, he was inspired. There was a reason — these three were the only people [*Continued on page 46*]

He stopped and listened. He heard a woman's voice, choking, terrified, inarticulate

Fight Bolshevism with Democracy

Let Us Not Force Discontent into Conspiratory Channels

by John Spargo

THE epitaph of Bolshevism was composed long ago, when it was written of the ancient Gauls that "They shook all States and founded none." The Bolsheviki have neither founded new States nor made any other addition to the constructive powers of mankind. Not a single institution or principle of enduring value can be discerned in the whole mass of Bolshevist propaganda, intrigue and experimentation. It is a negative, destructive, disintegrating force. It has shaken many States, sometimes, as in Russia, almost wholly destroying the entire structure of organized society and extinguishing the light of civilization. In those nations in which government has been less brutally tyrannical than Russia knew under the Prussian-led Romanoffs, and in which the people have been accustomed to the self-discipline of a vastly greater degree of freedom and political responsibility, Bolshevism has been less influential for evil. It has been thwarted by the superior strength which governments based on widely diffused privileges and powers always enjoy.

It is easily comprehensible, but none the less gravely portentous, that in this country the first response to the challenge of Bolshevist propaganda has too generally taken the form of a resort to methods of oppression and repression resting on brute force and in no essential particular differing from those resorted to by the most despotic autocrats. The average American loves and cherishes the freedom and opportunity so widely diffused under our form of government. By no means blind to the defects and shortcomings of our political and economic arrangements; increasingly inclined to challenge those arrangements and to make cautious experiments with a view to perfecting them, the average intelligent American citizen, from whatever land he or his parents may have come, is passionately proud of American democracy, despite its imperfections. He is ready to improve it if he can, but he is determined to defend it, and is not ready to undertake experiments which will imperil it.

To the mind and temper here indicated Bolshevism, with its fierce, strident challenge and its reckless daring born of despair, is unintelligible and incomprehensible. Therefore it is a thing feared and hated; for men fear the thing they do not understand, and hatred is the child of fear. That is why so many of us resort to brute force when the Bolshevist challenge is heard. Hate breeds hate. Terror breeds terror. The itinerant I. W. W. agitator talks loudly of revolution of force, threatens the overthrow and destruction of the State and the institutions upon which modern social life is based. He preaches to men who are, or feel themselves to be, the victims of injustice, the desperate gospel that freedom and justice can be had by uniting to discredit, defy and destroy the existing social order. Reckless, he gives approval and assent to all means of revolt and destruction, and scoffs at the "bourgeois idealism" of observing the disciplines and restraints of law and morality.

ALL too often, this challenge is met by lawless anarchy professing to uphold law and order and morality. Mob violence appears, based upon precisely the same philosophy as that on which the I. W. W. agitation rests, namely, that might is the only right. The preachers of lawless revolt are lawlessly mobbed, beaten, lynched or they are deported. The anarchism of the desperate assailants of our social institutions is met by the anarchism of the defenders. There is a subtle mixture of motives which provokes cynical derision: honest and zealous patriotism mingled inextricably with sordid vested interests. A hundred illustrations from recent history — tragic episodes in industrial centers like Butte and Bisbee, for example — serve to remind us that we are as much imperilled by the one form of lawlessness as the other.

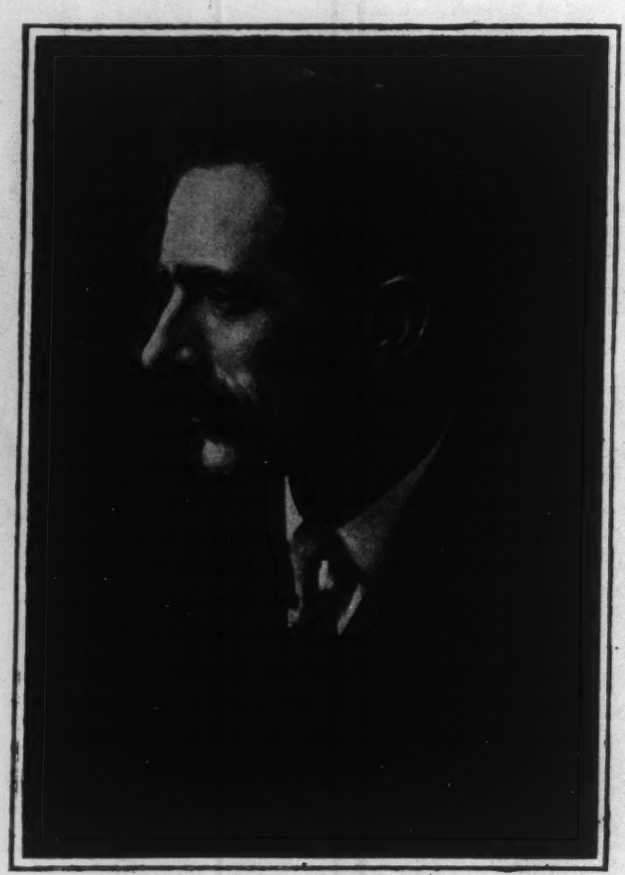
At the present time, unreasoning, passionate anti-Bolshevist movements are as greatly to be feared as Bolshevism itself. If the one is our Scylla, the other is our Charybdis. Both alike would destroy all the essentials of our American democracy and reduce us to political and economic servitude. Bolshevism is the child of Czarism, and it would be impossible to make a more tragic blunder than to rely upon Czarism to save us from Bolshevism. Yet that is what we seem most inclined to do. Everywhere we hear proposals for imposing new and un-American restrictions upon the freedom of speech and press, elaborate espionage systems, the counter-terrorism of "Vigilantes," and so on. Now, these are the old and familiar methods of Czarism whose bitter results we have seen in the red terrorism directed by Lenine, Trotzky and Company.

To rely upon these and similar methods of repression to protect ourselves against Bolshevism is foolish in the extreme. Nothing is more certain than that such a policy will plunge us into Bolshevism. It is high time we learned the simple truth that it is impossible to club Bolshevism out of a man, but mighty easy to club it into his head and heart. To save our democracy from destruction by Bolsheviki we must rely upon democratic forces. Democracy is far more effective in opposition to Bolshevism than autocracy.

Our first task must be to acquire a full and intelligent understanding of the nature of our problem. We can never successfully oppose Bolshevism unless we first of all comprehend it. Only the profoundest stupidity will find any satisfying explanation of Bolshevism in the suggestion that it was invented by the German propaganda bureau. It is equally stupid to regard it as something peculiarly Russian, or as the vicious product of the perverted genius of a couple of dangerous conspirators, Lenine and Trotzky.

There is some truth in each of these hypotheses: the German propaganda agencies aided in making the Bolshevist *coup d'état* possible; Russian political conditions were exceedingly favorable to the development of Bolshevism; to a greater extent than almost any other movement of modern times Bolshevism has been shaped by individuals.

When all these things have been admitted, however, it remains to be said that neither of them, nor all of them together, affords anything like an adequate explanation of Bolshevism.



John Spargo is a socialist with vision. His book on "Bolshevism" is the most illuminating analysis we know; and because he wrote it we asked him to follow it up in this magazine with an article that would move with the rushing days in which we are living. Here it is. Read it.

WHEREVER Bolshevism presents itself it is the product and counterpart of despotism and oppression. Extremes meet because they are natural affinities. The black terrorism of the Czars brought about the red terrorism of the Bolsheviki. The only substantial difference between Bolshevism and Czarism is that whereas the latter represented autocracy and tyranny from the top, exerting its pressure downward, the former represents autocracy and tyranny at the bottom, exerting its pressure upward. If there is any lesson at all for our guidance in the tragic and sinister drama of Bolshevism, it is that it flourishes best in the soil of oppressive and unjust political conditions and finds least congenial the soil of political and economic democracy, freedom and equality of opportunity.

The sympathy with Bolshevist theories and practises manifested by some of our intellectual romanticists and parlor revolutionists merits no serious attention, except in so far as it is shared by a not inconsiderable and increasing number of wage-earners. It is here that the danger lies. And the danger is far greater than is generally recognized. Even our alarmist demagogues appear to have no clear idea of the extent to which the wage-earners of America believe in Bolshevism and the Bolsheviki. During the winter it was my privilege to lecture on Bolshevism to large audiences in many cities, and the manner in which the Bolsheviki found ready defenders, and the enthusiastic applause which greeted every such defender of the Bolshevist régime was a revelation. In more than one large city it has been apparent to me that of an audience of several hundred people, more than half were so far favorably inclined to Bolshevism that they cheered every mention of the names of Lenine, Trotzky and other Bolshevist leaders and laughed at the recital of their brutality. I have seen a great demonstration of approval by hundreds of men and women, wage-earners, when a Bolshevist defender in an Open Forum audience cried out, "We don't want democracy: it is a fraud! We want a proletarian dictatorship such as they have in Russia!"

It is in such facts as these that the real peril of America lies. Foolish indeed must we be to refuse to admit its grave significance, or to attempt to console ourselves with the admitted fact that such views are held by a small minority, that the great mass of the workers of America reject Bolshevism root and branch. We cannot afford to build such a fool's palace of false optimism. It is the very essence of Bolshevism that it depends on the minority and does not require the adhesion of the majority. In Russia there never has been a moment since the overthrow of Kerensky when the Bolsheviki were supported by as many as ten per cent. of the population [*Continued on page 34*]

"Listen, Carrie, I've got to catch the one-thirty trolley to Moon City. Come with me!"

Some Money and Its Fool

By a New Writer

Henry M. Haldeman

Illustrations by P. V. E. Ivory

BLANEY came down from the hills with a light heart and pockets heavy with gold pieces. Six months of it — one hundred and eighty days in a string, at four dollars per day — and young Blaney's spirits, tempered and toned with the unremitting swing of a ten-pound drill hammer, were a magazine of potential mischief ready to spread out and embrace the earth.

At his side walked Chatterbox Cory. The crowd rollicked in the road ahead. Chatterbox prized the distinction of Blaney's company, and Blaney was grateful for the company of Chat, for Cory never talked. Always it was thus; these two gravitated together like discs of minted gold in a bag of virgin nuggets. Now, as on the last occasion, Blaney found himself resenting the crowd. The last time he had given the slip to "the bunch," nor allowed himself even a chuckle over the feat. Anybody could have pulled it — with that crowd. Oh, the crowd was all right — as O. K. as any. The fault lay with Blaney himself. He admitted as much, to himself, and admitted the same reason for "cutting" the last jamboree down at Burntwood.

Blaney had missed the jamboree and worked his claim across the hogback, had allowed his muscles to get perilously firm, his eyes to grow clear as faultless turquoise, his blood to become rich and red with living that was regular and decent to a fault. All this of his own choosing. Yet Blaney was no cad. He conceded that the bunch was a royal bunch, and gay, too gay, he guessed. Music that drew them like moths to the light was too loud. And the louder the music, the farther it drew, the meaner was the beer they drank, the gaudier the women they danced with.

So Blaney walked with Chatterbox, the Silent, and wondered if, after all, he might not have worked his claim again without being branded as a quitter or losing his entitlements as a game sport. A gold piece to him was a gold piece and nothing more; but pleasure was pleasure, and a surfeit of joy was no joy at all.

At the flag station each pleasure-bent youth caught up his hand baggage, which a teamster had hauled down for them, and took the train for Burntwood. There they invaded a rooming house, *en masse* — one they could own for a week, yet rich enough in colorful suitings to accord with their high notions of ready wealth and luxury. They paid the matron in advance — verily the indulgent mother knew them all — and at dusk emerged to the street bathed, barbered, suited and fed, each primed with a ballast of money, each with his return ticket providently cached in a pocket the conductor would know, should its owner be in a forgetful way. Little customs grow big in necessity; there were jobs to get back to and more money to be earned and spent.

AT nine o'clock they had jostled merry revelers from end to end of that section of Burntwood's main street known as the "daylight" section. Their eyes fed upon the lights; their ears, dulled by heavy silences, relished the shuffle and jolly patter of feet and tingled to a symphony in harmonious discord wrought by screeching phonographs. At ten they made tentative advances on erstwhile friendly, flaring dance halls farther down the gulch whose rocky slopes controlled the course of the tortuous street. From open doors came little fan-made hurricanes of defiled air to greet their nostrils. At eleven they had superficially plumbed the lowest reaches of the gulch where the town had had its ancient, tumultuous birth, where rambling, log-built houses boasted a unique historical lineage and blear-eyed bar flies would point the newcomer to bullet scars in ceiling and wall and babble of the days when Burntwood all lay below Fourth Street and raw placer gold paid for everything save a soul's peace with God.

At twelve o'clock the gulch from end to end had tuned its ear to the clink of the joy-seekers' gold. Extra wine re-animated each flagging piano-player; each instrument banged unholy contempt of its nearest neighbor. Hectic hospitality charged the air; liquid welcome flowed.

Chatterbox Cory even talked. He was talking now with two newcomers who had made a circumspect entrance through the wide-flung side door of a garish dance hall whose front door Fortune had thrust aside, stalking in for a boisterous and fickle interval.

"It's up the gulch a couple of blocks," Cory was saying. He marked with a dubious eye that the casual air of the two women was too casual. An apprehensive, quick instinct had prompted the glance, and he held it level with a man's relentlessness. The figure of the elder woman was not an unfamiliar one. She was quite twice the age of the younger, but held to youth with a life of too much ease. She wore no hat. Rather she bore witness of having left elaborate toilet auxiliaries but a short step behind. Cory, now facing them at arm's length, turned his unrelenting look again upon the girl. Her eyelids dropped. An exclamation, unuttered, moved the muscles in Cory's throat. She was beautiful. At the moment, a quiescent defiance seemed to lurk beneath a distinct, dark comeliness of form and feature. Yet, noting her simple, unaggressive street dress, the modest hat she wore, the human innocence of her face, Cory with quick divination saw a contrast with the other woman, the incongruity of which was new and bewildering to him. Nevertheless, the girl stood close to her companion viewing the swift-moving interior with quick, nervous glances.

"Two blocks up the street and around the corner," Cory flung the statement at the elder woman with the urge of command in his voice. Yet she lingered, looking past the youth at the score of couples who glided and bent and turned to the strains of a popular rag.

"Yes, but here's the only real floor in town," she observed with a patronizing smirk, viewing with the eyes of a connoisseur the smooth plane which three generations of wayward feet had polished to the ultimate stage of desirability.

"Sure," admitted Cory, while he made palpable comparison of the bare-haired, sophisticated woman and the girl at her side. "Sure," — Cory strove creditably for a qualifying clause, which he directed pointedly to the younger of his hearers, who gazed with a sort of wonder through the riot of humanity and plucked unconsciously at the elder woman's sleeve — "sure; so long as some yap don't get amalgamated and scatter hisself all over it —"

With a hail of recognition — a hail in which the older woman heard her name called half across the room — a flushed and coatless dancer swept past Cory and bore the sparkling devotee swiftly away to the lilting tones of that same beguiling rag. Cory had thrown his last bolt, vainly. He muttered savagely under his breath, now conceiving guile and actual design in the woman's actions. As she was whirled away, the woman flashed back with eyes and lips, triumphantly. She waved

encouragement to her deserted *protégée*, who now confronted Cory hot with resentment at the depth of that youth's understanding. Braver now, in her heat, she turned contemptuously to the arms of a more ready, less heedful claimant, who had witnessed from afar the coup of the other dancer.

Before he could close in upon his prize, however, he was bowled aside by the flushed and impetuous advance of young Blaney, who bore the girl before him through the door and out again into the street.

"Too far down the street for you, ain't it?" essayed Blaney, without ceremony, and before eyes could adjust themselves to the darkness. No answer, save a long, audible intake of breath; then peremptorily:

"Take me back!"

Blaney noted the command, weighing carefully its tone and quality.

"Not me," he decided. "You're off your beat. That other sister isn't for yours; you didn't meet her at the Ladies' Aid Society, did you? Honest now?" They could see each other's faces now; she was watching his steadfastly. Her anger had the cold turbulence of an ice-bound cataract.

"Mamma's darling!" — her breast heaved. "Say, Percy, didn't you hear the curfew ring? I'm afraid the bugaboos'll get you. Gee! Listen; I came here to dance. Will you take me back, or — or —"

She did not break down; indignation choked her. Besides, this was a game of thrust and parry — and the man's turn to try a thrust. Blaney considered, using the last second the tension would stand. He noted the sustained pitch of her temper.

"Say, kid, listen. I'll take you in," he compromised; "and I'll dance with you the first time if you'll dance with me the second. Are you on?"

They laughed, she with relief and, now that her pride was appeased, with a little fear. Yet she yielded her arms confidently and, withal, in admiration. For the eyes of Blaney were clear and irresistible. His face was smooth and tanned only to the soft hue of the underground worker. His full shoulders, still elastic with boyhood, worked lithely as they danced. His girded waist was small, its trimness conveying no hint of the buckskin money belt that clung snugly against his skin.

"What's your name?" queried Blaney; and before she could answer they collided violently with a swirling couple reckless with excitement and loud with drink.

"Don't mind 'em," excused Blaney; "they're part of the game here. What did you say your name was?"

She threw into his eyes a look of impulsive defiance; then relented. "Carrie," she panted.

Abruptly the music ceased and in a thick, unbroken line the dancers breasted the bar, which flanked the open floor space. [*Continued on page 54*]

With a hail of recognition, a flushed and coatless dancer swept past Cory and bore the sparkling devotee away

What Is the Matter with the United States?

The First of a Big New Series of Constructive Articles

by Newell Dwight Hillis

The Author

FOR patriots and lovers of the republic, these are days big with peril and destiny. Enemies are abroad in the land, lighting the flames of class hatred and organizing their forces for revolution. On the one hand may be found the degenerate sons and daughters of noble fathers and founders of the republic who are coming to hate everything their ancestors loved and for which they lived and died. On the other hand stand certain alien enemies, revolutionists who have come to this country to sow tares amidst our wheat, for, as in the olden times, wherever the sons of liberty and God are met together, there Satan and his minions come also. Most of our immigrants love this land and its institutions. They have lived upon skim milk in Eastern Europe for so long a time, that they know American cream when they see it and taste its richness. Unfortunately some of our parlor agitators have lived so long on mince pie prepared by their fathers that they have lost all appreciation and enthusiasm for the free institutions that made their fathers great. In a smelter, after the quartz has been crushed, agitation brings the dross to the surface and separates the gold from the dirt, but in the dairy, the milk must not be agitated or the cream will not rise. The farmer who starts the milk pan slopping one way will soon find that the milk will turn and slop the other way. Some years ago our "Stand-patters" found what rich cream had risen and they tried to slop that golden cream into their own pockets, but unfortunately for them, the milk slopped too far and slopped one stand-pat leader out in Danville, Illinois, and his friends, down into various towns and villages, and at the same time slopped a democratic president into the White House. It is a very dangerous thing to start a pan of milk slopping, and it is especially dangerous when the Rocky Mountains are one side of the pan and the Alleghany Mountains are the other side. What the national milk pan needs to-day is to be left alone, while all the men in the dairy go silently to work and bring their treasure to the common container while in quiet the golden cream is left to rise to the surface. But it seems to be impossible to stay the din and racket of the agitators with their shouts of hate and revolution.

IN this article Dr. Hillis gives ample reasons why every working-man should be a red-blooded American

Just now Russia is a chemical laboratory where Lenine and Trotzky are demonstrating an experiment named Bolshevism, while all the world looks on, but strangely enough, not even the poverty, crime, lawlessness, bloodshed and bitter anguish of the Russian peasants suggest danger signals to the revolutionists of this country. Every morning brings the story of riots in some Butte or Seattle; collisions between the strikers and police in some Lawrence or Haverhill, of hunger parades in some steel town or cotton center until patriots are bewildered and strong men tremble lest sparks turn to explosions. In Seattle the leader of the mob shouted, "Look at those stores!" "Are you men slaves?" "Smash in the doors and take what is your own!" In New York the anarchist cried out to the multitude, "Buy a gun! Buy a gun!" In Lawrence the I. W. W. leader urged the strikers to imitate the Bolshevists and break open the American treasure box with its billions of gold. The genius of this agitator's argument was that a firebrand or a bomb shell is the best possible investment for a revolutionist, in that a few cents will buy a match that will start a conflagration and through loot make the incendiary rich, and give a return of 1,000 per cent. For the first time in history, poor people are being told to imitate the wrecker, luring merchant ships upon the rocks in the hope of finding purses upon the bodies of drowned sailors, or burning down factories in the hope of raking a little silver out of the hot ashes. From Detroit and Cleveland, from the iron towns around Pittsburgh and the factory towns of New England come copies of incendiary documents thrust at midnight under the doors of working-men. One such document contains these words, "What Lincoln could not do, Lenine can accomplish. Once *black* men waited to be emancipated; now *white* men wait for Trotzky. Our slavery in the American factory is worse than that of Uncle Tom. To-day the employers' hands are red with the blood of our wives and children. But the weapons are at hand. Arise! Arise! Let us sweep the capitalist off the face of the earth!" To-day, while hard-working patriots are seeking to promote the welfare of the republic, alien traitors are abroad trying to undermine American institutions, and to do for the United States what Lenine and Trotzky have done for Russia!

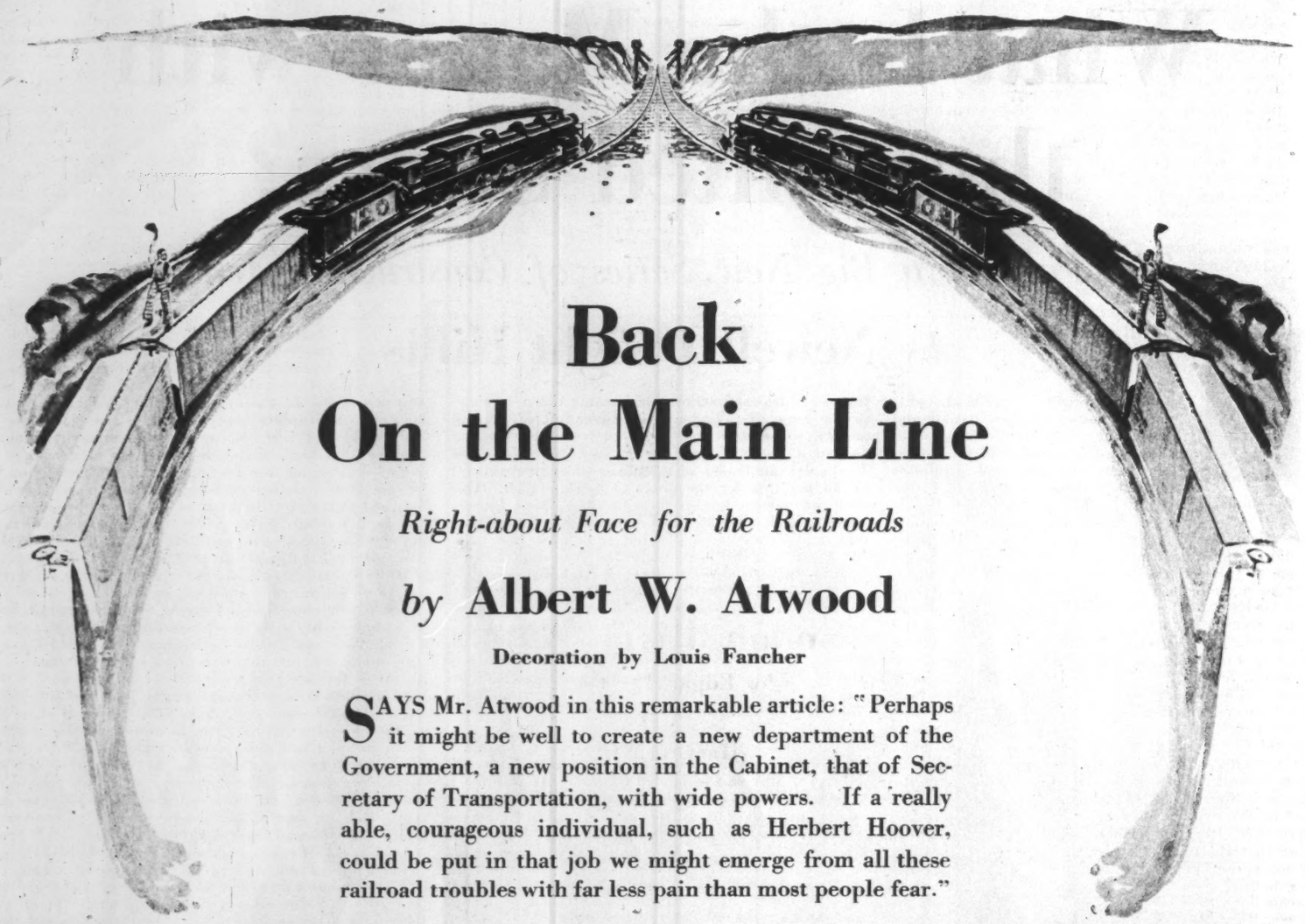
THE time has fully come for a national campaign in our country as to the good fortune enjoyed by the average family of the United States. Our country is over against Russia to-day, as a loaf is over against starvation, as heaven is over against hell. One enemy of our country is found in the foolish optimist who lives with his head in the clouds and prefers a chunk of fog-bank to a wheaten loaf; other enemies are the agitators and industrial guerillas who prowl in darkness through the land. A pessimist has been defined as "a blind man in a cellar, looking for a black hat that is not there," and the pessimist and the radical socialist have one name. The officials of Seattle assembled more than one hundred men who had been guilty of treason in attacking the Constitution and lifting the red flag above the stars and stripes; whose speeches abounded with words like these: "Down with the Government!" "Our people live in slavery!" "Not Lincoln but Lenine!" "This government must be overthrown!" But when these agitators who urged the use of the torch and bomb shell, had reached Ellis Island, the authorities turned these traitors loose to go from one industrial center to another in fulfilment of Trotzky's charge: "I want you men to stay here in the United States to help overthrow this dirty, rotten government, while I return to Russia, bring about a revolution there, and stop her war against Germany." To-day the excuse is made by the authorities that the passports would never have been given to Trotzky and his forty-nine followers in March, 1913, if they had realized that Trotzky would release two million German soldiers who later killed or wounded, within one fortnight, two hundred and eighty-five thousand British and American soldiers and three hundred and forty-five thousand French and Americans. But no official has a right to plead ignorance as an excuse for colossal blunders. It is the duty of the government official to know; to this end he was appointed or elected, and if he is ignorant and, therefore, incompetent, it is his duty to resign, that those who do know can put out the spark before it becomes a conflagration, kill the disease germ before it becomes an epidemic, and build a barrier before the black flood of revolution ruins our beloved land.

Before turning his weapons against the institutions of this republic, every working-man who stands hesitant between Lincoln and Lenine should consider that the republic is the only country in the world that offers a man a reasonable chance of doubling his wage, and later of quadrupling his earnings. The geographical position of this country is quite unique, giving promise that the one hundred millions of people of to-day will, within the lifetime of children now living, become four hundred millions, and the present two hundred and fifty billions of property become a thousand billions. The golden spot and the unique opportunity for wealth production upon this planet, lies in our north temperate zone, between the Atlantic and the Pacific. North of our Great Lakes the winters are too long and cold, south of our Gulf the summers are too long and hot for great wealth production. Our country lies in the best zone for producing foods, at the very best point of that zone for world trade and commerce, and in the very midst of the one continent of the five that was built for farming land and the production of enormous wealth. It is a singular fact that more than half of the good agricultural land of the globe lies between Alaska and Cape Horn, and since farming land determines population and wealth, that more than half of the human race and of the world's wealth are soon to be in our continent. All civilization, its laws, liberty, art, science, invention, are rooted in farming land, and of the five continents, ours alone enjoys ideal conditions for food production. The planet turns from the west toward the east. The New York shore is low, and as the earth speeds forward, the clouds and rain of the Atlantic fall behind and the low eastern shore slips under the rain and fog that slide across the land; while on the extreme west, the Rockies, lifted up 15,000 feet high, chill the clouds, and the rains run back into the Mississippi, thus saving all moisture, and making ours a farming land continent.

Had the Rocky Mountains been on the New York shore, our land would have been one vast Sahara through to the Pacific. What is the matter with Northern Africa? Africa's Rocky Mountains are on the eastern coast, chilling the rains that run back into the Indian Ocean, thus leaving one-half of Africa a burning desert. Why is there a desert in Central Asia, one thousand miles across? Because the mountains back of Peking precipitate the rain that returns to the Pacific, leaving no rain for the deserts of Asia. What is the matter with Australia? The mountains are on the eastern side of Australia, bringing the rains down and leaving no moisture for the lands behind them. The four continents, other than our own, Europe, Asia, Africa and the Australian Isles, have ten million square miles of farming land, while North and South America alone have eleven millions. As population is determined by farming land, therefore, ultimately, our people on the western continent will outvote and control the civilization of the world.

Another reason why our people should hesitate before deserting Americanism and accepting Bolshevism is that the average annual income of our working people is four times the annual income of the other peoples of the world. The population of the world is sixteen hundred millions, and its total income in 1918 was two hundred billions of dollars, of which the people of the United States received fifty billions. Our population is but one-sixteenth of the human race, but our income was four-sixteenths of all the good things produced. In 1913 the Russian worked more hours in the day, yet received only one-fourth the income of his more fortunate brother in the United States. To-day, it pays to be a citizen of the United States, and pays richly, in terms of wage and income alone. The United States has seven per cent. of the land

[*Continued on page 42*]



Back On the Main Line

Right-about Face for the Railroads

by Albert W. Atwood

Decoration by Louis Fancher

SAYS Mr. Atwood in this remarkable article: "Perhaps it might be well to create a new department of the Government, a new position in the Cabinet, that of Secretary of Transportation, with wide powers. If a really able, courageous individual, such as Herbert Hoover, could be put in that job we might emerge from all these railroad troubles with far less pain than most people fear."

ONE of the most encouraging features of the business situation this year is the probability that the railroads will before long relinquish first prize as the infernal nuisance of this country. I am sure the average citizen is sick of hearing about the troubles of the railroads. I know I am. There are some patients that a doctor must get exceedingly tired of seeing. When those patients begin to show signs of really getting well, what a rejoicing in the M. D.'s heart!

So must the American people feel as they see the railroads limping along toward recovery. Of course, Mr. Average Citizen does not qualify as a railroad healer, but he sees his chosen representatives in Congress rushing to the rescue, and he has the feeling that "something" will be done.

There are times when the people are in an unmistakable frame of mind for this or that course of action. Unless all indications are at fault one of their mental conditions at this time is a real impatience with any more dilly-dallying with the railroads. And when the people have made up their mind the leaders are quick to "register" action which will translate that great collective mental state into accomplished fact.

The railroads are soon to emerge from Government operation, and everyone seems relieved at that. Moreover, there are at least fifty different "plans" for disposing of the rather helpless giants after the Government gets through with them. From these many plans a common thought is gradually emerging and crystallizing, and it is now possible to state in simple language, not just exactly what will happen, but the general lines that will be followed. In other words, we know about where we are headed for, and that is a great consolation.

Most people who write articles about the railroads or make speeches on the subject, feel it necessary to indulge in a long introduction regarding the importance of the subject. They tell you that railroads rank next to agriculture; that they represent one-tenth of the nation's wealth and do one-fifth of the nation's business. Let us cut out further well-known facts of this nature and all the other intimate friends in the way of statistics, and get down to business.

No one need be told that the railroads are important because we all have had difficulty either in riding on them or sending goods by way of them. We have read, or glanced at, hundreds of columns of newspaper "copy" about the row between Mr. Hines, the railroad director, and the steel manufacturers. Let us assume, then, and it is no unreasonable assumption, that the readers of McCLURE'S know perfectly well that there can be no real, effective or permanent reconstruction of America's commerce and industry to meet after-the-war conditions as long as the railroad industry remains in a state of suspense and confusion.

But the prospects are bright indeed. First of all, Government ownership and operation are about as popular with thinking people as a spider at a picnic. Nor is that feeling confined to Wall Street. It pervades the country. It means that one important element of doubt is disposed of.

NOW it is just possible there are a few owners of railroad bonds and stocks who would like to see permanent Government ownership on the theory that they would be sure to receive their interest and dividends. But the country as a whole does not want the deadening effect, the killing of initiative and the steady eating into the Federal Treasury that Government ownership is sure to mean. We have had one striking object lesson and we do not, as a people, want another.

Practically everyone recognizes that the proposed savings from Government operation have been few; indeed, infinitesimal. Some saving has been effected in the use of terminal facilities, and it is hoped that these will prove permanent. Most of the savings expected did not materialize, and those realized have been insignificant as compared with the increased costs. Some of the boasted features have been a nuisance. Joint ticket offices in the large cities have worked out none too well. The public has been annoyed and the weaker lines appear to have lost business to the big lines, which already had more than they could handle.

Then, too, the cutting off of facilities in the way of trains has probably done more harm in irritating the public than it ever did good in the way of saving money. Altogether from the point of view of normal traffic conditions, especially on the passenger side, Government operation has been anything but a success. A minor but psychologically serious failure has been the deterioration in courtesy and ease of service.

To add insult to injury, to rub it in twofold, the Government not only had to increase rates by nearly a billion dollars in the year 1918 for mostly inferior service, but it had to take out of the Treasury, which means the taxpayers' pockets, more than $200,000,000 to make up the deficit.

But just as a sensible people see no advantage in permanent Government ownership or operation, so fair-minded people will not paint Government operation during the War blacker than necessary. There were special war conditions that would have made the successful operation of railroads by anybody an impossibility. The elaborate system of priority orders in itself made economical operation extremely difficult. The Railroad Administration had in mind first the winning of the War and not economical operation. War is never economical. It is the exact reverse.

In February and March, 1918, box cars waiting empty in front of factories for their loads were actually pulled away unloaded by the Railroad Administration and carried empty for long distances in order to get food and rush it to Atlantic ports. For the armies of the Allies were close to starvation, and vast quantities of food had to be concentrated in the seaports in short order. The result was heavy expense but an important war contribution.

The winter of 1917–1918 was one of the coldest on record. Passenger trains froze in the streets of Syracuse. The railroads had to move coal, steel and troops whoever or whatever else suffered. Expenses were terrific.

Now, of course, the nub of the situation is labor. Everyone knows that railroad wages have been raised enormously, that many hundreds of millions of dollars were added to the pay roll under the Government. Naturally, the obvious and crude interpretation is politics. To put it in the bluntest possible manner,

it is assumed that the Administration raised wages in order to create votes.

Passing over for a moment the reason for the advance in wages, the fact which must now be faced is that wages will probably not come down. With these increased wages railroad expenses are now so enormous that the whole future of the industry is involved. The railroads must either charge rates high enough to meet their expenses, or the Government must help them out. That, in the fewest possible words, is the problem to be faced. Before attempting to answer it let us go back to wages for a moment.

The Government is not the most economical employer. Carl Gray, who was Director of Operations of the United States Railroad Administration under Director-General McAdoo, and who is a railroad president, recently stated that wages had to go under the Government because it had to pay the same wages all over the country.

It has been said that recently the railroads under Government control had nearly 150,000 more employees than before the roads were taken over.

But there is another side which must be told in all fairness. Railroad workers had long been an underpaid class. The railroad had really been a training-school for other industries. And this was especially true after the War started. The railroads had to compete with ship-building and other industries which drew their best men away. In many cases only the older and more inefficient men remained.

I think it only fair that these facts should be stated. Nor is it likely that under private control wages will go down much.

It is often said in general conversation that the railroad employees have the country by the throat. That may be; but until very recently they have not received a decent, living wage. It is said that the ultimate consumer has to pay. Of course he does, and no one knows it better than the railroad worker. He is a consumer just as much as he is a railroad man. When other workers were getting higher wages did not the railroad man have to pay along with other consumers?

The railroad workers have merely tried to get what they considered their fair share, and with the exception of a few exaggerated arrangements here and there they have not received increases in wages at all out of proportion to other classes of workers in the country.

Now the importance of this topic lies in the fact that revenues must be found to take care of these increased expenses. Railroad wages are not going to be radically reduced. To attempt it might cause revolution; and besides, it would not appeal to the sense of fair play of the American people.

It is true that there will be a slight, gradual improvement in the railroad situation from other causes. Abnormal war-time expenses are over and the disarrangements caused by the War are gradually being cleared away.

It would seem as if a tremendous swell of business prosperity might well be with us by fall, induced to a large extent by the size of the crops. Big wheat crops stimulate trade and inure to the benefit of the railroads.

In the main, however, it must be emphasized that no increase in business which the railroads have the facilities to care for or any reasonable economies they can effect, will permanently offset their higher expenses, especially their increased wages. What, then, is the answer?

We come to the many "plans" for solving the railroad problem. Most of them involve all manner of major surgical operations, although all the patient has really suffered from has been under-nourishment.

All manner of consolidations of the railroads into a dozen or at most a score of big systems is proposed. Artificial consolidation does not seem a natural or altogether healthful development. Consolidation should come, in all probability, but it should come naturally and not all at once.

At the nub of every plan for the railroads is either a Government guarantee against deficits or an assumption that rates will be made adequate. Naturally, bondholders and stockholders like the idea of a "guarantee."

Possibly the Government needs to guarantee the railroads a certain income during the transition period of return to private ownership, just as has been done during the period of Government ownership. But a permanent guarantee seems a most unwise and totally un-American performance. Just as happened in France it will kill private initiative. It will be a continual drain on the Federal Treasury and will spell inefficiency.

After all, the railroad problem is far more simple than many people suppose, and the happiest part of it is that the public is beginning to awake to that fact. The one important thing which the railroads require in order to live and prosper is an adequate rate structure. They need to be paid properly for the service which they perform.

Of course the present situation may appeal to some folks as satisfactory all around. The people are getting their freight carried for less than cost, labor is getting good wages, the stockholders are receiving a guaranteed income and the taxpayers are footing the bill.

Or look at it another way. The Government is to-day subsidizing the industries of the country by carrying their goods at less than cost while the taxpayers grin and bear it.

If the industries of this country need to be subsidized in this fashion then we had better despair of American institutions.

Let me digress at this point to say that it would probably be unwise to increase passenger rates any further. Passenger traffic is nothing but an advertisement for most railroads anyhow. Passenger trains create a freight business.

Any further increase in passenger rates will only serve to irritate the people. Very few people have any animosity against the railroads because of a raise in freight rates. It is the cost of a ticket that hurts.

One department of the Government starved the railroads before the War, and when another department took them over during the War it immediately administered first-aid sustenance. But even now railroad transportation (freight, not passenger) is the cheapest thing in the country. This in spite of the advance in freight rates under the Railroad Administration.

Prices in general, and probably wages, have risen from two to three times as much as freight rates. "But," say many people, "don't raise freight rates again, because it will only shove up the cost of living still more."

One of the members of the Interstate Commerce Commission who is opposed to any further advance in freight rates says that such an advance will be reflected in a four-fold increase in retail prices. Either this is an absurd statement or else nearly all the manufacturers, wholesalers and merchants in the country ought to be in jail!

The truth is that freight rates do not play much legitimate part in retail prices. It is always easy to put the blame of everything off on the railroads. They are impersonal and don't talk back. The freight rate structure is too complicated and intricate for any one to understand and, therefore, it is a harmless indoor sport to blame freight rates for any jump in retail prices.

But the American people know that the rise in the cost of living in the last few years has had nothing to do with railroad rates. Most of it in fact occurred before there was any advance in freight tariffs at all. How much of a factor is railroad transportation in the single article, the loaf of bread, the suit of clothes? A fraction of a cent.

But it is further objected that rates high enough to enable the weaker railroads to live will make the strong companies far too prosperous. Well, Uncle Sam can take what he wants in taxes from the rich and prosperous. He does it now in the case of other classes of business enterprises.

No one proposes that rates should be high enough to make the poorly located, unwisely promoted and badly financed roads roll in fat. Naturally, a happy medium must be found between making railroad wrecking, on the one hand, a safe pursuit and starving even the most efficient systems by underpayment as was done until a few months ago.

Even the shippers recognize the necessity of higher freight rates. The United States Chamber of Commerce [*Continued on page 40*]

NO poetry produced in America in recent years has created such a sensation as Mr. Masters's "Spoon River Anthology." McClure's is the only magazine which has been fortunate enough to secure a sequel to that wonderful volume. There will be more of these vivid portraits next month.

Spoon River Annex

by **Edgar Lee Masters**

I

Harvey Williams

I WAS good as she at the start;
But afterward she became the milliner
And looked like a walking hollyhock
With her parasol and tony swagger,
While I shoed horses to make a showing,
Really supported by her,
And mowed the lawn, and tended the garden,
And sprinkled the flowers, and ran her errands,
To earn and keep her love.
At last her frequent trips to Chicago
Buying goods, as she said, together
With certain questions from Benjamin Pontier,
And Jonathan Somers, and such:
"Well, Harvey, where's your wife?"
Got into my brain and made me think.
So while I was shoeing that wicked mule,
I stood a moment and stared at his hoofs
And said to myself in an idle way:
"She loves me, loves me not."
Well, quick as lightning I fell like a feather
Into an ocean of ink.

II

Cleanthus Trilling

THE urge of the seed: the germ.
The urge of the germ: the stalk.
The urge of the stalk: leaves.
The urge of leaves: the blossom.
The urge of the blossom: to scatter pollen.
The urge of the pollen: the imagined dream of life.
The urge of life: longing for tomorrow.
The urge of tomorrow: Pain.
The urge of Pain: God.

III

Prue and Luella

HERE lies between us two
Our beloved husband, Nicholas.
He is indifferent, we are not jealous;
The town is not scandalized,
For we take no delight together.
O Death! of all the grave smiles
You have carved in this place
None is more smiling than ours!

The Eyes Have It

By Dana Gatlin

Illustrations by Clarence F. Underwood

HAVE you ever seen a woman, when dressing before a mirror, pause in the act of brushing her hair to gaze at her reflection with a certain arrested, absorbed, dreamy yet searching expression? Have you seen her turn her head this way and that, pick up a hand-glass and study her profile? If so, you may have wondered. Obviously it is not exigencies of her toilette that have evoked this meticulous scrutiny. Besides, there is an odd kind of look in her eyes, pensive, dreamy, wistful, that women do not bestow upon an ordinary toilette — nor even upon an extraordinary one.

No. That woman is seeking out her romantic possibilities.

If unmarried, she may have some concrete motive, some definite desired end in view. And if married . . Now, do not stop right here and decide that this is the kind of story you don't care to read. It is the story of a married woman come to such a moment of pause, but it is not at all an "immoral" story. For there are few women, I claim, who, even after marriage, do not pause, some time or other, to look at themselves with that dreamy, pensive, wistful scrutiny, seeking to know whether the weapons of conquest still are theirs.

Corinna Benson, standing absorbed before her own reflection, would not have wished her lot changed one whit. She had been married nearly three years to her Andy; three years of ups-and-downs, naturally, for Corinna and Andy were but human.

The evening before the Bensons had played bridge with some friends, and a woman, whose name is not important to this narrative, had chanced to mention a man whose name is not important, either. Corinna didn't even remember his name overnight, though he was, in a way, the unsuspecting sower of the seed of that discord she came to fear would rupture her entire life. The woman, gossiping lightly, mentioned the man as one invincible to woman's wiles; numerous campaigns had been waged against the citadel of his heart in vain.

The woman turned laughingly to Corinna.

"I wish he could have run up against *you* — in the days before you were married."

That lightly-voiced remark, somehow, aroused in Corinna two simultaneous but diverse emotions: a flicker of pleased vanity because of the flattering implication, and something else which caused her, bridling a bit, to ask:

"Why do you say '*before* I was married'?"

"Oh, you're so settled now — you don't know there's a man in the world but Andy."

Corinna, puckering her brows a little, glanced across at her husband.

"Am I so settled as all that?" she asked him.

"I hope so," he responded, smiling at her.

Now, Andy had a nice smile — it was one of the things about him Corinna had fallen in love with; but, just now, curiously, something in it — its bland assurance, serenity, security, what-not — nettled her.

TALK drifted desultorily to other topics; the nameless Gibraltar of masculinity was passed by and forgotten; but a seed had been planted in Corinna, in some vague spot betwixt thought and feeling where such seeds are apt to fall. Yes, Corinna did not remember the invincible one's name, she did not even aspire to meet him in particular; but, next morning, as she dressed before her mirror, she caught herself staring at her own reflection.

Was she so "settled," then? Were all those weapons of allure once so skilfully hers, now forever sheathed?

She gazed into the mirror. This is what she saw:

Soft shadowy masses of hair, which a poetic admirer had once likened to a mysterious blur of clouds at twilight; grave, dark-blue eyes fringed over by long dark lashes, deeply serene, but hinting of mischievous sparkle in sunlight; arched brows, which had been compared to swallow's wings in flight; and sensitive lips curved into a dragging half-smile.

Andy admired her — that she knew. But it *does* strike a woman hard, now and then, that her adored and adoring husband seems to take her charms as a prosaic matter-of-course — and indisputably his own.

Nevertheless, no helpmeet was ever more solicitous, hovering and devoted, than was Corinna in the days immediately following that brief, stock-taking pause. The Bensons were on the verge of their first long separation; Andy was going south on an extended business trip, and he insisted that a month of southern summer sultriness was not the thing for Corinna. It was he who decided she should accept an invitation from an aunt to visit in a lake-cooled little northern city, formulating an altogether sensible, admirable plan: he would ship the car out to Pleasantville, come by for Corinna at the end of his business trip, and then they'd motor the five hundred miles back home together.

Corinna accepted the wisdom of his decision soberly, but she threw her arms about his neck.

"Oh, Andy, I'll be so homesick! I wish I could go with you."

"I can't bear to think of you in those stuffy trains, darling, and knocking about in those sweltering hotels."

"But *you'll* have to knock about in them!" she commiserated.

He exulted in her commiseration, and perhaps played up to it a little; no man dislikes wearing a mantle of noble unselfishness.

"Oh, I can stand it all right," he said. "Of course I'll miss you like the devil; but I can stand the discomforts a whole lot better if I know you are cool and comfortable and having a good time."

"But I'll be having a horrible time! I'll be homesick for you every minute, Andy."

The funny part of it was that Andy believed her; he believed her even while, pursuing that absurd practise with which humans profess to disbelieve their dear convictions, he argued that she'd soon be forgetting him altogether.

"You'll be trying out your hand again before you know it," he said fatuously. "I don't doubt that by the time I show up, you'll be wearing a brand-new collection of scalps."

"Oh, Andy!" she reproached.

And the funny thing was that he believed her; and even funnier, that she believed herself. She was sincerely convinced — at the time — that the month for her would be a stretch of gray, lonely, empty days leading up to the hour of seeing Andy again.

That prospect tinged over with melancholy the business of buying new clothes for her holiday — and when this delectable business is dulled for whatever reason, it is proof incontestable that the whatever-reason is sincere. You see that I want to prove to you, in the beginning, that Corinna *did* love her husband, and *was* grieved at the specter of separation, and that she was not guilty of any conscious premeditation as to that which was about to develop to her apparent discredit.

So, those days preceding the one when Andy put her on her westward-bound train before catching his own for the south, she went about in a state of gentle melancholy, tenderly anticipating his wants, catering to his comfort, ministering, hovering — as devoted and home-centered and "settled" a little wife as you could wish to see.

At the farewell, on the Pullman, her eyes grew misty.

"Buck up!" cheered Andy. "It's only a month. And then we'll have the bully motor-trip home together."

"Yes, that will be wonderful," she said bravely.

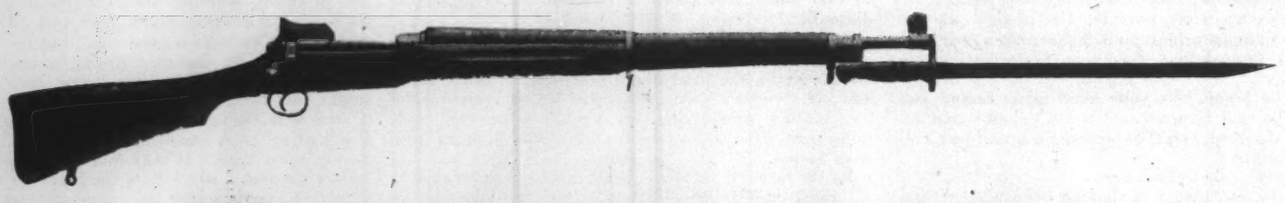
FORTUNATE for us that the events of the future lie shrouded in a veil of impenetrability. Neither of these two, absorbed in the sweet sorrow of parting, could foresee what that motor-trip home would really be like.

Throughout her journey Corinna continued wrapped in her mantle of tender dejection. She wondered whether she had remembered to tuck in Andy's digestive tablets, whether she would receive a night-letter in the morning, whether those southern girls were as attractive as hearsay made them out. Of course she wanted him to have a good time, but — It is to her credit that, those first long, dismal hours, she gave not one thought to any possible "good time" she herself might encounter in Pleasantville.

And it is the more to her credit because, once, she *had* had a "good time" in Pleasantville — an uncommonly good time. It was four or five summers ago, before she met Andy, before she had ever thought definitely of marriage and its attendant "settling down." I have mentioned the shining mountain-pool eyes of Corinna, the arching swallow's-wing brows of her, the dragging, humor-touched smile. Well, you can't stretch admiration out evenly among all the girls when there are Corinnas around; you can't blame her if she capriciously queened it just a little bit.

It was in Aunt Sarah's car, sitting beside Aunt Sarah herself — a kind, contented, very wise and motherly spinster — that Corinna noticed a young man, crossing the street in front of them, glance up, peer, and then, at the risk of being run down, pause to lift his hat before scurrying out of the way. [*Continued on page 57*]

"Just a minute, Corinna. Did that fellow make love to you?" he suddenly burst out



The Backbone of the Army —Rifles—

We Knew How to Make Them, Our Boys Knew How to Use Them, and That's Another Reason Why Germany Quit

by **Cleveland Moffett**

A COLONEL of the General Staff at the War College in Washington who has made a study of rifle shooting related to me the other day a story of an American corporal in France who had been telling his companions what a fine shot he was and what havoc he would work among the Germans if he ever had a chance at them with his rifle. Unfortunately, his company was kept for weeks in the rear trenches and it remained an open question whether this fellow really was a rifle expert or only a vainglorious boaster.

Finally the company was sent to the Front and within twenty-four hours the Germans had cut them off in a box-barrage of field artillery that was preliminary to a raid for prisoners. It was a trying situation for the Americans, there was little they could do but wait for the rush of storm troops that the enemy would presently send over in outnumbering force. Of course the doughboys would resist to the last, but the odds were heavily against them and they knew it.

"Here's your chance, Buddy, to show us that marvelous shooting stuff you've been talking about," they said to the corporal.

"All right," he nodded, "I'll show you."

Presently whistles sounded from the German side and gray waves swarmed across No Man's Land toward the American lines. The day was just breaking and figures of men were plainly silhouetted against the purplish sky.

Then this American corporal did an extraordinary thing. He climbed out of the trench and lay down flat on his stomach with his rifle sling adjusted around his left elbow as if he were preparing for target practice. And when the enemy reached the wire entanglements where they were checked for a few minutes, he opened up on them, shooting slowly with deliberate aim, taking them one by one as they struggled with the wire, fixing each man exactly at the point of his rifle-sight before he pulled the trigger. And he killed and wounded so many Germans — more than thirty — that the discomfited raiders finally withdrew.

"The point is," remarked the Colonel, "that this corporal knew how to *aim* his rifle. He aimed at a man exactly as he would aim at a bull's eye, which is something European soldiers rarely do in battle. That partly explains why Americans are superior to all nations in accuracy with rifles, pistols and machine guns — they have been taught to aim. Furthermore, at the end of the War, we were rapidly catching up with the French in accuracy of artillery fire, but, of course, they lead the world in that."

"What class of Americans make the best shots?" I asked.

"Men of high intelligence and athletic training who have learned to coordinate their muscles in bodily sports. Next to them come men in the mechanic class who are interested in machinery and have handled accurate tools. Many negroes are excellent shots. You will be surprised to learn that very few southerners have natural skill with rifle or pistol."

"Are there many crack rifle shots in the American army?"

"Are there? There are hundreds of our soldiers who can hit the bull's eye of an 8-inch target at 200 yards, under target range conditions, firing six shots in twelve seconds. That is a different kind of skill, however, from what is called for on the battlefield. A soldier must shoot straight automatically — in the dark with a gas mask on, against an attacking enemy. It takes years to acquire that kind of skill which is what our little Regular Army of 80,000 men had before the War. There never was such a shooting army as those boys — everyone admits that."

"And the Germans? What kind of rifle shots are they?"

"They are good shots in a mechanical way. The thing has been pounded into them, but they lack personal initiative. German soldiers cannot work alone. They must be in crowds. They make poor scouts. And they waste incredible quantities of ammunition."

The more one searches for evidence of the much-heralded German efficiency in war-making, the more clearly one sees that this efficiency was largely a matter of false pretense, a *schreecklichkeit* bluff with not nearly as much of genuine frightfulness behind it as America, England or France was able to develop once they were fairly started in this hideous war game. In the matter of poison gas, for example, America would have shown the Teutons a few things had the War continued for another year, as I shall make clear in an article on that subject.

Take the simple matter of revolvers.

One would suppose that Germany, after forty years of intensive military preparation, would have made satisfactory provision for her soldiers in this respect. Surely the German army went into this war with the best pistol that human

It was in such ticklish moments as these that the rifle got in its deadliest work. House to house fighting in Northern France

intelligence could provide?

Not at all. German pistols were rather poor things, on the whole, and their destructiveness against American troops was much less than the destructiveness of American pistols against German troops. This is proved by the testimony of army surgeons that American soldiers showed very few pistol wounds, whereas German soldiers suffered heavily in this respect.

One reason for this difference is that the pistol is a distinctively American weapon. We have always been a pistol-using nation, quick on the trigger, especially in the west where the shooting achievements of our cowboys and rangers, our Wild Bills and Buffalo Bills, an innumerable company of pistol crack shots, are known to everybody. It is estimated that our use of pistols and revolvers in this war was five times what it was among the Germans or among the Allies.

The fact is the pistol in foreign armies is rather a thing of show than of usefulness, an emblem of authority like an officer's sword or the gold braid on his uniform; it is usually of small caliber, often a mere plaything; but our service pistol, the Colt Automatic .45 is a real weapon. Years ago the United States Army had a standard pistol of .38 caliber, but the Spanish War and the Philippine Campaign demonstrated that this pistol lacked killing power, and that is the business of the pistol — to kill a man at fifty yards, at twenty yards, to stop him dead in his tracks; but it was found that a .38 caliber pistol would often kill these fierce natives without stopping them; that is, they would have the strength after a mortal wound to rush ahead and use their bolos before they fell. But the mere impact of a .45 caliber bullet, no matter where it hits a man, on the hand, on a finger, on the heel of his boot, drops him instantly, stuns him.

Several years before the War, a board of American army experts made exhaustive tests of the leading pistols in the world, about a dozen of them, including the most famous European makes. These pistols were tested in every conceivable way for accuracy, durability, simplicity and strength of construction, destructiveness and a general desirability for army purposes; some of them, I am told, were fired into living cattle at the Chicago stockyards to test flesh resistance; and the result was that the Colt .45 Automatic was accepted by America as the best and most formidable weapon of its kind in the world.

THE Colt .45 Automatic!

A little brown handled thing of bluish steel that weighs two pounds and settles comfortably in your hand. An expert will fire it five times in two seconds from the hip and put every shot in a man-size target twenty-five yards away!

If further testimony is needed as to the excellence of these weapons in American hands, it may be had from the Germans themselves, from those who fought us at Fismette, France, on August 10, 1918, for example, when Captain Edmund W. Lynch, 111th Infantry, "seeing two of his platoons being cut off," so reads the official record, "went *alone* to their rescue and engaged the enemy with his automatic pistol, killing several. He saved his platoon, but in so doing sacrificed his own life."

Or from six Germans at Thiancourt, France, who had captured a wounded American officer, September 15, 1918, and were holding him prisoner, when Corporal Edward J. Wollert, 79th Company, 6th Regiment, U. S. Marine Corps, charged the whole six with his automatic, killing two and terrifying the others so that the wounded American was able to kill two more of them, whereupon Wollert made prisoners of the last two Germans and forced them to carry the exhausted officer back to the American lines.

Here is a gas attack. Our Infantry waiting in a shell crater for the gas to blow over and the Germans to follow immediately. Every man has his finger on the trigger

Or from twenty-six Germans, including a machine gun crew, who were held at bay near Grand Pré, France, November 1, 1918, by one American, Raymond A. Schroth, First Sergeant, Company E, 311th Infantry, who fought them with his automatic until the last cartridge in his last magazine clip was spent, and then made good his retreat to our lines, driving one of the enemy before him with his empty pistol.

Thousands of Germans have similar memories of the Colt .45 Automatic!

Another reason for the superiority in pistol work of America over Germany is that America standardized her pistols and revolvers (the Colt .45 Automatic, the Smith and Wesson .45 revolver, the Colt .45 Revolver—we had no others), so that all these use the same cartridges interchangeably; whereas German pistols and revolvers, being of many kinds and sizes, require many kinds and sizes of cartridges. I have seen the report of an American Ordnance officer who states that the German Army used more than twenty varieties of pistols and revolvers, ranging from .22 caliber to .51 caliber, several of these calling for different kinds of ammunition.

The consequence was that an American soldier on the battlefield who lost or broke his pistol or revolver could use one taken from a dead or wounded comrade, since the cartridges in his belt would be sure to fit that weapon; whereas a German soldier who picked up a comrade's pistol might easily find it useless, if it happened to be one that required its own special cartridges.

Also an American soldier in a battlefield emergency could make a new pistol for himself by using the parts of several broken pistols, since all American automatics were of one standardized type with interchangeable parts. This was not true in the German army, and was another point in their inferiority.

Why did the Germans fail to standardize their pistols as America did? One might as well ask why the Germans blundered in a hundred other ways. They are a race of blunderers. I have been given characteristic reasons, however, for the existence of two among the many varieties of German pistols. One was their "murder" pistol, a massive blunderbuss affair with heavily weighted handle that was used chiefly as a club to kill inconvenient enemy wounded.

Another German pistol contrived for a scarcely less abominable use, was a tiny one that could be hidden in the palm of the hand. This was named the "Kamerad" pistol by our soldiers who came to know and dread its infernal cunning. This "Kamerad" pistol, I am assured, was used by German prisoners after they had surrendered to kill and wound unsuspecting American soldiers.

"THERE are many witnesses to this German treachery," said an American captain (a Harvard graduate) to me recently. "I was at the Front for over a year in trench mortar work and I heard stories of this sort many times. A body of German soldiers, twenty or thirty, would hold up their hands to surrender, whereupon a platoon of Americans would step forward to receive them. The Germans would keep their hands raised until the Americans were only a few paces off, then they would fire at them point-blank with their concealed 'Kamerad' pistols and keep on firing until their captors were killed or wounded."

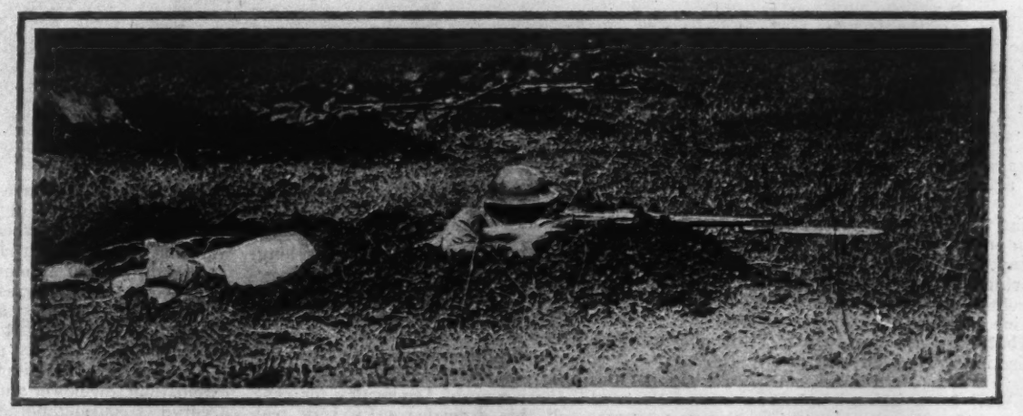
"Of course that sort of thing could not happen very often?" I suggested.

"No, but it happened often enough. It cost us hundreds of lives. No wonder the doughboys got tired of taking German prisoners."

These are the same Germans, be it noted, who protested against the use of shot guns by American soldiers as contrary to the rules of civilized warfare. I may explain that shot guns were originally used in the American army to kill pigeon hawks that attacked carrier pigeons, but when it was discovered that scattering buckshot broke the morale of these Kamerad gentlemen rather badly, a certain number of shot guns were added to the doughboy's equipment. Why not? And Secretary Lansing notified the German High Command that if a single American soldier was put to death (as the Germans threatened) for using a shot gun there would be reprisals.

Germany's great mistake in the War was that she underestimated the moral strength of America. On the material side she was fully informed; she knew all about our boundless wealth and resources, our mines, forests, industries, food supply; but the Prussian High Command believed that we would waste these resources and bungle our war opportunities. They regarded us as a sordid race — money grubbers, dollar chasers, without idealism or capacity for national sacrifice. This was not a very intelligent judgment, but it is hard for a fundamentally selfish nation to believe in the unselfishness of another nation.

America would have been a formidable antagonist had she fought merely for gain or conquest, but she was ten times more formidable when she



This is the way our riflemen were trained here at home. Real war conditions prevailing

fought under the spur of pure altruism to destroy evils (the Teutonic military system) that were threatening mankind. It was this ultimate unselfishness of America that gave her success in the War, more than her capacity for turning out rifles, pistols, machine guns and so on. Indeed it was not until America began to act unselfishly (after April 6, 1917) in her work of munitions-making that she became really efficient.

Does any one challenge this statement and insist that the making of rifles, pistols, machine guns is a matter of factory procedure and general organization with only a remote bearing upon idealism? Let us see. *How* did unselfishness enable us to turn out better munitions? In what way was America inefficient in munitions-making before she went into the War? Can this be set forth convincingly in detail?

Yes, it can.

Everyone remembers the craze for war contracts that swept over this country during 1915 and 1916. There

The rifle pits at our wonderful encampments during the War were the places where we taught the doughboys how to shoot sure and swift. Between the two photographs of the rifle pits is a rare picture taken of the National Pistol Match at Camp Perry

was not a third-class copper foundry or button factory or tin can establishment but dreamed of changing itself into a great munitions plant. And many tried to do so. Half the men you met (and some women) were flirting with fortune in the guise of various war promotion schemes. Inoffensive rent collectors, messenger boys, clerks in stores bustled about with mysterious notebooks showing red ink memoranda of "orders" for so many million cartridges for France at a profit of so much, so many rifles for Russia (what a grim joke that was!), so many tons of TNT for England! We were all going to be millionaires, alas!

This period of selfish madness in America was a period of inefficiency. Many of these dazzling war contracts were never fulfilled, many were cancelled for cause; in fact, a considerable part of the actual munitions product of America for the Allies before 1917 was not considered up to specified requirements. Scores of rainbow-chasing concerns were thrown into bankruptcy and even our experienced manufacturers who undertook to supply the desperate needs of France and England rendered a service that was not always satisfactory.

Then America came into the War and — *see what happened!*

See what happened in the case of rifles for our soldiers. No instrument of warfare is more important than the rifle. Cannon are more impressive, tanks and airplanes more spectacular, poison gas and submarines more terrifying; but the backbone of the strength of an army is the rifle. It was the rifle that carried our doughboys through to victory in the terrific fighting at Château-Thierry and the Argonne Forest. It is the rifle that decides between victory and defeat. If the rifle fails, everything fails.

WHAT happened in the case of rifles? How did our declaration of war against Germany affect our rifle output?

Here is a wonderful thing that historians will record to the credit of American small arms manufacturers: almost overnight they changed from aggressive business rivals to loyal business partners. The only rivalry now was in patriotism, not profits. Now it was *their* war! These rifles, pistols, machine guns that they were making would be carried into battle by *their* sons to defend *their* flag and *their* civilization. That made a great difference.

Previously, there had been fierce jealousies, trade enmities, cutthroat methods of competition between these manufacturers. Each company had its own trade secrets and factory processes that were guarded like jewels of the crown. No small arms expert was permitted to pass the doors of a rival plant. And now what a change! Where there had been bitter war in time of peace, there suddenly came peace in time of war. Old scores were forgotten. All hands joined against the common enemy. All doors were opened, all secrets revealed. From now on it was "everything in one hat" for Uncle Sam. Cost-cutting and time-saving methods of each manufacturer were revealed to the others. Patent rights were waived in many cases. Royalty advantages from small arms inventions worth millions were to a large extent disregarded. We had challenged Germany in a life and death struggle and our boys needed rifles — *the best rifles that could be made.*

And we made them!

These small arms manufacturers working on a patriotic basis became far more efficient than they had ever been on a purely commercial basis. As quality of the product went up, prices came down. One concern that had encountered difficulty in turning out satisfactory rifles for England at $42 apiece was a year later making excellent rifles for Uncle Sam at $25 apiece. Another company that had charged $800 for a machine gun gradually reduced its price to $255 for a better machine gun. As the months passed there were hundreds of such instances where unselfishness and efficiency marched side by side. *It was the soul of America that had finally found itself and triumphed!*

There came an afternoon in May, 1917, when Secretary of War Baker; General Tasker H. Bliss, then Chief of Staff of the Army; General William Crozier, then Chief of Ordnance of the Army; General Joseph E. Kuhn, then President of the Army War College; General George Barnett, Commandant of the Marine Corps; and most important of all, General John J. Pershing — just selected to lead the American Expeditionary Force to France — came together in anxious conference at Washington to make a decision about the American rifle that carried with it momentous consequences. There was at stake nothing less than the efficiency of the American army, and that meant the fate of the world, the course of Democracy for centuries to come — all this depended in a very real sense upon the issue of this conference.

What was the question to be decided?

The question was: "What rifle should be adopted for manufacture and issue to the millions of soldiers about to be recruited for our vast military program?"

Should we attempt to arm them all with the peerless .30 caliber Springfield designed and up to that time manufactured only by the Army Ordnance Department? We had 600,000 of these splendid weapons on hand at the outbreak of war, as well as 200,000,000 rounds of ammunition for them.

OR should we adopt the British .303 caliber Enfield, then being manufactured in the United States at three different plants having a combined output of 7,000 per day? Here were "going concerns" with a product almost immediately available; considerable delay must be expected before they could be converted for manufacture of Springfields and delay was bound to be unpopular with a public clamoring for immediate results. Delay would also naturally be opposed by some rifle manufacturers for obvious reasons — the sooner they turned out rifles the sooner they would be paid for them.

People who are prone to jump to conclusions said: "If the Winchester rifle plant, the immense Eddystone and other Remington rifle plants in America are able to turn out seven thousand Enfield rifles a day — the English model — for the British Government (which was true) why not let them go on turning out seven thousand of these rifles a day for the United States? Why wait? Our soldiers need rifles."

To the lay mind a difference in caliber of only three-thousandths of an inch — less than half the thickness of a human hair — seems negligible, yet, as a matter of fact, this infinitesimal difference in size was amply sufficient to require two different kinds of small arms ammunition for the supply of our troops, unless we adopted British .303 caliber ammunition to the exclusion of all others and were prepared to "scrap" the 600,000 Springfield .30 caliber rifles and 200,000,000 rounds of .30 caliber ammunition for them which the Ordnance Department had painfully accumulated during the years preceding our entrance into the War.

Of course the three-thousandths of an inch difference in diameter of bullet was not the only difference between the two types of ammunition. The English ammunition was of 22% lower velocity. That means that it not only had less hitting power than our standard American .30 caliber ammunition but its "danger space" for the same elevation of sight was far less. I can explain the latter term best by calling up the picture of a crack battery in action during a baseball game. The pitcher throws the ball with "high-velocity" so that the course of the ball appears to be almost horizontal throughout its flight. In returning the ball to the pitcher, the catcher tosses it with "low-velocity" in a graceful arc. Now,

if a man stands anywhere directly between the pitcher and the catcher, he will undoubtedly be hit by the "high-velocity" ball, whereas the "low-velocity" ball will most times pass harmlessly overhead.

To return to our ammunition, the .30 caliber United States ammunition corresponds roughly to the swift in-shoot of the pitcher, and the .303 caliber British ammunition corresponds to the easy toss of the catcher. Obviously, high-velocity ammunition keeping close to the ground throughout its flight is deadly to a far greater extent than low power ammunition which has to follow a curve of considerable altitude to arrive at the same range with its swifter prototype. [*Continued on page 70*]

Alfred Cheney Johnston

Marilynn Miller

A man is known by his follies, and the "Follies of 1919" is known by its Marilynn Miller, which explains why this bonny young dancer has a line of adorers forming at the right every night

The Six Best Cellars

Henry, in the Words of Old Omar, Turns Down an Empty Glass

by Holworthy Hall

Illustrations by May Wilson Preston

Part I Told

The big story of the Great Thirst, and how it struck Oakmont, which is the kind of swagger suburb that we all know. No one dares in Oakmont to deviate from the general standard assumed by the social leaders of the place. There's the rub! One has to have a good wet dinner when one gives a dinner party, or be a social outcast forever. Henry Carpenter and his wife, Millicent, do not want to acknowledge that the drought has caught them unprepared, so they put up a considerable bluff. Almost on the verge of discovery, however, there enters, like the good fairy in the play, Miss Virginia Jasper, a violent prohibitionist and an old friend of the Carpenters, who, with horror, discovers that her dead brother has left cases of "rum" in her cellar. Henry is the only creature on earth who can save her from the disgrace of discovery.

NOTHING so modern as electricity had forced an entrance into Miss Jasper's maidenly house. She gave Henry a tallow candle which, as it diluted the cellar darkness to a weak solution of visibility, he found well suited to the dramatic quality of the proceedings.

Miss Jasper, glued to the head of the stairway by her conviction that rats are more formidable by night than by day, guided him, vocally, to a bosky compartment beyond the furnace. The compartment was divided by a rough partition into two cell-like halves. Everything had been chastely cleared away from the vicinity of the Scourge. The stenciling on the double pile of cases which stood against the masonry was breathlessly distinct. Henry stood in rapt contemplation until a drop of hot tallow on his wrist waked him to action.

One of the topmost cases, its cover lifted, was filled with slim shrouds of straw. This was the case in which Miss Jasper had found the single clue to the horrific secret. Careless of his shirt-front, he gathered it to his bosom, and steered a cautious course with it back to the stairs.

Again and again he made the pilgrimage, clutching each of the heavier boxes to him in a death-grip, until all eight cases reposed in the covering darkness of Miss Jasper's side porch.

It was necessary to make four trips to remove the booty. He dared not load the tiny car with more than two cases at a time. When he arrived at his own house, he found Millicent waiting for him.

"There's a long-distance call for you," she announced. "I thought you were going to stay up there all night. . . . What on earth's that?"

Henry indulged in the wild laughter which clamored for escape. Before he had recovered, her quick eyesight had relieved him of his oath. Therefore, he set the situation before her in all its bald comedy, saw its immensity dawn on her intelligence, and drove back for the second trip. By a quarter of eleven o'clock the trucking was completed, and both the Carpenters were radiantly speechless with relief. So was Miss Jasper.

Ordinarily, the news which came over the wire from Chicago would have flattened him. His partner's panic, caused by the fact that the western bank which had all but agreed to take over a certain vital issue, had suddenly decided not to touch it, ought to have carried consternation to Henry's soul, and would have at any other time.

But he listened almost contemptuously to his partner's story of defeat. The soothing consciousness of seven cases of *Bewern Auslese 1878* under padlock in his cellar, — seven cases free, duty free, tax free, everything free — made him magnificently immune to the vagaries of provincial bankers.

"Yes . . . yes . . . yes, I get that all right . . . Oh, ridiculous! I *said* — tommyrot. No — *tommy*-rot! If you can't swing it, I'll come out and see to it myself. Keep your shirt on. I said . . . Oh, never mind. *Nothing!* Forget it. I'll take the one o'clock to-night, and be with you day after to-morrow. Jolly 'em along till then. Don't worry. I'll handle it myself. Good-bye."

He heard his partner gasp, and it amused him, loftily. Henry's inability to handle the outside end of their business was an admitted fact. That he should conquer where his partner had failed, was sheer presumption. And yet, even while he wound up the interview with bluff assurance, Henry knew that he was going to succeed. "I've got to get the 11.56 to New York and go on to Chicago to-night," he said crisply to Millicent.

He impressed her as emergency valet, changing his clothes while she packed his bag.

"Don't whisper a syllable about that *Johannisberger* to a soul. Of course Aunt Virginia can't say anything, even if she finds out. I feel sort of mean about it; but, my Lord! Throw it *away*? . . . My dear child, there isn't another wine fit to be mentioned with it . . . Champagne's *vulgar* by the side of it. . . . I don't believe there's any bigger accumulation of it *any*where, except maybe in some of those old German castles."

Millicent was impressed. She mentioned the coming dinner, speculatively.

Part II

Slowly she rose and faced them. "I don't believe there's any doubt that the six best cellars in Oakmont are represented here," she said

"I'll get back in plenty of time for that. All I've got to do is to see a couple of bankers and tell 'em what's what. Go ahead with the party. And, oh! Don't forget this. Get hold of Mrs. Tiffany. You remember they wanted to swap? Let 'em have all the rest of the claret, and get enough things back so we can have some cocktails, too. *This* time we'll have a show-down!"

His partner marveled at the change in Henry when he met him at the station. His partner marveled still more during the evening session. When they went to bed it would have been difficult to determine which one of them had the greater confidence in Henry.

He swung aboard his train, an altered man, a ruler of lesser men, followed by his partner's profane congratulations. But banking matters, now that they were settled, meant nothing to him. His ambitions were waiting for him at home. Piker? Just like Napoleon.

He had said that he would return in time for the dinner of atonement, and he did, but it was a narrow squeak. He reached Oakmont station at 6.19. It was half-past six before he sprang from the tin taxi-cab, took his front steps three at a stride, and burst into his front hall, with the dinner guests due in an hour.

Millicent, almost dressed, was in a state of high excitement. Her kiss to him was electric. The news of his trip barely reached her consciousness. He saw that she had something more than the usual weight of her dinner duties, something more than the glory of regeneration, on her mind.

"I — I don't know whether you'll like it or not, Henry, but I've gone and done it, this time!" She paused, breathless. "The Hammonds are coming. And the Tiffanys, too." She watched him earnestly.

Henry took it without a qualm. "Good for you! I like Ed Hammond — educated chap. Knows poetry. And I always said McIvor Tiffany's a rough diamond. He —"

Millicent snatched a deep breath. "You don't understand. There's only room for twelve, and — and so I had to leave out the Holsappels and the Harrises."

Henry scowled a little. "They'll be mighty sore," he said thoughtfully. "Still, there's no law compelling us to ask 'em to every dinner we give, even if it *has* always been a give-and-take —"

"I told you long ago that we've got to reckon with the Hammonds and the Tiffanys," said Millicent. "If we don't take them in, somebody else will. People are beginning to flock around them, even now. It's pretty nearly a question of having a real opposition, or of taking the opposition leaders into our own set and going on as we are. I schemed and schemed to find a way to seat sixteen, but I couldn't. Not even fourteen. So — and I'm not the only one who's thought it out, either. I know the signs."

"I don't care," said Henry. "I like Ed Hammond better than Holsappel, any day."

She left him, and went down to labor with Olga while he dressed. Presently her voice climbed to remind him of the unmixed cocktails and the unopened cases of *Johannisberger*. Henry hurried down. A surprising array of bottles greeted him as he passed through the butler's pantry. He smiled. Milly had evidently traded with Tiffany as he had counseled. He found a hammer and screw-driver, switched on the cellar lights and descended blithely.

Then followed a surcharged interval during which the cheery squawk of yielding nails came agreeably to Milly's ear. Then a dynamic silence . . . again the squawk . . . once more silence . . . then a splattering glass-crash and the voice of Henry lifted in potent speech. Millicent ran to the head of the stairs.

"Henry! Oh — Henry! *Henry!* Don't tell me you've broken a bottle!"

There was a strained pause.

"Come down here, Milly!" So he would have invited her to view the evidence of a hasty murder. Millicent crept carefully down the stairs, holding her skirts aloof. Henry, hammer in hand, stood in the center of a semi-circle of opened cases, from each of which sprouted a pyramid of conical straw jackets. About him, upright on the floor, stood an army of brownish bottles. On his face, in the glow of the single ceiling-bulb, was the look of a man face to face with stark ruin. In his left hand he gripped the bodyless neck of a bottle.

"Wh-what is it, Henry?" Her voice was hushed as in the presence of madness. His lips moved without sound. She crept closer.

"Empty!" That was the word he was trying to say, "Empty!"

She stared from bottle to bottle. One by one they revealed themselves to her for the hollow shams they were, corkless, void.

They gazed at each other above the tragedy. Henry's brain fumbled its way to the simple truth, an illuminating vision of Miss Jasper's furtive half-brother, quietly emptying bottle after bottle and returning it to its straw jacket and its wooden case, because he didn't know how else to dispose of them unobserved. Henry groaned. Millicent, watching him, saw that his new assertiveness had oozed away from him. Her old command came back to her.

"There's no use standing there swearing, Henry. Come up-stairs and mix the cocktails. We've only got twenty minutes."

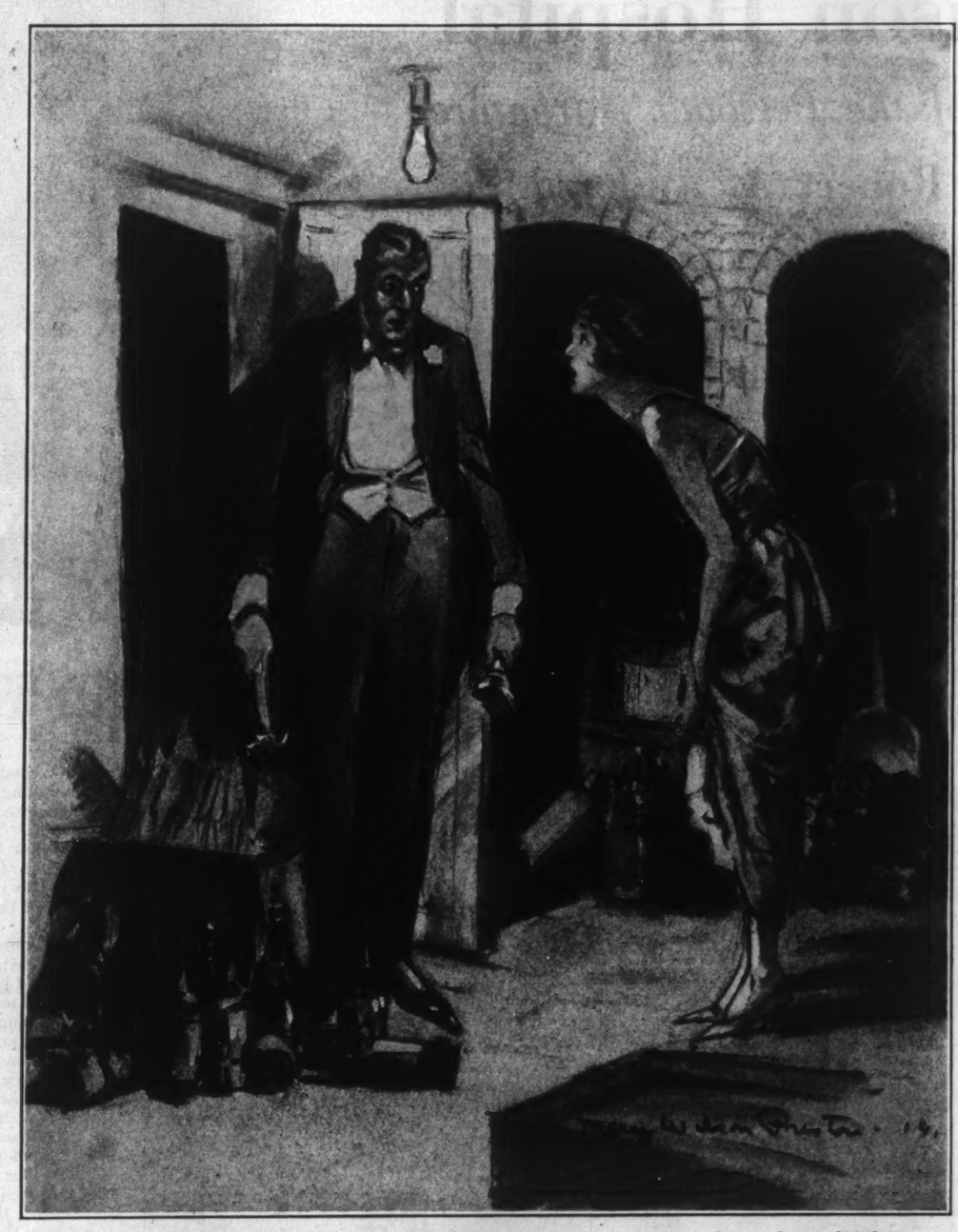
"What's the use?" Henry was paralyzed. "We can't bluff it out this time."

"You come up-stairs and mix those cocktails," repeated Millicent imperatively. "I'm not through yet! We've got two bottles of American champagne left, and we can mix it with Bubble-Up. It'll go round, and they'll never know the difference. Come on!"

Henry laughed funereally. "It might . . . it might do for *women* — but Ed Hammond? Why, he knows vintages blindfolded! And Tiffany, too! And Jordan. You couldn't fool those fellows in a thousand years."

Millicent took him firmly by the sleeve. "Come up and mix the cocktails," she said again. "Do as I tell you. Mix three rounds! *Strong* ones. If anybody can tell what vintage he's drinking after he's had two or three cocktails, well, he's just bomb-proof, that's all. Come on, Henry dear. Please!"

Henry came to heel. Doggedly, he slunk to the butler's pantry, where, as he blended his ingredients, he wore the countenance of a morose embalmer. When the mixing was accomplished, he surrounded the two lone bottles of domestic champagne with hurriedly cracked ice, and laid beside them several pints of the aerated cider destined to serve as diluent. How the adulteration was to be managed, he didn't know. Milly would have to fix it, somehow. It didn't matter much. They were bound to be caught. But if Milly wanted to flirt with fire once more — let her!



"There's no use standing there swearing, Henry. Come up-stairs and mix the cocktails"

He found it difficult to greet his guests properly, but the stirring example of Millicent, undaunted under misfortune, enabled him to counterfeit pleasure with fair success. Milly's semblance of serenity found a feebler reflection in his own attitude, inward and outer. He passed over the awkward moment when A. Sturtevant Jordan, with a touch of acidity in his tone, demanded to know what detained the Holsappels, whose non-arrival presented itself to his clouded vision as an attempt to trespass on the Jordan privilege of the stellar entrance. He endured without a hint of emotion the hearty slap on his shoulder with which McIvor Tiffany made himself welcome. He caught Milly's signal and introduced the tray.

"Plenty for everybody, to-night," announced Henry, in false joviality. His eye strayed malevolently toward Daisy Jordan. Henry prided himself on mixing a workmanlike cocktail and he had an artist's resentment toward the Philistine consumer.

They helped themselves gaily. Henry also drank, with a sigh of satisfaction. After a decent pause, he refilled glasses, with an inward groan over Daisy's, coyly proffered, reluctantly sipped. But Hammond shook his head, showing a glass barely tasted. [*Continued on page 39*]

Days in a German Prison Hospital

More of the Personal Adventures

of Robert A. Anderson

First Lieutenant, U. S. Air Service

Illustrations by Wallace Morgan

Into the center of the room he would hop on his good leg and stick, and clog for us

AVE a fag, sir?" The British Tommy thrust a package of cigarettes toward me from which I gladly accepted one. Then, when he had furnished me a light, he turned away with:

"I must be off now, sir, or they'll be arter me. They keeps us workin' 'ard all day, and if they catches us restin' they stops our food. Good luck to you, sir!" And he left me there.

So far my ambulance was empty, but now it quickly filled up. The driver who had been off on some business of his own appeared and cranked his engine. Then he climbed over me to his seat, and with a sudden grabbing of the clutch as he carelessly released the pedal, we lurched forward with a jump that must have painfully shaken the wounded men inside.

Over the slippery cobblestones of the dark streets we slowly picked our way. Around a corner to the left, then another to the right, then up a slight incline. The car was running very badly. It choked and coughed so that half way up the driver was obliged to shift gears. We crawled the remainder of the way until we turned a corner at the top, and on a level street pulled up in front of large double doors where a sentry patrolled his beat. The driver got out to announce our arrival. A few moments later one of the heavy doors swung open and some one came out to help me from the car.

Just inside, in the archway leading to the courtyard, was a small office into which I was conducted, and where I was given a seat. The big door swung with a clank; then I heard the coughing motor of the ambulance as it started on its way with the Hun wounded, who were being taken to another hospital.

As I waited in the office for some one to appear, a few moments later a second ambulance drew up outside and once more the door was opened. This time a stretcher was carried through. On it, wrapped in a blanket, I recognized the Englishman whom I had met early that morning. His stretcher was set down just outside the office door, through which we exchanged a cheery greeting.

At this moment there appeared a tall, sleepy looking figure in a white bathrobe and bedroom slippers. A shock of yellow hair fell down over his forehead into his sleepy eyes, one of which he was violently rubbing with the back of his hand, while with his other fist he smothered a terrific yawn.

His thumb was tied up mufflike in yards of bandage

As his gaping jaws finally came together, there fell from his lips the soothing tones of a regular English accent. He instructed an equally drowsy Tommy to find us a place to sleep. Then he told us briefly that he was an English doctor temporarily in charge of the hospital on the absence of leave of the German commander. He and a fellow physician, themselves prisoners, were being detained there to care for the wounded prisoners.

In a few moments the orderly returned to report that there were two empty beds in the little chapel, whereupon the doctor directed him to take us there without further delay. We were assured that we should be well attended to in the morning. Expressing the hope that we would be comfortable and with a friendly good night, our doctor left us to resume his interrupted rest.

We were detained a few minutes longer to give our names and home addresses for the filling in of the usual forms. I learned that my companion's name was Pearson and that his home was near London.

Our matriculation details attended to, the procession started with the stretcher-bearers leading, and the third orderly, half carrying me, bringing up the rear. We crossed a corner of the courtyard, descended eight or nine steps and passed through a long, narrow cellar corridor, against whose white plaster walls the flickering gas flame near the door threw our grotesquely dancing shadows. So we came to a stairway leading upward, by which we mounted to a hallway and passed across it into the chapel.

Two gas-jets burning low dimly revealed the altar at the end where we entered. Beneath it lay a row of seven or eight cots, that were to our left as we passed by their feet. To the right was the main body of the chapel, which was sunk three or four feet below us. It was filled with cots that all seemed to be occupied. There was just light enough to disclose the stained-glass windows at the far end. The ceiling was high and lost in deep shadow. The air was oppressively

close and warm. From a far dark corner came a restless moan with a hollow echo that sounded ghostlike.

We passed on through doors directly opposite those we had entered by. Here was evidently the little chapel. It accommodated only nine beds, two of which were placed in a corner that was two steps lower than the main room. To these we were assigned and put to bed.

Pearson, who had a more serious wound than mine, was carefully lifted from his stretcher and tucked in by the orderlies. Except to have my boots pulled off and my suit drawn over my stiff legs, I needed no help. My uniform removed, and with what remained in lieu of pajamas, I crawled in between the sheets and sought to mould the unyielding straw mattress to conform to the sharp protuberances of hip bone, elbow and shoulder. In this I had little success, but finally dropped off to sleep in spite of the humpy mattress and the stifling atmosphere.

I was awakened early next morning by the British orderly, who brought the food. This consisted of a bowl of acorn coffee, which, although no cream or sugar came with it, was hot and palatable, and two or three inches from the end of a loaf of the black bread I have already described. The loaf was about five inches by four. He passed it to me cut-side up, for in the center had been deposited a spoonful of watery jam. This portion of bread I was told was my entire day's ration. I borrowed a knife and used all the jam on the first slice, so had no difficulty in saving the rest for lunch and dinner.

From a far corner came a moan with a hollow echo that sounded ghostlike

BREAKFAST disposed of, I completed my survey of the room. The ceiling was high, as was that of the main chapel. It was of white plaster and had a small skylight directly over me, whose heavily frosted glass let through a little sunshine. The plaster walls were painted an orange color to a height of about six feet, above which they were of a lighter yellowish tint. The floor was of cement and had two levels connected by two steps just opposite the head of my bed. My cot just fitted in between these steps and the end wall which I faced as I lay there. Along the wall on Pearson's side were seven more cots, and on the wall above the center was hung a crucifix. One tall, narrow window at the far end of the room, heavily barred on the outside, furnished the only means for ventilation.

I turned from my examination of the room to a systematic investigation of my more immediate surroundings. The sheet over me was a coarse woven double affair, the edges sewn together on three sides to form a sack into which one blanket had been slipped. I turned it back to solve better the mysteries of my irrepressible mattress, and at once repented the action. The under side of the top sheet and likewise the one covering the mattress were stained from head to toe by the blood of the wounded from four years of war. They had undoubtedly been washed many times in that period, but the marks of suffering were still there, which no laundering could ever efface.

I looked across at the Englishman. He was still sleeping soundly. The night's rest had done him good. Although he was pale, he looked much stronger than when I had first seen him yesterday. I wished he would wake so that I might talk to him.

"Vell, lootnant, how did you felt to-day?"

Such was the startling greeting that accompanied the advent of a short, stocky individual with light fuzzy hair, whom I came to know in the next few minutes by the name of Lucie. In the style of language of which the above is a fair sample he began to tell me his life's history, beginning with the proud boast that he was an American who had had the cruel misfortune to be captured a few months before at Château-Thierry. To such remarkable confidings I raised my eyebrows and politely waited for him to continue.

He went on with a tale of how he had been badly wounded in the leg; had been taken prisoner and brought to this hospital, where he had finally recovered and been given a job as interpreter, as he was able to speak both German and English. I doubted not at all his abilities with the former tongue, but his cruel abuse of the latter left room for some misgivings.

Followed a vivid description of how, under terrific fire, he had crept out to the aid of one of his officers, only to meet with the ill luck of himself being hit and later taken in a Hun push. He finished his harangue with a promise to do all in his power for me, his fellow countryman. We Americans, he insisted, must stand by each other in our adversity.

Now would I be kind enough to furnish him all the facts and particulars of my past, so that he might fill out these forms left incomplete from the night before. He produced a sheaf of paper and a pencil. I gave him no more information than I considered absolutely necessary, for I had my doubts about him.

The buzz of conversation had by this time awakened Pearson, whose turn it was next to be interviewed. While our "American" was questioning him there entered a new arrival in the uniform of a British corporal. With his boots brightly polished, uniform clean and carefully pressed, a Distinguished Conduct Medal and a Mons Medal on his left breast, he presented a decidedly smart appearance. His features were sharp. He wore a mustache whose ends had been waxed until they had assumed the keenness of bayonet points and bristled with a startling ferocity. His eyes shifted quickly from one to the other of us.

This individual, it developed, was the chief interpreter. His name, he told us, was Palmer. He had charge of the distribution of the Red Cross parcels and letters that came for the prisoners. His duty it was also to keep the files of statistics such as the man Lucie had been obtaining from us. We learned from him that we might write home to the extent of four postcards and two letters a month, the cards to have no more than ten lines and the letters only twenty of distinctly legible writing. He promised to supply us with our first cards immediately.

Then he told us of the work of the Belgian Red Cross. It seemed that every Thursday was gift day with this organization. Each prisoner received two or three packages of cigarettes, ten biscuits, and one present of an article of clothing, such as a shirt, a pair of socks, or a pair of slippers with cloth tops and pressed paper soles. There were also to be had such things as soap that did not lather, towels, combs, tooth-brushes and safety razors. The latter, the corporal admitted, were of doubtful value as such. I found later that they might be employed with some success to shave the crust of the bread. The loaves were evidently packed while still hot into sacks of a hairy nature, for when we received our daily portion it invariably wore a light fuzzy beard of none too appetizing flavor. To-day was Thursday, so we might expect to receive some of the biscuits and cigarettes, but inasmuch as we had only just arrived we would not be entitled to any of the clothing. This had to be applied for in advance.

Of course we were keen to know about all that would happen to us in the weeks to come, so we asked questions by the score. The one thought naturally uppermost in our minds was how long it would take for word of our condition and whereabouts to reach home. And just because it was of such vital interest to us, perhaps, the information we were able to obtain was the more indefinite.

WE asked whether we might receive any money from home, whether we would be paid anything while prisoners. I had been captured without a cent on my person. We were told that we were allowed to receive money in small amounts and that we would be paid twenty marks a month while in hospital and possibly a little more than this when we arrived at a prison camp in Germany. We learned that we might use money to buy additional food. Such things as tomatoes and fruit were available in the town markets. Of course the prices were rather high — as we discovered later, much to our sorrow, when one day we sent out by a German orderly for tomatoes and grapes at the rate of fifteen marks for a kilogram of the former and a bunch of the latter.

We inquired as to the probable length of our stay in the hospital at Mons. Where might we expect to be sent next? They explained to us that our visit depended to some extent upon the seriousness of our wounds, but more largely upon the activity at the Front and the consequent influx of freshly wounded men. As room was needed for new arrivals, those who were most fit to be moved were sent on toward Germany to the convalescent hospitals. Here they remained until no further medical attention was necessary, then were finally transferred to the permanent prison camps in Germany, there to await the end of the War and the day of release.

[*Continued on page 62*]

Roosevelt Conversations

—*This Month*—

Root, and His Fearless Criticism.
Why Two Promising Politicians Failed.
Making Peace with Gompers.

by John J. Leary, Jr.

IN the traditions that have grown up about Colonel Roosevelt, none has been more persistently circulated by political foes than that which described him as being headstrong and impatient of advice or criticism.

This was the direct opposite of the truth. He welcomed criticism even when he did not agree with it, and to make this clear to me when I one day apologized for having ventured to criticize something he had prepared for publication, he told why he held Elihu Root to have been the most valuable member of his cabinet.

"That is exactly what I want," said he. "It's exactly what I want. That is why you are more valuable to me than I am to you, why I talk so freely to you. I want your opinions and I want you to fight me when you think I am wrong. I'm not omniscient, and no one knows it better than I.

"It is because Root would not hesitate to express an opinion that he was immensely more valuable to me in the cabinet than John Hay was. Hay was a splendid character, likable and lovable, but he would never criticize. He wouldn't fight for an opinion. Root would, and he'd give persistent battle for his viewpoint. He was a most dogged fighter.

"Sometimes I would accept his views, sometimes I would allow his opinion to modify my own; more often, perhaps, I would ignore him altogether and follow my own ideas. But his frankness, his outspokenness, were of great help in making me see all sides of a question.

"It was his practise to analyze everything from the standpoint of the other fellow. If there was a hole in an argument, he'd point it out. If there was a place where the other fellow could kick a hole, he'd proceed to plug that point if he could. Lord, I wish you could have seen the condition in which papers came back to me after Root had gone over them! Sometimes I would not recognize my own child, and sometimes I was very thankful I could not. On top of all that Root was honest and absolutely loyal. It was his idea of loyalty to fight if necessary to make his friends see where they were about to err.

"HAY had no such value. He would approve *en bloc* anything I put before him.

"Now, there was, of course, a reason for this. It lay in the different lives they led. Hay, as you know, had led a quiet and rather sheltered life — he had never been in real contact with life, he'd never had to fight for anything.

"Root's life, you might say, was one long fight. He had to fight for everything he ever got. All his life he'd been doing business with big domineering, strong-bitted men like the elder Morgan, men in the habit of having their own way in all things. With them, Root simply had to stand up and fight to get them to do things the way he saw they ought to be done.

"I haven't the slightest doubt that on many an occasion he had to become rather strenuous to make his points stick, but I'll wager he made them stick and that his employers were glad afterward that he had made them stick. It was his idea of loyalty to give his associates the full benefit of everything he had in view, even if he had to fight to make them take it.

"These habits he brought into the cabinet and these made him, as I've said, its most valuable member.

"I have been fortunate in having had a few such advisers as Root. Leonard Wood is one of them. Wood never took advantage of our friendship to ask for anything he was interested in personally, but in matters that concerned me and my personal fortunes, he has been the frankest of candid critics. Jack Greenaway is another. He was one of the most valuable men in my regiment. In his own way, old Joe Murray has been invaluable. Joe has always felt a paternal interest in me from the fact that he started me in politics. He would be the last to presume, but if Joe thought he saw breakers ahead or had some bit of information he thought I should have, he was never bashful about presenting it.

"Murray has one trait developed to a remarkable degree, — his ability to sense public feeling on any subject. Repeatedly his reports on the drift of things have been right when men, supposed to be experts and who had every facility for getting facts, were wrong. Joe has only common sense and a faculty of detaching himself from his wishes. More than once he's shown me where I was mistaken or had made a miscalculation.

"I have always been glad to have such men about. I have, however, no use for the man who criticizes everything, who cuts in just because he thinks he has got to or because he wishes to air his superior wisdom. These are as bad, almost, as those cautious souls who are always afraid of saying something that may cost votes. I've known some who, had they lived in the days of Moses and had access to him, in all probability would have decided against the publication of the Decalogue on the ground that some folks would be offended and votes lost.

"The honest and intelligent critic I welcome, always welcomed, and always will welcome.

"The man who cannot stand to have his plans and ideas criticized is a fool. The wise man will welcome criticism, so long as it is honest and intelligent. I know, and you do, men who want no one about that does not agree with them, men who are afraid of being told unpleasant truths. Such men are fools. In a long journey, as Emerson says, 'The truth, however unpleasant, is the safest traveling companion.'"

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

Doesn't this photograph bring him back to you with all his old fire and magnetism?

Why Two Promising Politicians Failed

TO those resident away from New York, as well as to many resident within, the defeat of Mayor John Purroy Mitchel for re-election and the failure of Governor Charles S. Whitman to make a better showing than he did, are mysteries.

There are those who cite both failures as proof that New York City, at least, does not want good government, for Whitman, like Mitchel, was beaten by New York City votes.

Colonel Roosevelt held no such opinion. To him Mitchel failed because he got out of touch with the public, while Whitman, he declared, might well have been President had he attended strictly to the business of being Governor of the State of New York. Whitman was no prime favorite of his, but he believed Whitman might easily have duplicated Cleveland's feat in jumping from the Executive Mansion in Albany to the White House had he not been badly stung by the presidential bee early in his term of office.

"If," said the Colonel, as I was leaving Oyster Bay for the Chicago Convention of 1916, "Whitman had had the sense just to have been Governor of New York these two years, it wouldn't be a question of Hughes or Roosevelt in Chicago. It would have been Whitman.

"Just think of the chance he had! Elected Governor of the State of New York on a highly moral issue by an enormous majority, with a legislature friendly and the people sympathetic; all he had to do was be Governor of New York, a real Governor, and make his administration stick out just as Arthur Woods has stood out as a Police Commissioner, and the nomination would have been his without the asking. He had every chance, and more, that Cleveland had. [*Continued on page 68*]

Something for Nothing

Part IV—Jurian Learns that To Have and To Hold Is No Easy Stunt

by Freeman Tilden

Illustrations by Arthur William Brown

"I'm not making love to you, Fred; but I'm a human being and I want to be happy!"

JURIAN'S New York friends flitted out of the Hesketh Store, leaving a wake of laughter behind them. At least, they all laughed except Hazel Kernon, who merely smiled a trifle sardonically as she turned at the door, and shot a glance at Frederick, a glance which was a perfect crucible of assaying power.

The discomfited owner of Hesketh's locked the door behind his unexpected guests and stood, stupidly enough, for a few seconds before he went back to the office. When he entered, he came into a thick silence.

Dorothy Blair did not raise her eyes as her employer entered; Joe gave him a sidelong glance of curiosity; only Miss Hastings looked straight at him, expectantly, as one who has something newly important at stake, and faces the issue unafraid.

"Have you told Miss Blair — er— what I told you and Miss Hastings, Joe?" asked Jurian.

Joe nodded.

"I've given the store — the whole property to Joe," went on Jurian, speaking at the silent, white-faced girl opposite him. "It's the best way out of a bad bargain, I think. I mean, a bad bargain for the store. Miss Hesketh couldn't have done worse if she had tried. It makes me feel like a rotter; but at least I can put her place in good hands. Joe will take possession on the first of the month. What do you think of the idea, Miss — Miss Blair?"

She looked up at him and tried to smile. "I think perhaps it is best," was the rather dull answer.

"All right, then, Joe. Everything will go on as before, till the first. There's a little incumbrance on the property that I'll arrange this week, so as to leave the store free and clear. Er — I think that's all."

Joe and Grace took the hint and rose.

"I don't hardly know what to say, Mr. Jurian," stammered Joe, holding forth a bruised, calloused hand. "But I'm sure I'm grateful — and always will be, till I die."

Miss Hastings gave Jurian a hand and lifted a pair of grateful eyes, too.

"We'll never forget your kindness — never," she said softly. "Seems as though — as though you were a sort of fairy prince, Mr. Jurian." She blushed prettily as she said it.

A little smile hovered in the corners of Jurian's mouth, and faded away again quickly. "I'm a pretty bungling fairy prince," he uttered, with a shake of the head. "But — I wish you both happiness." He followed them to the front door, bade them another good wish, and locked it again.

As he turned, Dorothy Blair was at his side. She had been ready to go out with the others.

"No, please!" came from Jurian. He did not exactly bar the girl's passage, but he held out both arms toward her pleadingly, to gain time. "Please don't go yet, Miss Dorothy. I've got so much I want to say to you. I want your help. I want your advice. I need you more than ever."

"How can I help you?" she replied. "You are rich. You have everything you want. You—" She did not seem vindictive; there was sincerity in her tone; but the words carried a sting that sent Jurian's blood pounding through his veins. And the brimming eyes, with no bitterness in them, but full of the pain of disillusionment, were as a knife at his heart.

"Oh, it wasn't right to have fun with us — like that," she murmured.

"Don't say that — for God's sake, don't say that, Dorothy!" cried Jurian, passionately, seizing her hands and holding them tightly. "On my honor, I wasn't making fun of you — or Joe — or anybody. On my honor as a decent man, I was not, Dorothy! I lied to you, I lied to Miss Hesketh, I've lied to everybody. Lord! once you start lying, you can't stop, it seems! But I've meant to be fair and square. Don't you believe me? This morning you said you believed in me — and you had no reason to. You knew nothing

A synopsis will be found on page 34

about me. I hoped it was because there was some thing, some strange, beautiful thing that brings us together. Won't you give me a chance to tell you —?"

With the glorious wisdom of womanhood, she gave herself up to the moment, and whispered:

"I do believe in you. I do, I do!"

The words came so benignly to his ears that he found it difficult not to lift her in his arms and press her to him.

Then he told her the whole truth; how he had been fleeing from the ennui of his New York existence; how he had whirled out through the countryside in his car; of the men to whom he gave a lift to the "next village" — and then of knowing no more until he waked to find her in the room with him, over at Lucy Hesketh's.

"Believe me," he went on, "I had no other idea, Dorothy, than to tell all about myself, until I learned that Miss Hesketh thought I had been in some scrape or other, and was happy in the belief that she was reforming me. I know I should not have let her retain that false impression; but it seemed such a wonderful adventure to her — I hated to smash it into fragments just for the sake of a truth that wouldn't make any one any happier, as it seemed. I wanted to tell you — I felt differently toward you. But, of course, if I didn't tell *her* the truth about myself, I couldn't tell any one else here. Well, the time came when I went back. Then, little girl, I did get all mussed up with my lies. I had to fake up a job for myself, so as not to disappoint Miss Hesketh; and it kept me guessing."

"I understand," said the girl, softly.

"I should have told the truth. I know it. Oh, I've felt so like a cad, day after day, and keeping from you what you had a right to know. But I had what seemed to be a good idea. I wanted a chance to test myself. I — I have. I've failed utterly. I'm just what I seemed to others to be, in New York — worthless."

"Oh, no! You mustn't say that."

"It's true," went on Jurian, shaking his head. "What a fool I was, to imagine that I could remake myself in a few weeks or months! And I didn't start right, either. If I had been truly working for my living, working for dear life, or for some one else dear to me, it might have been different. But the store, after all, was only a plaything. I couldn't help feeling that, inside. Those words Miss Hesketh said to me, I'll never forget. 'You can't get something for nothing, in this world,' she said. It's the truest thing in our lives. I've been trying to get something for nothing; don't you see? Other people have had to work for their experience; they've had to swallow bitter medicine to find out the things they know, about business, and about everything. What a fool! What a poor, infatuated fool! Trying to get something for nothing! It just isn't possible, that's all."

"I don't like to hear you talking like that. It sounds so hopeless, Mr. Jurian."

JURIAN looked at her with a little smile. "I've been calling *you* 'Dorothy' for quite a little time — several minutes," he laughed.

"I don't dare call you 'Frederick,' after learning all about those vast sums of money," she replied, with returning gaiety.

The tone was invitation enough to Jurian. The events of the day had battered him sorely, and he sought the balm of forgetting them. He was at her side in a moment, with her hands again in his. "I love you, Dorothy!" he told her eagerly. "I have never meant anything but that. I've not lied about that, anyway I love you and I need you. I want you always — always. Do you suppose you could trust your future to a failure like me?"

"I believe in you, Frederick," was her answer, given without hesitation.

For that he leaned over and kissed her. She gave up her red lips willingly, with a little tearless sob in her throat. And she put her arms around his neck and pressed her cheek against his, and held it tightly there a long time. Then she said, slowly, "I've been very lonely—at times. I will try to make you very happy"

Hazel Kernon stood looking at the little heap of wreckage in the chair before her

"And your happiness?"

"I don't need to try for that."

"Well," said Jurian, releasing her after a long, delicious while, "what shall we do next?"

Without waiting for a reply to his questions Jurian went on, "For some reasons I think I'd like to live in the country. Before I came here, I used to visit the gentleman's farms, as they call them, of a number of wealthy New York men; I used to think I'd be bored stiff with that kind of life; but I'm not so sure now. I can see other values besides those I knew. So, I'm not sure but, when the time comes, I'd like to do something like that around here in this lovely country."

Dorothy looked at Jurian curiously, but said nothing. He rattled along with his prospective happy existence:

"Don't get the idea, little girl, that I've a big, forbidding, hotel-like mansion in mind. I've learned to dislike that sort of thing. Two or three servants would be enough — with a gardener, or handy man who might be a chauffeur, too. We — "

"Two or three servants?" gasped Dorothy. "What would *I* do, Frederick? Two or three servants!" She laughed, and came over to him, and patted his cheek. "You big, fine headlong fellow!" she said. "I wouldn't know what to do in the presence of three servants. And — I want to keep house. I want to do things for you, myself. And, Frederick, what would you be doing? You'd want to work at something, wouldn't you?"

Jurian shoved his hands into his coat pockets and put his chin down, and sprawled out in his chair. "Hang it, I don't know how to do anything," he answered, helplessly. "I think I know just one thing I can do — and that's to be happy with you. And besides, well, it won't be necessary for me to do anything, you know. Maybe I could find something I'd be interested in, after a while. But there's no hurry."

The girl shook her head. "That's trying to get something for nothing again, isn't it?" she said, persuasively. "That's never worked out very well, has it, dear? I want most to see you happy, Frederick; and I've seen enough of life to know that I can't do that, all alone. I know that when I've felt blue sometimes, I've forgotten the blues in the midst of work. But let's not talk about it now. I'm very happy — so happy that I'd like to be happy alone. You know what I mean, don't you? And besides, you promised to see your friends at the hotel."

"CONFOUND them, I did!" replied Jurian, dragging himself up with reluctance.

She took him lightly by the sleeve and whispered, as they went out:

"Is the very, very beautiful woman a — a great friend of yours, Frederick? She is very lovely, isn't she? Is she rich, too?"

"Yes," said Jurian, shortly. "She's richer than I ever shall be. I've known her a good many years. Our fathers were close friends. But — don't be — "

"Oh, I'm not," was the quick response, anticipating him. "I'm sure I shall like her, if she will let me."

When Jurian entered the parlor of the Commercial House, Hazel Kernon rose and came toward him, with a welcoming hand and an amused but friendly smile. Instantly, Jurian knew that she had never looked more charming.

As though not to have the least jarring effect upon the new surroundings, Miss Kernon was now dressed in a simple blue serge-like suit, not severe in cut, and not at all mannish, but full of adroit, homely charm.

It did not occur to Jurian that Miss Kernon had with discerning and consummate art contrived to put away her Fifth-Avenue atmosphere in order to appear deliciously suburban. Jurian didn't bother to think of those things. He was just frankly charmed, and he muttered something to that effect, the honest spontaneity of which put color in the young woman's cheeks.

"First, Fred," she said, in that soothing voice of hers, "I want to apologize for bursting in on you the way we did. It was just a prank; I know you'll forgive us; but it *was* a little *gauche*, and we had no right to come at all. But we have really missed you dreadfully; and when we found out quite by accident where you were — "

"That jackass Urquhart blabbed!" thought Jurian angrily.

"Is it true that you've bought that absurd grocery-store, Fred? The man at the garage says you own it."

"Let's sit down. I'll tell you the whole story," was Jurian's answer.

He went over everything, without dwelling on certain details. Hazel Kernon listened with deep interest. When he had finished, and with hands clasped on his knees was looking down at the floor, she remarked:

[*Continued on page 30*]

Your Tires— An Investment

Some motorists buy tires as a basis for experiment.

Others buy them as an investment.

The experimenter buys one tire at a time and seldom owns two of the same brand.

The investor picks a brand he recognizes as trustworthy, and then sticks to it.

The experimenter's course invites trouble; the investor's guards against it.

Today the investor type of tire buyer is buying Oldfields—buying them for all four wheels. He recognizes clearly that, behind this tire are cause and character, and he acts accordingly. Such can be the only reason for this nation-wide demand for Oldfield Tires.

Don't experiment with tires! Barney Oldfield has done that for you. The result he secured in 20 years of tire study and experiment, on race track, speedway and transcontinental trial, are waiting for you to claim them and benefit by them.

Specify Oldfields for your new car! The extraordinary service they will render will prove to you that they are indeed tires of the highest quality.

THE OLDFIELD TIRE CO.
BARNEY OLDFIELD
PRESIDENT
CLEVELAND, O.

"The Most Trustworthy Tires Built"

OLDFIELD TIRES

Wheat Bubbles

In Milk

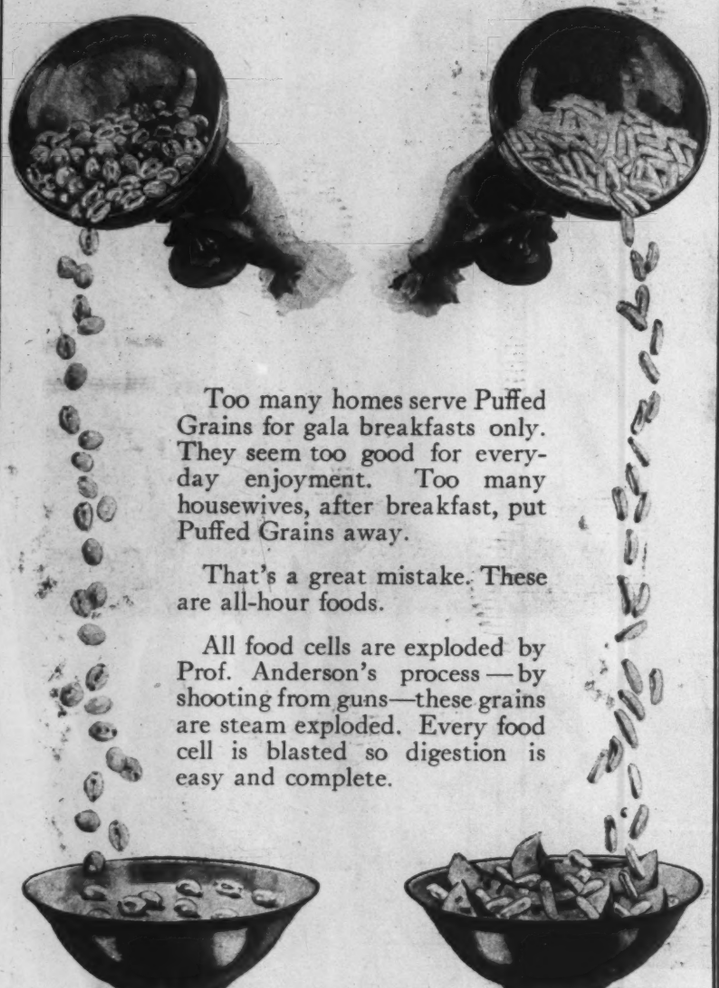
Airy, crisp and toasted grains, puffed to eight times normal size. Flaky and flimsy—four times as porous as bread.

Never was a whole wheat made so enticing, never so digestible.

On All Fruits

Puffed Rice

Puffed Rice is fragile, flavory grains which seem to melt away at a touch. Mixed with fruit they form a delightful blend. They add what crust adds to a shortcake, or to tarts and pies.



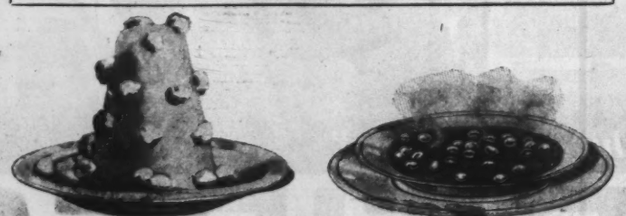
Too many homes serve Puffed Grains for gala breakfasts only. They seem too good for every-day enjoyment. Too many housewives, after breakfast, put Puffed Grains away.

That's a great mistake. These are all-hour foods.

All food cells are exploded by Prof. Anderson's process—by shooting from guns—these grains are steam exploded. Every food cell is blasted so digestion is easy and complete.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice** **Corn Puffs**

All Bubble Grains—Each 15c Except in Far West



On Ice Cream *In Soups*

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Something for Nothing

[*Continued from page 28*]

"What an odd thing to do, wasn't it? Miss Hesketh must have been an extraordinary old person. She must have liked you a great deal."

Jurian somehow didn't like the word "person" in reference to his benefactress. There was an implied slight in it; but he had no grounds for complaint.

"The extraordinary old person saved my life, you know."

"That's true. I should like to have known her. But it makes me tremble, Fred, to think of you, lying out there, all hurt and unconscious! And you never said a word to any of us about it, when you came back." Then she added, with deft irrelevance:

"I suppose the young woman was one of those we saw at the store?"

"Yes. Her name is Dorothy Blair," said Jurian, with courageous bluntness.

"She seemed quite pretty. I didn't see her very well. You must introduce me to her, Fred. She was good to you, wasn't she? How I envy her! Yes, I truly do. I've never had the chance to care for anybody who was sick and hurt that way. I don't know how efficient I should be — but I should love it." A little nervous smile flitted across Jurian's mouth. The girl saw it. "Does it seem incredible to you, Fred? Don't you think I have some of that feeling of pity, or whatever makes — ?"

"I do. Certainly I do, Hazel. I wasn't smiling at that. I think you would be as gentle and kind as anybody would be."

Miss Kernon did not look satisfied with the answer. But she went on:

"It was quite romantic, Fred. It must be amusing to sell groceries. But I dare say the novelty has worn off, hasn't it?"

Jurian sat stupidly looking at Hazel — yet not so much looking at her, as looking beyond her at the wall, on which the film of his thoughts was being projected.

"You're a strange chap, Fred. I thought I understood you pretty well. You're the sort, I've thought, who really deserves money — a great deal of money — so much money that you'd never have to worry. And now you think it is necessary to sell groceries. Oh, I know, that's a passing fancy. But there's some disconcerting notion that makes you want to run away and work. Oh, Fred, believe me, I've dabbled in all those illusions of usefulness. I used to have ideas of becoming a shop-girl or a soubrette when I was very tired and bored. But, of course, one doesn't. You're coming back to town very soon, aren't you? *I want you to.*"

IT was the first time she had ever asked him, openly, to do anything for her. There was no mistaking the meaning of "I want you to." But she went further, holding her head proudly erect, with quivering, defiant nostrils. "I've been dreadfully lonely up there, without you, Fred. I don't care whether it's proper or not to tell you this. I'm a human being, and I want to be happy. I'm not making love to you, Fred; really I'm not. I don't know whether I'm capable of love; I don't know that I know what it is. But I'm happiest when you are with me — I do know that. You're coming back soon?"

Jurian felt himself slipping — somehow, toward something. He shook his head, not negatively, but as one who can't make up his mind.

The two green-gray eyes, touched in the pupils with dots that looked like opal-fires, sought the truth out of his. "Fred!" the young woman said suddenly, almost in a gasp, "You — you haven't done any *hurt* to that little girl who nursed you?"

"You don't believe it," he said, quickly, flushing.

"No — no, I didn't think so." This was said with relief — and yet, with a reservation of relief, too. "Only — you are human, and she is pretty, and it's always possible for even a decent chap to make a mistake —"

"It is nothing like that," he replied.

Probably it was the tone that brought Hazel Kernon to her feet. "You — don't mean anything serious, Fred?" She had guessed it, somehow. "Oh, you wouldn't be so absurd, Fred! It isn't any of my business, except that we are old friends. You owe her something better than to make her [illegible] you would make her terribly unhappy. She wouldn't understand you — your lives are so different. Fred, you're not serious!"

Jurian did one courageous thing. He had flapped along footlessly up to this point, but his love of fairness forced from him the words:

"I asked her to marry me this morning. . . . Hazel, we're old friends! Don't be cynical about it. I want your sympathetic help in this. I — I — "

The worst being known, Miss Kernon recovered herself in an instant. She leaned over and patted Jurian on the shoulder. With a little laugh that was a masterpiece of voice-control, if nothing else, she said, "Oh, my dear Freddy, I *am* going to help you! Old chap, I'm going to help you out of this!"

Young Jurian did not want to be helped out of any difficulty. He did not recognize any such thing.

But Miss Kernon ordered things otherwise; and she had been accustomed to having her own way. To make the excursion entirely proper, the four young persons had been accompanied on the trip by a conveniently stout and vapid chaperon, a Mrs. Hathaway. So, instead of departing, that Sunday afternoon, the automobile party decided to stay overnight at the Commercial Hotel.

Jurian had planned to spend the evening with Dorothy Blair. Benny Proctor and Jimmy Kernon saw that he did no such thing.

Miss Bellfield was appositely travel-weary, and took to her room; so did Mrs. Hathaway. Jurian entertained his men guests in his pair of shabby rooms.

About that time Miss Kernon was crossing the Common, alone. The faint light from within the store beaconed her; and she had from the hotel clerk the fact that the Blairs lived over the store. After wandering around the front of the building for a few moments, Miss Kernon discovered the covered stairway which led to the tenement above, found the pull-bell, and rang. There was a light patter of feet on the stairway, and then the outer door opened.

In the half-darkness of midsummer twilight, the two young women recognized each other. It was evident, from the manner of the girl who opened the door, that she had expected some one else.

"This is Miss Blair, isn't it? I'm Miss Kernon — Frederick's friend, you know. We don't need any stupid formal introduction, do we? I wanted to have a chance to tell you how grateful I am — how grateful we all are — for the way you took care of Frederick. You see, he said nothing about it when he returned to New York that time. I just learned of it to-day."

"Won't — won't you come up?" asked Dorothy Blair, a little awkwardly and uncertainly. "We have only a tiny little place here — there's just my father and I."

"Why, it's a dear place!" came from the visitor, as she entered. "How perfectly cosy!"

They sat quietly for a moment, without speaking. They made a strange contrast as they faced each other in that little room, each perfectly and intuitively aware of the feelings and purposes of the other. In the eyes of each showed the light of a marken respect for the other, but both were on their guard. It was the initiation of a struggle for possession, and they both knew it. And yet, queerly enough, both felt, at the same time, that if it were not for the one vital thing that was going to cause the struggle between them, they could have been warm friends.

And, also, both faces were full of frankness and inherent good-nature. There even came a softness into Hazel Kernon's eyes as her own wandered from Dorothy's face around to the poor furnishings of the room, and back again to the country girl's face. It was as though she knew that in such a struggle as this, she alone could have her way, and she was genuinely sorry.

"My dear," began the city girl, throwing all the charm of her voice and manner into her words, "I'm so glad to find you such a sensible person — "

"I haven't said anything as yet," was the dry comment, in equally engaging style.

"Well, you don't need to," was the reply. "One can see those things without words. When I said I was glad to find you so sensible, I was thinking of Frederick, of course."

A splash of color appeared upon each pair of cheeks simultaneously at the mention of the man's name.

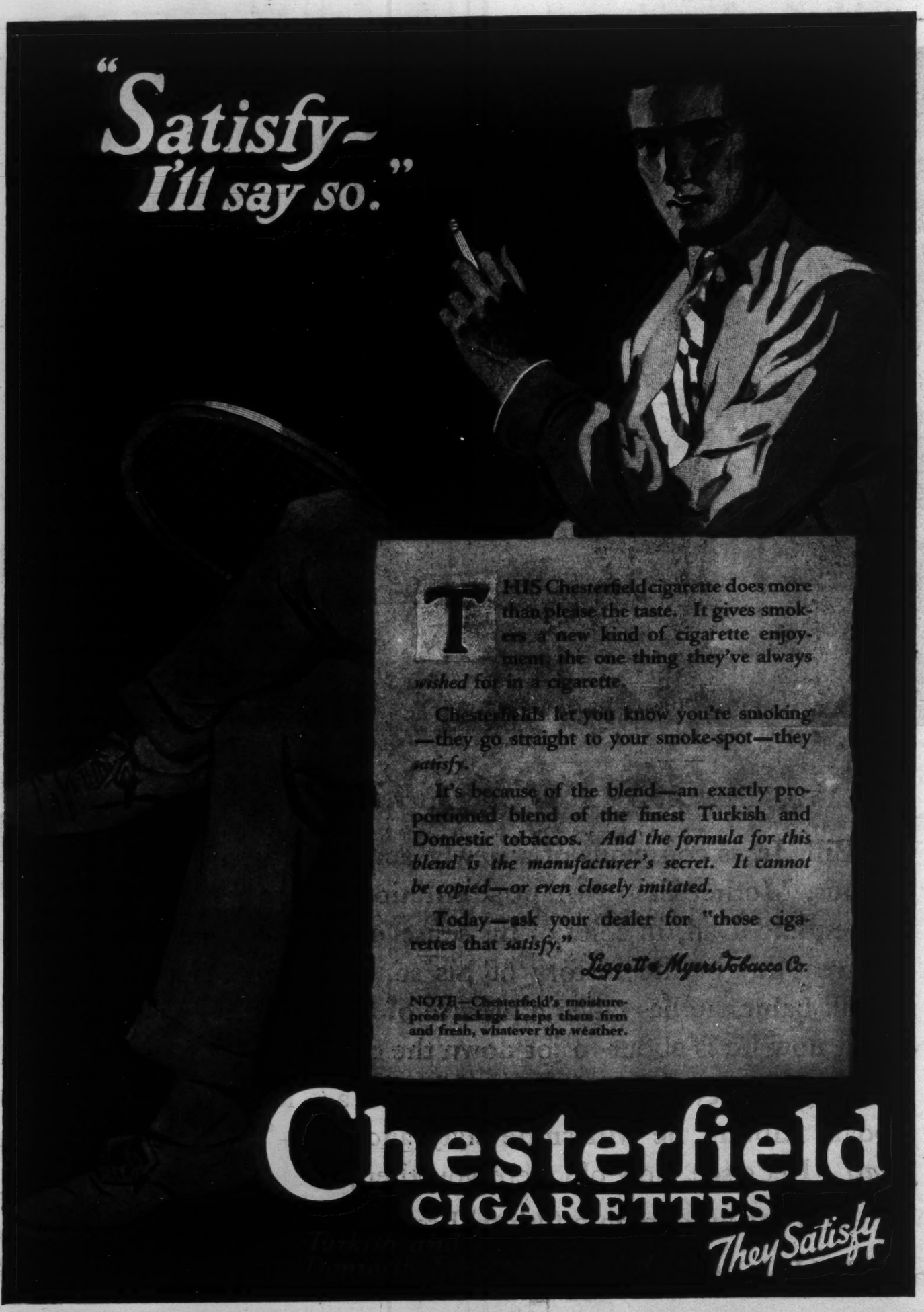
His First Dress Suit

Bill, Jr. is conscious of a newly acquired dignity; little Jim is envious; Mother sits in wrapt admiration; Betty has an attack of the giggles, and Dad, in spite of his sense of humor, realizes that this is a great day in the history of his son and heir. Faithful to his Kodak habit, he has taken a picture of *the* boy in his first dress suit —and now he is about to jot down the date on the autographic film.

In just a few years when he and Son are looking at the family Kodak Album, he will smile slyly and say—"William you were *great!* Let's see, how old were you then?"

And the autographic film will tell.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*



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Chesterfields let you know you're smoking—they go straight to your smoke-spot—they *satisfy*.

It's because of the blend—an exactly proportioned blend of the finest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos. *And the formula for this blend is the manufacturer's secret. It cannot be copied—or even closely imitated.*

Today—ask your dealer for "those cigarettes that *satisfy*."

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NOTE—Chesterfield's moisture-proof package keeps them firm and fresh, whatever the weather.

Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
They Satisfy

"Fred is a splendid fellow. But — what I was afraid of when I heard that you and Miss Hesketh had been so kind to him, was that — that — well, I'm not afraid, any longer, because I've seen you. You're not the sort of girl who makes such cruelly foolish mistakes."

"'Such mistakes'?" repeated Dorothy.

"Oh, I mean as to marry out of one's class. . . . Now, please, dear, don't think I mean anything I don't mean. Oftentimes the people in another class are far better, more really decent, loyal, lovelier — than those in one's own class. But — it never works out. It means so much misery for both of them. It just can't be successful, that's all. I'm not thinking of you and Fred when I say this; I know you've got too much sense. But I've seen it happen so often — such a calamity!

"And that's why I'm so glad to find that nothing of the sort has sprung up between you and Fred. He owes you too much, dear, to make you unhappy. Why, he owes you his very life, perhaps. That would be a cruel way of repaying you, indeed. I — "

The color had fled from Dorothy's cheeks. It seemed to have gone in little streaks, as though a tiny lash had been laid, once, twice, three times across them. While the other girl talked, she sat motionless, her eyes looking straight ahead. Suddenly something snapped in that tension, and the country girl cried, almost in a sob:

"But those men and women you are thinking of didn't adapt themselves — they didn't try — to — to — meet their wives and husbands on even terms."

Miss Kernon smiled pityingly. "Why, that's just what isn't possible," she replied. "How could they overcome a whole lifetime of training so easily as that? I suppose they did try their very best. It's a habit of thought, dear. It's even something spiritually opposite that's born in them, almost. Just see Fred Jurian. Splendid fellow as he is, perhaps you've noticed that he doesn't care for things you'd expect him to care for. Things other people like bore him. He's always seeking something new, something different — and never finding it, he's always bored and unhappy. But there, I mustn't run on this way. I know you two young folks — I can't help thinking of you both as very young. Don't be foolish, I know — "

Miss Kernon stopped, abruptly. Whether in pity, or whether she was thinking of some graceful exit, she ceased talking and stood for a moment looking a bit grimly at the little heap of wreckage in the chair before her. For it was a huddled, silent, unhappy creature who was sitting where the fresh-cheeked, eager, lively Dorothy had been sitting a few minutes before.

Every word had gone straight home. And Miss Kernon's appraisal of Jurian — that, too, had the ring of truth. He did, now, seem to be as one wandering in the world, seeking for something unfindable, and doomed to make himself unhappy. And she had imagined, for a moment — she, a little Foxlake girl — that she could make him happy!

Dorothy shivered. But she pulled herself to her feet and held out her hand, with no resentment, no bitterness.

"Do you — love him, Miss Kernon?"

It was the other girl's turn to wince. She put her lace handkerchief quickly to her lips and patted them nervously. "I — I don't know," she answered, jerkily. "I think — not. I — at least I don't believe I do. I like him tremendously. But — don't think I've been talking this way just to — to further my own interests. I've tried to tell what is just the truth, Miss Blair."

"Perhaps it is just as well you told me these things," was the heavy answer. The country girl took the lamp, went down-stairs with her visitor, pointed across to the hotel's identifying light. Then she went back to the little room, threw herself on the couch, and shook with suppressed sobs.

Jurian didn't come around to the store next morning till after eleven o'clock. From what he conceived to be common civility, he spent the morning with his New York friends. He tried hard to image disappointment in his face when they said they must be off for Long Island at eleven.

It was not that Jurian was any longer interested in the conduct of Miss Hesketh's property. As to that, he felt as though a great burden had been lifted from his shoulders. He had had enough, he told himself, of the experiment of doing business, in Foxlake or anywhere else. Never had he felt so reconciled to his life of idleness. But he did want to see Dorothy.

That she was going to be his wife, Jurian permitted himself no doubts. The little talk with Hazel, though it upset some of his easy conclusions, had only strengthened his desire for Dorothy.

One last word from Miss Kernon, when he bade the party good-bye just beyond the railroad crossing, momentarily disturbed Jurian. Hazel had told him of her visit to Dorothy the night before, without going into details. Now, as she gave him her hand, she said, "Try to think of something we can do for the nice little girl, Fred. She's very sensible and clever. I had a real heart-to-heart talk with her, you know. And no matter how absurd you want to be, she'll keep her head."

"Damn decent lot," was Jurian's comment, as the car disappeared in a swirl of dust. "But confound them, I wish they hadn't come just now! I wonder what Hazel said to my little girl?"

He was still wondering when he entered the store. Joe was waiting on a single customer, so Jurian went straight to the little office. There he saw the brown head bent over the books. Dorothy looked up as he came in. She smiled at him, but her face seemed white — the sort of pallor that comes with over-work.

"Sure enough, it's Monday morning!" said Jurian, hanging up his hat. "I'd lost track of the days, Dorothy. That is, I'd forgotten that you did the books on Mondays. Oh, let the beastly things go a few minutes, and let's talk about something worth while." As he was speaking he sat upon one arm of the chair and put his arm around her.

The girl, without looking up, groped out for Jurian's hand, found it, pressed it tremulously and laid her head against him.

"Why, what's the matter? My dearest little girl, what's happened?" cried Jurian.

For reply, she pressed his hand tightly a moment, and then struggled to her feet. "It just can't be, Frederick," she said, slowly. "I'm going to give up — the dream I had. I mustn't go on, any more. I know I can never make you happy — and — it would be a terrible thing."

"Good Lord, I don't understand, Dorothy!" gasped Jurian. "You mean — you mean? Oh, now I know! Hazel Kernon has been putting this notion in your head. By George, I thought Hazel was a better sport than that! Dear little girl, you mustn't remember a word of what she said."

HIS boyish enthusiasm brought a little smile just for an instant. But, as he reached out for her, she took his hands and pressed them downward, with sad decision.

"No, she told the truth, Frederick. I think she loves you herself. She wasn't disinterested. But — what she said was the truth. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't be the wife you need. I've been thinking about it, oh, so much and so hard — and I was afraid; but I made myself believe that it would be all right. But I see, now."

"It's rank nonsense!" cried Jurian. "I won't listen to it, Dorothy. Hazel just filled you up with that sort of bunk. You can't love me much if you'd pass me up this way — just because — "

"Don't! Don't say that, Frederick!" she said, softly, reaching over and putting the tips of her fingers on his mouth.

"Little girl, you're wrong — dead wrong. I know now the sort of talk Miss Kernon gave you. She said our stations in life were so far apart — our stations in life! what rot! — that you would feel lost in my society — or that kind of twaddle. Wasn't that it?"

"I think she told the truth," replied the girl, wearily. "Oh, Frederick, don't you suppose I'd gladly refuse to believe it, if something didn't tell me that it was true?"

"But don't make any decision now, girlie!" begged the young fellow. "You can take a while to think it over. Let me put in my argument, you know. I ought to be heard."

She turned her tired eyes to him. "I've been thinking it over, during the night."

He felt like a fool when she uttered those words. He, who had slept as soundly as ever, had never once considered that the girl before him had been awake all these hours.

"I'll say no more, Dorothy," he said, soberly. "I've been very clumsy. I'm sorry. But I do want to have a talk with you, later."

She nodded, and was about to reply, when there was a shuffle of feet outside, and a boy entered with a telegram.

Jurian tore open the envelope. Then he uttered one word. "Dead!"

Dorothy Blair looked up.

"It's my uncle — P. C. Jurian," explained the young fellow. "He died suddenly yesterday. This letter is from an old friend — Alfred Silver. He asks me to come at once.

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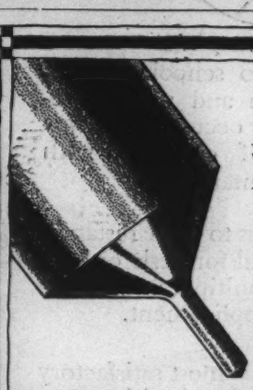

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I—I'll get that afternoon train that connects with the sleeper."

The girl rose and laid her hands on his sleeves. "I'm so sorry for you," she said, simply.

"Oh, I'll tell you, Dorothy," he answered, "I can't pretend to feel it very much. Why I scarcely knew him, and I hadn't any affection for him, you know. I'll go over and pack a few things. Don't forget that I'm coming back to — to try to make you see —" he said.

Next morning Jurian had breakfast in the Grand Central terminal, then went down to Alfred Silver's office. He was a little surprised that the telegram had come from Silver, in view of the fact that the old man had told him, the day when he was last with him, of his break with P. C. Jurian.

Silver explained this matter as soon as Jurian entered his office.

"Rather sudden, Fred, rather sudden," said the old man, pointing to a chair. "However — the Lord's will be done, I suppose. I'm sole administrator."

"You?" Jurian showed his surprise by sitting up. "I thought — "

"So did I," was the bland reply. "I thought P. C. was sour on me. But he had confidence enough left in me, evidently, to make me sole administrator. Rather flattering, considering I told him he was a damned old fool, last time we parted."

There was a silence.

"Administrating that bunch of trouble is something I'd rather had been left to others," went on Silver, drily. "*Your uncle left nothing, Frederick.* If he had lived another month, he would have been a pauper. Worse than that, he left debts. They can't be collected. There's nothing to pay them."

Jurian just stared.

"You remember I told you that I had quit as his counsel?" continued the old man. "I told you, I think, that I couldn't agree with his notions on investments. What I really should have told you was that he was gambling away his fortune. He went mad, at the end, over get-rich-quick stuff. Oil mines, the silliest prospects imaginable — they've taken everything. I'm damned sorry for you But at least you've got that country-store property that was left you — somebody was telling me about it — your young friend Urquhart, I believe. You've got that property, and that's something. . . . Why, what's the matter?"

Jurian had begun to laugh. The old man stared at him curiously.

Finally Jurian said, abruptly:

"I did have that country store, Mr. Silver. But I just gave it away!"

[*To be continued*]

A Flash-back of the Story

Frederick Jurian, young, idle, the prospective heir of a rich uncle, meets with a bad automobile accident in the country and is rescued by an odd old country woman who nurses him back to health, and not knowing his circumstances, finally leaves him her country store in Foxlake. Jurian, bored to death, determines to run the store himself. He falls in love with Dorothy Blair, a Foxlake girl. Finally, about to uncover his masquerade as a country storekeeper, Jurian gives the property away to his clerk, Joe McKenzie. Almost at this moment his city friends discover his hiding place and project themselves once more into his life.

Fight Bolshevism with Democracy

[*Continued from page 10*]

In Germany, again, the Spartacides, as the Bolsheviki of that country are called, openly boasted that they were only a minority; that the vast majority of the German workers were opposed to them, but that they were determined to rule, nevertheless. There is no danger that a majority of our people will become Bolsheviki; what danger there is relates to a minority of embittered and desperate souls. The most sanguine and daring of Bolshevist agitators in this country hope only to reach that minority.

Most of the men and women who cheered Bolshevist propaganda at the meetings referred to were of alien birth. Many of them were unnaturalized and all of them were as yet unassimilated into our national life. In most cases they came to America full of faith in democracy, expecting far too much from it, and their faith has been destroyed, and replaced by grim despair. America has taken them into its industrial life but has failed to win their affectionate trust. The basis for a profoundly great patriotism is therefore lacking. The seriousness of this failure lies in the fact that, alone among the great nations of the modern world, we have come to depend upon an alien proletariat. "Eighty per cent. of those who work in our plant are foreign born," I was told by a manufacturer in Bridgeport, Connecticut, "and forty-six languages are spoken by them. They neither comprehend America nor love it."

The surest way to promote Bolshevism is to permit the continuance and development of unjust and oppressive political and economic conditions. Czarism produced Bolshevism in Russia, not because it was hereditary, nor because it was imperial, nor because it was based upon a theory of government long since discarded. It was none of these things which gave rise to Bolshevism, but the fact that the system resulted in political and economic injustice and inequality. It denied millions of human beings the political power to shape the policies of the State. It left millions of human beings in a state of economic insecurity and without any power to govern their own employment. Where men are oppressed; where toil brings not comfort, leisure and happiness, but poverty and increasing anxiety; where they have no effective voice in the government but are filled with political despair, — there, inevitably, the toxin of Bolshevism is engendered.

Why Are People Dissatisfied?

ALL this is old social gospel, even as Bolshevism is an old social evil. It is only the word that is new and foreign. The thing itself is found wherever industrialism oppresses human beings and robs them of hope and faith. Nikolai Lenine, the Red Premier of Russia, told a friend of mine not long ago that he had derived his chief inspiration from, and that the Bolshevist Soviet government was based upon, the ideas of our American product, the I. W. W. It was here in the United States that, as far back as 1905, a movement of wage-earners arose having for its object the substitution of what is now called Soviet Government for political government by parliamentary methods.

Why should the I. W. W. lack faith in our political democracy? Let us rather ask why the men and women of the I. W. W. should have any faith in it; why we should expect them to trust it. The organization is composed mainly of unskilled, migratory workers. The manner of our industrial development and organization requires that there shall be a large army of workers content to "follow the job" as the latter shifts from place to place. Take, for example, the lumber industry. Never was there an industry so important to the life and prosperity of a nation so anarchistically and recklessly carried on. Whole tracts have been swiftly denuded as by some mighty swarm of gigantic locusts, with no regard for the future, no reafforestation, leaving waste lands and dead and decaying towns and villages behind. This industry has demanded that workers move from place to place, migrating constantly from the freshly denuded tract to the tract marked for devastation and exploitation. Such conditions of employment make rational home life almost impossible. The stability essential to normal and healthy home life is absent. And it makes equally impossible the development of other important essentials, such as, for example, solid, enduring and responsible labor organizations and a strong community attachment and loyalty. The same results [*Continued on page 54*]

ADAMS CALIFORNIA FRUIT CHEWING GUM

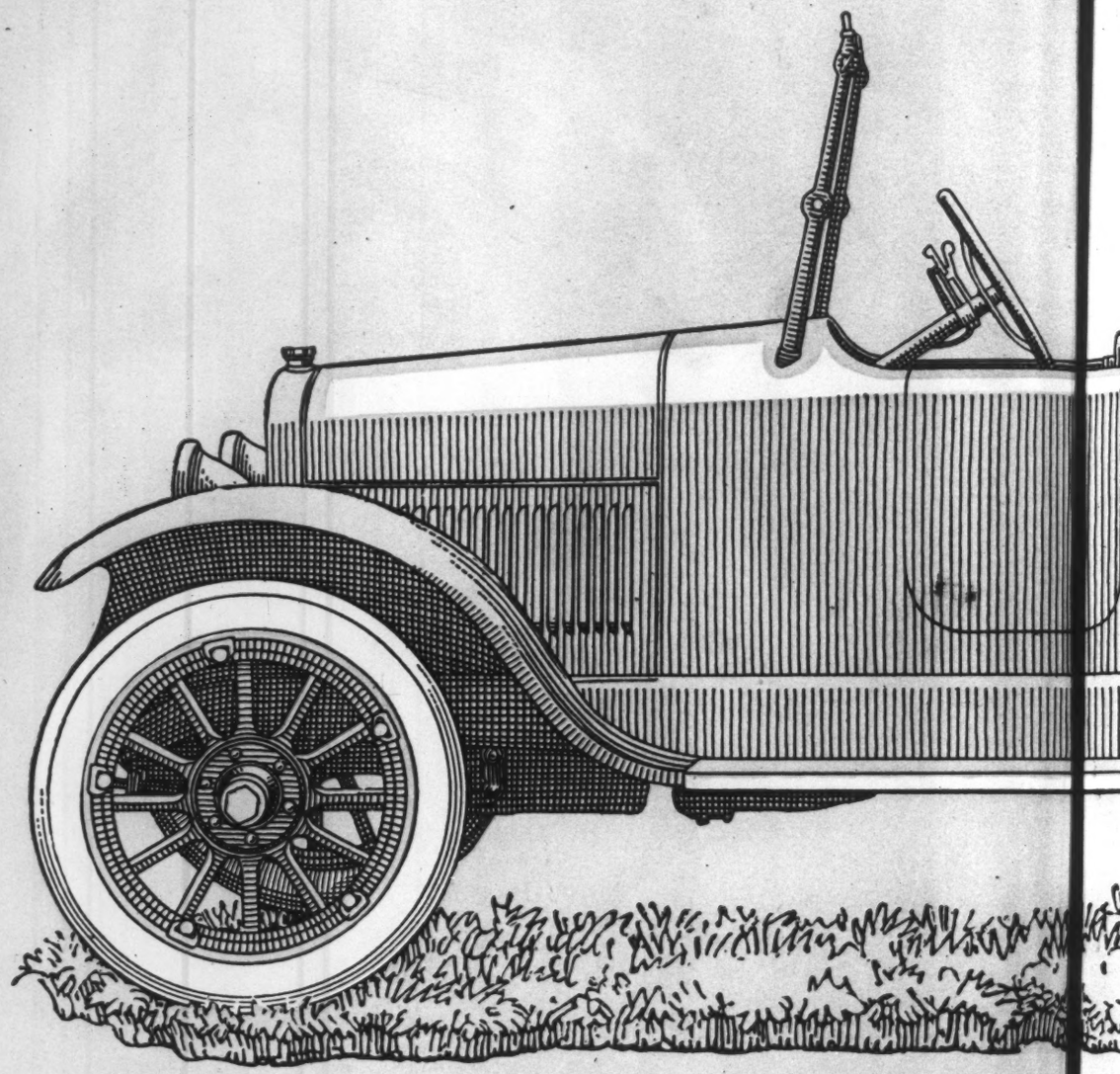
RUTH ROLAND says: Ripe, red cherries and Adams California Fruit Gum I think are equally delicious. I love them both.

Ruth Roland

Painted from photograph by Photoplayers' Studio, L. A.

Maxwell

More miles per gallon
More miles on tires



Maxwell—a car in which u

IT doesn't cost a fortune to buy a Maxwell. Yet it is a sum to command a man's best judgment.

You can pay more and get less. You can pay $100, $200, $300—even $400 more and find no more luxury than you get in a Maxwell.

It has every modern improvement, every modern device of cars costing many hundred dollars more.

And if you pay less you will get less. Less room, for instance. Less comfort. Less power. Less wheel-base. Less ability. Less luxury.

In most things you buy, whether it be a hat, shoes, dining-room furniture, or a house, there is always a meeting ground between luxury and economy.

Maxwell happens to be that particular point in t motor car.

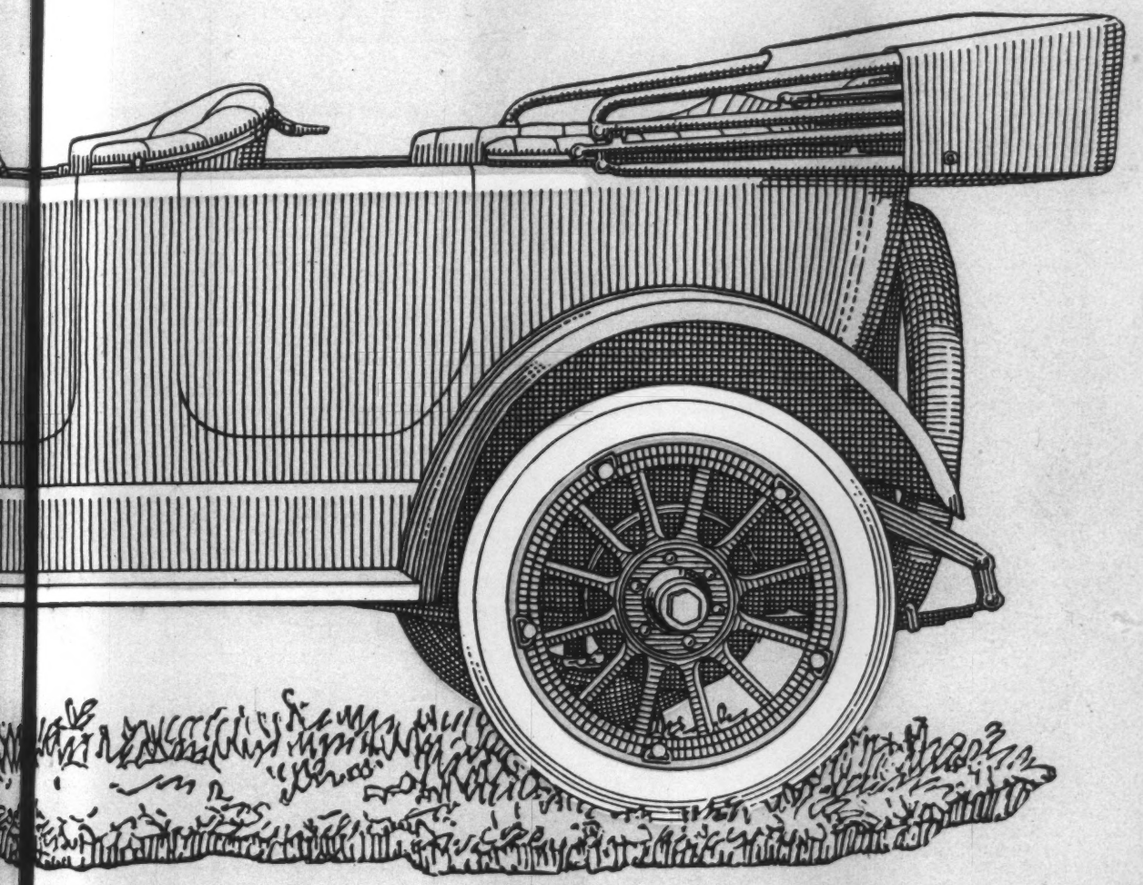
You get the luxury without the big cost; and th economy without being cramped for a place to pu your feet.

It is true that a Maxwell will not give you excessiv speed. But it will run years after a speed car has bee sold to a second-hand dealer.

It will not snort with a terrific power roar, but i will give you everything you ask on a hill.

You can start it quicker than a bigger car; you ca change a tire in less time; you can beat a trail from on

MAXWELL MOTOR COMP Y,
MAXWELL MOTOR CO. OF CANA LIMI



uxury and economy meet

ocean to another in less time; you can run away from a bigger car in traffic.

Maxwell will cause you little worry, for it is built, like the mountains, to last.

And all of this is due to a plan worked out more than five years ago by Maxwell executives.

This plan was to build a very simple car, one easy to manufacture, one easy to drive and take care of, one that would be everlastingly efficient.

There was but one way to do this; and that was to put it into manufacture, never change the original design, constantly improve, and keep on making better and better.

This plan has worked well. In five years 300,000 Maxwells have been built—all on the original chassis plan.

Today you get a better Maxwell than a year ago; and trying to buy a last year's Maxwell very often is like trying to buy a family heirloom.

Part of the sum saved through the obvious economy of a 300,000 "run" is put into the luxury of the car. The rest goes into your pocket.

And $200 saved, as the Scotch say, is $200 earned—just as big in your pocket as any one else's. $985 f. o. b. Detroit.

Y, Inc. - DETROIT, MICH.
LIMITED - WINDSOR, ONTARIO

Copyright 1920, A. S. Hinds

Hinds
Honey and Almond
Cream

THIS girl uses Hinds Cream during her vacation. Most other attractive women use it also, for it is the best and most widely used of all creams for keeping the face, neck and hands in perfect condition.

There is no elaborate process or "treatment"—no waste of time or bother. Simply apply Hinds Cream.

It quickly relieves sunburn, and is the best emollient for the hands, and for mosquito bites or irritation after bathing. For best results, use it before and after exposure to dust, wind and sun.

Attractive Week-End Box, 50c

On your vacation trip, take a Hinds-Week-End Box. Contains trial sizes of Hinds Cream, Hinds Cre-Mis Soap, Talcum and Face Powder; also generous sample tubes of Hinds Cold Cream and Disappearing Cream. Easily packed, light to carry. At your dealer's, or by mail, price 50 cents, postpaid in U. S. A.

SAMPLES: Be sure to enclose stamps with your request. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream 2c. Both Cold and Disappearing Cream 4c. Talcum 2c. Trial Cake Soap 8c. Sample Face Powder 2c; trial size 15c.

Hinds Cream Toilet Necessities are selling everywhere or will be mailed, postpaid in U. S. A., from Laboratory.

A. S. HINDS, 223 WEST ST., PORTLAND, MAINE

The Six Best Cellars — *Continued from page 23*

"Never neutralize my palate with these things when I want to enjoy wine," he said pleasantly. "Thank you just as much, but I'd rather not."

"Oh, come on," urged Henry weakly. "It's a shame to waste it."

Daisy's glass swam appealingly into his ken. "Never mind, Henry — it won't be wasted, I'll see to that."

Again he offered to fill glasses from the last of the shakers. No one else — absolutely no one — seemed to care for a third round. Henry steeled himself for the inevitable.

Daisy sat at his right, and he was grateful that she wasn't in any mood for conversation. She ate deliberately, a faint, reminiscent smile on her lips.

The roast was on the table. The maid appeared with a bottle. Henry tried to catch Milly's eye, but she wouldn't look at him. Then, in a high, clear, voice, Daisy shattered the tension.

"I'm going to tell you all the funniest thing," she announced brightly. "I've been aching to tell it to somebody for six years. You'll simply *die*."

She struggled with premature mirth.

"Sturtevant's first name," she began.

"Daisy!" A. Sturtevant exploded terribly from the other end of the table.

"It's Argentine," she said simply. "He was born there!"

There followed a silence in which everyone prayed that some one else would cover the calamity with speech. Jordan's face showed his emotions.

But the attention soon shifted from Jordan back to his wife. Daisy had stopped smiling.

"I think," said Daisy, tentatively, "it's too close here. If you'll all excuse me —"

Another stillness held them in suspense. Then Millicent, without having seemed to leave her place, was at Daisy's side. Somehow Daisy was ensconced on the big divan in the den, where, protesting vehemently that the stuffy atmosphere had only made her feel a trifle faint, and that she wouldn't, wouldn't, *wouldn't* go home, she was suffered to remain.

They had all quitted their seats in confusion, the men exchanging glances in which amusement blended suitably with disapproval. But, at last, they were back again in their places, avoiding one another's eyes, trying to construct the correct behavior for dinner-guests who have just watched one of their number slide — metaphorically — under the table. The maid again approached Milly.

"Will I pour the wine, now, ma'am?"

Her aspirated whisper carried to every ear. Henry had the sense of the reprieved convict whose original sentence is suddenly reviewed a second time and confirmed. With a sort of frozen desperation he watched Millicent's face. Then, quietly, Milly spoke. To the maid she said: "No, *I'll* pour it," and took the bottle. Slowly, she rose and faced them.

"You were asked here to-night," she said, "to begin a new scheme of things. I was going to propose that we form a sort of informal little club and call it, for the fun of the thing, 'The Six Best Cellars.' I believe there's no doubt that the six best cellars in Oakmont are represented here."

There were half-smiles and nods at this.

"I confess that until a few moments ago I was just a little proud of having one of those cellars. I thought it was pretty smart and clever of us to go right on drinking, just as if nothing had happened. But I've had my eyes opened."

"You mustn't think that Daisy . . ." said Argentine S. Jordan, clumsily. "She — she isn't used to it."

MILLICENT was willing to agree.

"Exactly. And it occurs to me that I'm not used to it, either — none of us are. It was good fun in the old days when a drink was nothing but a drink, and we took it or left it as we pleased. But we've passed that stage. We've made a cult of drinking. I'm not blaming anybody else — I'm more to blame *than* anybody else, because it was in my house that this happened. Well, the way I feel now — is like this."

And before they could realize what she intended she had tilted the bottle over the silver dish of greenery before her and let its creaming content burble down among the ferns.

Henry had at that moment the sensations of a man who, previously deluded into thinking that he has married a normal, cuddly-and-quarrelly wife, discovers, all unwarned, that she is Portia, Cleopatra and Catherine, all in one.

For a few seconds, the epic sacrifice of a quart of actual champagne held them stilled and breathless. Then, as Milly resumed her place and beckoned the maid to proceed with the routine of service, a storm of expostulation broke around her. They were all captivated by the idea of the Six Best Cellars; even Argentine Sturtevant Jordan fought valiantly for the forsaken dream.

QUITE suddenly there was a lull. Then McIvor Tiffany, with a gentleness foreign to him, nodded at Millicent.

"I can understand how you feel, Mrs. Carpenter. Don't agree with you, but I can respect honest opinions in others. You've got to do what you feel is right."

To Henry's amazement, Mrs. Blair echoed his sentiments. "That's right, Milly — you stick right to your principles."

They finished the dinner with Milly the center of converging approval. In the living-room, later, Henry had a revelation which put a new face on the situation.

"I say, Henry, old man! Listen — you'll be getting rid of your stock if Milly sticks to this notion." Tommy Blair edged close to him. "Give me a whack at it first?"

"I — I'll have to talk to Milly," parried Henry dazedly.

He caught Milly's eye with a glint of such delighted approval in it that he persevered.

"I'm not saying she's wrong, but I'm a whole lot away from being convinced she's right," he continued soberly. "I'll have to talk it over with her before I decide a thing."

The party broke up early, Daisy clucking sleepily as she was led out to the Jordan limousine. The conspirators faced each other.

"Milly, you're the whole seven wonders of the world!"

"I don't know what you mean," said Milly. "I'm simply furious with shame, Henry. Daisy Jordan was ill — call it anything you like; but I know what you'd call it if she'd been a washerwoman — you'd say she was drunk — and I made her! Mrs. Teak has been right, all along. But I sha'n't ever forget to-night. Never!"

"It certainly lets us out, all right," he said comfortably. "I was simply petrified when Hammond wouldn't more than taste his cocktail. He'd have spotted that awful mixture in a — "

"It doesn't matter in the least." Milly was loftily disdainful. "I'm not interested in Mr. Hammond's opinion of my entertainment."

Henry wrinkled his forehead. This was in the fourth dimension. But he gathered a little illumination as his wife proceeded.

"After all, I'm not so sure that we fit with fast people anyway. I'm not sure they're our sort. It may be that we belong with people like the Teaks. They like us, too."

Henry had a sudden vision of Milly and himself as intimates of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Teak. Viewed as a diversion it wasn't exciting, but there was undeniably a thrill connected with it. In their way the Teaks were infinitely more exclusive than the A. Sturtevant Jordans. Henry had a swift, distant picture of himself as a vestryman, a member of the Town Commission, a figure of weight and import.

"Yes," he agreed, discreetly, "it's lucky this happened — in one sense."

Within the week, Henry had experienced most of the emotions of the congressman whose ballot will decide a weighty issue which is personally immaterial to him.

Argentine S. Jordan, approving Milly's decision solemnly, was the first to renew, with elaborate carelessness, his offer to relieve Henry of his wet goods; and the offer was repeated with varying degrees of urgency, by all the recent guests.

Henry heard, through Milly, that her idea of The Six Best Cellars had been enthusiastically adopted by the unregenerate, with five charter members and a frantic competition to decide the sixth. He felt, regretfully, sometimes, and then again not regretfully at all, that he and Milly were already regarded as out of it. Already Oliver P. Teak treated Henry with the irritating proprietorship of the elect toward the newest plucked brand from the burning.

Millicent was deeply thoughtful. She still refused, in spite of her previous declaration, to commit herself definitely. She was firm on the subject of serving alcohol under her roof, but as to the disposition of her stock, there was no decision.

Meanwhile, Millicent was being enthusiastically rushed by every woman who could possibly claim to know her well enough. They were both entertained — very, very temperately, and just by themselves — by the Jordans, the Blairs and the McAllisters; they were also the guests of honor at an imposing dinner given by Mrs. Oliver P. Teak.

Millicent intended to waver plainly, and she did. "I've not fully made up my mind," she told Mrs. Teak. "But I've decided on one thing: *if* we make up our minds to have no more intoxicating beverages on our table we sha'n't sell what we've laid in. I'm ashamed to say what it cost, but, if we decide to we'll destroy it — every drop of it."

Even Mrs. Teak, who had heard the self-propagating rumors of the Carpenter supply, was overwhelmed. To destroy thousands and thousands of dollars' worth of precious poison, merely for the sake of principle! It was magnificent. She played a card which she had been holding in reserve. There would presently be a vacancy on the Board of Governors of the Oakmont Women's Club. Mrs. Teak was reasonably sure that Mrs. Carpenter would make an admirable governoress, that is. . . .

Milly was suitably charmed, without being too enthusiastic.

When this newest rumor had percolated, the thirsty ones, considering the tragedy of a wholesale wrecking of the Carpenter cellar, no longer competed for the chance of buying Henry's stock. They united in the endeavor to draw the Carpenters back into the fold. There was no question, now, of choosing the Sixth Best Cellar. The Carpenters were inevitably, unanimously, the ideal candidates for the disputed place. And Milly, under a concentrated fire of expostulation, displayed a gentle softness of inconviction against which argument blunted their edges in vain.

ON the other side the efforts redoubled, too. The Teaks called formally to urge renunciation as a civic duty. Milly's governorship was mentioned as an established fact; Oliver P. spoke meaningly to Henry of the coming town elections, the new blood needed in the new Commission, the strength of character required of men in positions of public trust. A providential affair of influenza leading to an unexpected vacancy in the vestry, the Reverend Charles Devine visited Henry with impressive circumlocutions, which Millicent promptly brushed aside.

"Let's be frank, Doctor," she said engagingly. "If you mean that you want Henry in the vestry, won't you please say so?"

The rector wriggled. "I — it is scarcely in that definite form, as yet," he said, uncomfortably. "The matter — er — hinges, I may say, on circumstances —"

"You mean that if we take a stand for Prohibition, or something like that, you'll elect Henry?" Millicent was disarmingly blunt. Doctor Devine wriggled again, coughed, stammered and capitulated.

"Yes," he said, finally, "in the last analysis — it practically comes to that."

Milly's glance moved sidewise to Henry. A vestryman at Saint Adolphus'; a member of the Town Commission; the firm allegiance of the Teaks and their retinue; governoress of the Women's Club; a position unassailable, solid, massive. . . .

The Reverend Doctor Devine groped for self-justification. He had made a statement which might be misconstrued.

"I should explain that it is more than a question of temperance," he said uncomfortably. "You know, I think, that my personal view of this great national question has been — er — tolerant. This present crisis goes much deeper, if I may say so. It is basic, vital, fundamental." The roll of the useful words on his tongue gave him fresh sonority. "Wisely or foolishly a law has been made forbidding the use of and traffic in spirituous liquors. The spectacle of men and women who should be powers for good in their community engaged in eager strivings to snap their fingers at the law is — er — unedifying, if I may use the word. "You follow me, my dear Mr. Carpenter?"

"Oh, absolutely, Doctor." Henry nodded, his eye searching Milly's for guidance. The reverend gentleman beamed, shook him by the hand.

"Then I see that you must have privately decided on the wise course, the noble course. I feel, now, that I may express myself more forcibly than would, perhaps, have been politic if you were not of my opinion in the matter. Mrs. Carpenter, I feel that a man who would evade the law by hoarding strong drink, under the present conditions, would be irresponsible in any position of trust, would be unworthy of even the confidence which is said to exist between thieves. It would be . . ."

Henry lost the rest of the sentence as the maid appeared in the doorway with a note. It was from Miss Jasper. Henry had a pang of apprehension. If rumor had reached her!

He mumbled an unheard apology to Milly and the rector and tore the envelope.

MY DEAR HENRY:
I am ashamed to trouble you again . . .

Henry caught the rector's appeal to his masculine judgment:

"You agree with me, I am sure, Mr. Carpenter, that there is no essential distinction between cheat — the law and, er — for the sake of illustration — and cheating at cards?"

"Oh, absolutely, Doctor." Henry lowered his glance to the letter.

If there were any other Person to whom I could turn, with Certainty that my Confidence would be respected, I should refrain from appealing to you at this time. But there is no One. In clearing out the Rest of the Store Room in the Cellar this Morning, a Task from which my Illness and Weakness afterward prevented me until now, Susan and I discovered that my misguided Brother was even more reprehensible in his Conduct than I had believed.

Again Henry agreed absently with the rector and turned a page. Then, to Milly's amazement, he lowered the letter and took sharp issue with the excellent Doctor Devine.

"On second thought, I don't know that I altogether agree with you, Doctor. There's another side — a very important side, and I haven't fully decided, as yet, which is the right one. I'll have to think it over with Mrs. Carpenter before we do anything definite."

Adding offense to offense, he cut short the Doctor's flurry of debate, and excused himself. Milly, staring after him, presently heard his voice at the telephone.

"This you, Hammond? Hello, Ed — Yes — No, but look here, I wonder whether I could borrow that Ford station wagon of yours for an hour or so . . . no, to-night . . . right now . . . No, I don't need any help; I'll drive it myself. All right? . . . Thanks . . . I'll be right over, then."

When the rector, puzzled and sorely tempted to be angry, had taken his departure, Milly found the note which Henry, fleeing as soon as he had hung up the receiver, had carelessly left on the telephone stand. The final paragraph interested her.

In addition to the eight Boxes you took away with you, on the Earlier Occasion, we have discovered in the other Side of the Closet twenty-two more, exactly like the others, except that these are fastened shut with Iron Strips nailed around each End, so that we have been unable to open them. As you know, it is more important than ever that this dreadful Secret should be removed without reaching the Knowledge of anyone, and I can only beg of you to come, with a Conveyance of suitable Size, as soon as possible, and *after Dark*.

Affectionately yours,
VIRGINIA JASPER.

Millicent studied the note soberly. Her face assumed, by easy gradations, the meditative, transfigured expression which she wore when she was planning a dinner, or something vastly more momentous.

Six Best Cellars? Hardly now. *One* best, and five, unspeakably inferior. . . .

[*The end*]

The Creoles Secret of Keeping the Hair Young

THE Creoles of Louisiana have inherited from their pure and ancient French and Spanish ancestry, wonderful masses of beautiful dark hair. This hair, soft, wavy and lustrous, is a special pride of this aristocratic people. For generations La Creole Hair Dressing has been favorite among them.

No Gray Hair

If you fear gray hair, or if your hair has turned gray, begin the La Creole *treatment* at once. La Creole will bring back faded, gray, streaked, or wholly gray hair to its former youthful color and luster. La Creole causes no sudden change because it contains no dye. La Creole works with nature and there is no reason for keeping its use secret, though it can never be detected. Refinement approves its use.

Contains No Dyes

La Creole must not be confused with dyes because it contains none. La Creole cannot give the hair a dyed look. It cannot stain the scalp, and there is nothing to wash or rub off.

You apply the La Creole *treatment* yourself. It is very simple. La Creole makes the hair soft, wavy and lustrous. It eradicates dandruff and promotes the healthy condition of hair and scalp which nature intended. Absolutely guaranteed to bring back the hair's color — or money refunded.

Send coupon for booklet "La Creole" Hair Beautiful. Shows style of hair dressing best suited to each type of face.

At Drug Stores and Toilet Counters. Price, $1.00. If your dealer can't supply you send his name and address. We will see that you are supplied.

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Van Vleet-Mansfield Laboratories
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Please send booklet 'La Creole" Hair Beautiful, teaching the hair dress becoming each individual.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Good Eating

When It Comes From Your Garden

by **Mabel Dulon Purdy**

THE home with a vegetable garden that has weathered the summer is a rich home — these days. Good eating is at its door. A garden with plenty of potatoes, with rows of ripening corn, with beans and beets and carrots, with onions, cabbage, eggplant, squash, chard, tomatoes, lettuce, celery, parsley — with an apple-tree, or a grape-vine near by — can go far at this season toward giving us all the food we need, and all the good eating we may want.

With milk, bread in some form, butter — or other fat — fresh eggs if we can get them, and just enough in the way of meat, occasionally, for variety or flavor or finish, we can have meals that leave little to be desired in both nutritive and artistic satisfaction. Not the least gratifying thought, moreover, is that these meals — our lunch, our supper, our dinner — made up so largely from the products of a home garden, are not only wholesome and interesting, but at this time economically advantageous to our country.

In making up our menus from the vegetable garden, better results can be obtained — dietetically and artistically — if we know something definite about the relative food values of the different vegetables; that some will supply the substantial part of a meal, others special protective elements for the body; that some will supply energy, others largely refreshment, color or flavor. Most of the food elements required by the body are present, to some degree, in the common vegetables as we know them, although the composition of different vegetables varies greatly. Vegetables are rich in the necessary mineral constituents, and valuable for the bulk and flavor they give to the diet.

Potatoes, sweet potatoes, corn and beans contain a high percentage of starch or carbohydrate material; beans are also a valuable source of protein, and an excellent meat substitute, if not used to the exclusion of animal protein, such as we get from milk, cheese, eggs and meat. All of these vegetables, variously prepared, may serve very definitely as the substantial part of a meal, furnishing as they do both energy, and some building material. The root vegetables — beets, carrots — contain appreciable amounts of sugar. The leafy vegetables — spinach, chard, cabbage, cauliflower, beet-greens, celery, onions, and all the salad plants — while composed almost entirely of water (ninety per cent. to ninety-five per cent.) and fibre, with the exception of onions which are also rich in sugar, are particularly important for their mineral content, and for certain "protective" and "corrective" elements, now termed, for want of a more specific name, fat soluble A and water soluble B, and without which no diet will properly feed, condition, and preserve the body. The elements chiefly lacking in our garden vegetables as a whole are fat and protein, principally fat, although soy beans, a notable exception, are rich in both. Because of the fat deficiency, butter, cream, oil, bacon, are consistently used to season or complete a vegetable dish; because of the very low average percentage of protein, a milk sauce, or an egg or a cheese garnish are frequently used to make the dish more substantial.

The vegetable dinner, as such, is still an innovation, and when it does occur is too frequently offered with an apology. Those of us who are in search of good eating, however, can find no better way to secure it than through the vegetable dinner — if it is properly done.

Such a dinner to be completely satisfying should be made up of the different types of vegetables — some for food, some for purifying, some for color and flavor. Potatoes, corn, beans, beets, carrots variously treated, variously combined with each other, or with some one of the leafy vegetables, and variously finished with an interesting sauce, with cheese, with an egg garnish, with bacon curls or thin wisps of ham, with a rice border, or with mushrooms can feed the hungriest, and satisfy the most exacting. A lima bean omelet; diced carrots with rice, and mushrooms, beets and moulded greens with an egg sauce, and the whole dotted with crisp bacon; a steaming pot of succotash with pork scraps or dried beef — these are only hinted at to make the mouth water! In the same way, innumerable, irresistible "hearty savories" can be made with spinach, cabbage, chard, celery, cauliflower, tomatoes, peppers as a base, and with cheese and rice or hominy, with egg and bacon, a flavor of chicken, or bits of sausage to complete them. Cabbage (*Continued on page 69*)

Back On the Main Line

[*Continued from page 15*]

and other similar bodies favor adequate rates. The shipper never objects so much to the amount of freight rates as he does to their equality and the equitableness of the system as a whole.

Nothing is so much needed as a thorough revision of the entire rate structure. It is full of inequitable provisions. Railroad men say that changes can be made in the structure which would greatly add to their revenue without putting much if any additional burden upon business as a whole. Now is certainly the appointed time.

Perhaps it might be well to create a new department of the Government, a new position in the Cabinet, that of Secretary of Transportation, with wide powers. If a really able, courageous individual such as Herbert Hoover could be put in that job we might emerge from all these railroad troubles with far less pain than most people fear.

There are always persons who can think of only one thing in connection with railroads — watered stock. It is true that a few railroad systems have been mismanaged and even wrecked. But their number is not large. Most of them have been reorganized and the water has been squeezed out.

Indeed, practically every railroad which has been unwisely financed or looted has already paid for the sins of those who were responsible. It is almost certain that the railroads as a whole are under-capitalized rather than over-capitalized. Almost none of them could be reproduced for anything like their present book value. As a whole, they are worth to-day many billions of dollars more than the face or market value of their stocks and bonds.

Railroad stocks and bonds are about the only ones which contain no inflation. Whereas other forms of property have been inflated up to 100% or even double that amount, railroad securities are selling much lower than they did several years ago, although the property they represent is worth far more.

Another important fact is that the railroads are no longer owned by a few rich capitalists. The railroads are owned chiefly by small investors and by savings banks, insurance companies, colleges, hospitals and the like. To continue to starve them does not punish the rich and powerful. These people "distributed" when the going was good, and handed the railroads over to the small investor and the institutions.

All these facts render the unsavory early history of a few railroads of only academic importance, for graduate students to write theses about and for long-haired nuts to rave over. No sensible man wants railroad rates to be high enough to enable the weakest roads to live in clover. But only the professional agitator any longer sees point in denying to the railroad industry as a whole an adequate and reasonable living, compared with that of other industries, which, incidentally, also have had their black sheep.

Never were these few simple facts so widely recognized as now (perhaps because people did not enjoy their dose of Government ownership) and, therefore, the outlook for the railroads and incidentally for such persons as own their securities is to-day better than it has been in many years.

ACTUALLY going away to school! How eagerly she looks through all the school catalogues! But—

Does anybody ask whether she will be *safe from fire* in the big dormitory?

Julia is going away to school—

GOING away to school—as the girls in books go away to school—to an endless series of amateur theatricals, parties, spreads, friendships, and all the joys and freedom of school life.

At the same time mother considers carefully the school that will give her daughter—

The best type of companionship,
Sane, well-balanced teachers,
Ideal surroundings.

But does the thought occur to her *even once* that she may be letting her daughter walk gaily into a fire trap?

One benefactress of a girls' college made it a condition of her gift that the new dormitory, to replace the one burned down last year, must have automatic sprinklers to safeguard the girls' lives.

She knew that fires are especially dangerous in buildings housing a large number of young people. Take a lesson from her. See that the school you choose is equipped with Automatic Sprinklers. Don't be satisfied when you are told that the buildings are strong, and there are many exits! All other types of protection to which you habitually pin your faith, such as fire escapes and doors opening outward, will never accomplish one-tenth what Grinnell Sprinklers will. Always a watchman on guard. When the fire starts the water starts.

Don't send your child straight into danger. See that there is a Grinnell Sprinkler System keeping watch where you yourself cannot watch.

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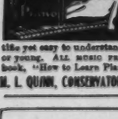

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What Is the Matter with the United States?

[*Continued from page 13*]

of the world, and six per cent. of its population, and yet its people have,

75% of the world's supply of corn;
60% of the world's supply of cotton;
25% of the world's supply of wheat;
66% of the world's supply of oil;
60% of the world's supply of aluminum;
50% of the world's supply of zinc;
40% of the world's supply of lead;
60% of the world's supply of copper;
40% of the world's supply of silver;
52% of the world's supply of coal;
40% of the world's supply of iron and steel;
20% of the world's supply of gold;
85% of the world's supply of automobiles.

Before the Great War, we owed Europe five billions of dollars. Now, July 1, 1919, we have paid this debt, and foreign governments and private firms owe us thirteen billions of dollars, while our gold reserves are the largest in the world. The three millions of people in Washington's day controlled a little fringe of land on the edge of the Atlantic, but now they have become one hundred and ten millions with possessions on many seas and lands, and own one quarter of the world's wealth. The political, financial and moral leaderships of the United States are suggested by the simple fact, that to-day twenty-five nations have given up autocracy or the limited monarchy and become self-governing republics.

In contrast with Bolshevistic Russia, men should also remember that ours is the only country where the wages of the working people are rising rapidly, while the interest of the rich is steadily falling. The time was when the rich were growing richer and the poor were growing poorer, but that time has gone from our country. The occasional billionaire family is only the exception that proves the rule. In 1870, the interest rate in the west was twelve per cent.; in 1880 the interest dropped to ten per cent.; in 1890 to eight per cent.; in 1900 to seven per cent.; in 1910 to six per cent., and to-day the interest rate in certain middle west states is five per cent.,—even lower than the interest rates in rich New York. The interest returns for the rich have been halved within one generation. On the other hand the wages of the working-man have more than doubled. In 1870 the working-man's wage was one dollar a day; in 1880 a dollar and a quarter a day, in 1890 one dollar and a half, in 1900 two dollars, in 1910 from two and a half to three dollars. In 1919 the worker in many factories, foundries and shops receives four and five dollars a day, while carpenters, plasterers and masons have six dollars a day. Everything is tending toward the diffusion of the good things of life for the average family.

The test of a new tool, of a new comfort and convenience is, does it serve the working people? Always emperors, kings, barons, or the landed gentry could ride in a chariot, or own a painting by Raphael or Rembrandt, but now the average man has comforts and conveniences in the farmhouse or cottage, that were not enjoyed by Queen Elizabeth or Charles the First. All this talk about "the good old times of our fathers" is sheer humbug and hypocrisy. There never were any good old times of our fathers. Our fathers lived in the bad old times, and their children live in "the good new times." The gains made within the last fifty years are immeasurable, and we are now making more rapid progress than in any other period of history.

Our people should also remember that the average man in the United States to-day has sixty slaves working for him, in that machinery gives us sixty man-power, while the average man in the rest of the world has ten man-power. Edison thinks that within a short time every American will represent one hundred man-power. Already our average family has a property of twelve thousand, five hundred dollars, and enjoys an annual income of twenty-five hundred dollars. This good fortune represents tools that multiply the hand and hasten the foot. The hand strikes a blow of one hundred pounds; the trip-hammer in the Baldwin Locomotive Works strikes a blow of ten tons. Man's legs run four miles an hour,—his locomotive runs forty to ninety miles an hour. Man's voice reaches five thousand hearers; his phonograph in Park Row during the Victory Loan repeated the voice of a speaker whose words were spoken in Washington, and reached a hundred thousand people. Once a farmer cut wheat with a sickle, then with a hand scythe. In 1850 he had a mower, in 1860 a reaper, in 1870 a self-binder that not only cut the wheat, but with a hemp string tied it in bundles. Now, a big steam tractor pulls a heading machine across the harvest field. The heads of the wheat are carried on a cloth apron over to a little threshing machine that blows out all the chaff, and when the two-bushel sack is filled, a boy, riding on the machine, ties the string about the sack, and drops it to the ground.

Once there was the driver of the machine, five binders, two shockers, five men building the stacks of wheat, fifteen threshing the golden grain. Now, one engineer and one small boy do all the work, releasing twenty-five men for other forms of productive labor, while up in Minneapolis or Duluth, another man turns that wheat into flour, another with an electric oven turns that flour into bread, another, with a little gasoline car, distributes the loaves to the various homes. To-day, through machinery, ten men can raise enough wheat, grind enough flour, bake enough bread, distribute loaves sufficient to take care of a thousand families for one year. Not otherwise one great cotton mill, between Monday morning and Saturday night, is now weaving cloth a yard wide and long enough to reach from Boston to San Francisco. To-day it is as if every American citizen had sixty slaves working for him,—steel slaves, slaves that never go on strike. There is one kind of slavery that is right,—machine slavery,—iron and steel, fire and electricity. There is one path to universal abundance, and that path is the path of invention, through the tools that redeem men from drudgery, and ultimately will destroy all poverty whatsoever.

Every working-man should consider another fact; namely, for the first time in our history, we have ships that bring us into immediate contact with the other nations of the world, bringing the promise of new wealth to our land. The sad plight of Russia to-day is a revelation of the perils of isolation in the twentieth century. Reading makes the full man, conversation the ready man, travel the broad man, and ships make the free and universal man and nation. Honey bees, flying from orchard to orchard, fertilize the plums and pears, and ships are international honey bees, carrying the pollen of thought from country to country. The great steamers ply back and forth between Great Britain and the United States like so many shuttles, weaving the rich texture of civilization. Just as soon as a new tool is discovered in one country, the story is carried to another.

RUSSIA had no port open all the year round, because Archangel and the Baltic were frozen six months in the year and the Black Sea ports were controlled by Turkey. The result was that Russia began to interbreed. Just as wheat and corn, the herds and flocks from time to time are stimulated by new seed and fresh blood; just as the inter-marriage of families soon brings mediocrity and then death, so Russia has inter-bred her ideas and has remained stationary. The era of the Czar in 1917 was not unlike the era of James I. in England, in 1690. What Russia needs to-day is an all-the-year-round seaport with Russian sailors and Russian soldiers coming to New York and New Orleans, to Buenos Ayres and Melbourne, to London and Havre, and then the Russian youth will carry home the mental and political leaven of new ideas, new tools, with liberty of the press, political freedom and self-government.

In 1914, our own country had goods to ship, but no bottoms. Only six per cent. of our exports were carried in American steamers. Ninety-four per cent. of our products paid tribute to foreign countries. We imported sugar from Cuba, coffee from Brazil, silk from Japan, tea from China, spices from India, india-rubber from Ceylon, chocolate from the islands near Africa, mahogany from Venezuela, art treasures from France, woolen goods from England, dyes from Germany. We sold to the world fifty per cent. of its cotton; but the goods that we bought came [*Continued on page 45*]

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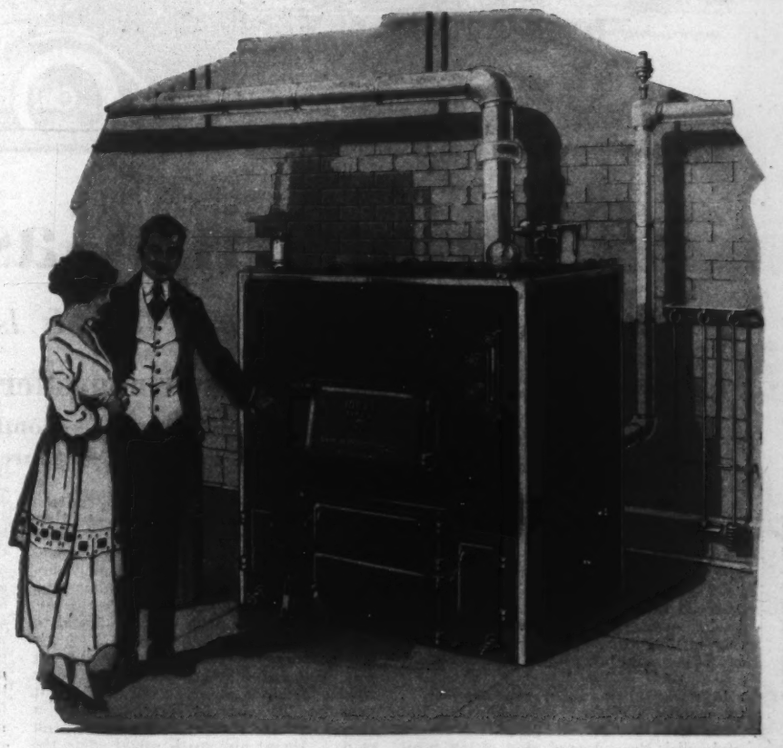

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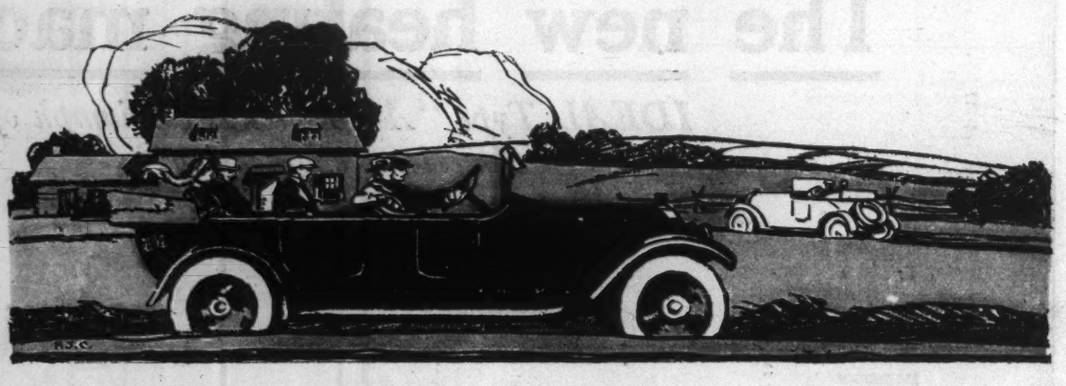

Fashions in Gasoline

An Automobile Problem and How It Is Being Solved

by **Waldemar Kaempffert**
Editor of the Popular Science Monthly and Automobile Editor of McClure's

ASK a chemist "What is sugar?" "What is iron?" "What is a diamond?" and he will give you a definite answer. Ask him "What is gasoline?" and he will envelop his explanation in a maze of words. That is not the chemist's fault, but the fault of gasoline. "Sugar," "iron" and "diamonds" are substances that do not vary chemically; on the other hand, gasoline changes from year to year. The gasoline that you bought when automobiling was young is not the gasoline that you are buying to-day. Indeed, the gasoline of ten years ago is to be found only in drug stores. The gasoline of to-day is becoming more and more like kerosene.

Between 1910 and 1917 the number automobiles increased eightfold. On the other hand, crude oil production — and crude oil is the source of most of our gasoline — increased only threefold. Yet, paradoxically enough, the gasoline production increased eight times, keeping pace with the number of automobiles. There is only one explanation for this anomaly. Gasoline is a very elastic term. What was gasoline last year is not the gasoline of to-day.

According to the Geological Survey we produced in 1918 about 339,000,000 barrels of crude oil. But we consumed 397,000,000 barrels. You see at once that we used up 58,000,000 barrels more than we produced. Where did we get these 58,000,000 barrels that we needed? It was surplus oil of previous years — stored oil.

It is this stored reserve that has tided us over from year to year. We have been drawing upon it more and more, until it seems likely that we shall never be able to accumulate another surplus as large. The production of crude oil, the source of most gasoline, is approximately stationary, if not actually declining.

Crude oils are mixtures of different compounds — hundreds of them. Gasoline is distilled from crude oil. Crude oil is pumped into a large vessel under which a fire is built. As the vessel — the still — is heated, vapors are given off — different vapors at different temperatures. Among the first vapors to float off are those of the very light oils. As the temperature rises the heavier gasolines are vaporized. The vapors given off at certain temperatures are collected and passed through a pipe into water-cooled chambers where they condense again into liquids. One of these liquids is gasoline — "natural" gasoline, in trade parlance. Not enough of it is given off to go around. More and more of the vapors that rise at higher temperatures must be sold as gasoline. The result is that the fuel called gasoline is now hardly distinguishable from very light kerosene.

When you try to explain to your boy or to your wife what makes an automobile go, you say that the gasoline is converted into "gas," by which you really mean a vapor, and that this vapor, when mixed with the right amount of air, can be exploded by an electric spark. Then you point out how rapidly succeeding explosions, each expanding the charge in the engine cylinder, drive the piston away and turn the crankshaft and so the wheels.

Now the gasoline of ten years ago was so volatile that the automobile builder never troubled himself much about making it vaporize. He merely sprayed it into a stream of air or bubbled air through a tank of it. Almost any spark would ignite the explosive mixture of air and vapor that found its way to the engine. Now, carbureters must be supplied that are very complicated in order that the so-called gasoline of the day will be vaporized.

You will understand all this better if you consider the gasoline of to-day as the equivalent of a mixture of kindling wood, cord wood and coal. Gasoline used to be all kindling wood. Now it contains less and less kindling wood, about enough, in fact, to start the process of vaporization so that the heavier constituents — the cord wood and the coal — will volatilize as a result of the heat generated at the start by the kindling wood. There is no possibility of obtaining the old gasoline in sufficiently large quantities. Don't rail at the oil refiner. If it were not for him the automobile industry would never have grown so magnificently.

What happens when these modern heavy gasolines are fed to an engine? There is but one way to find out, and that is to look into the engine while it is in operation. To do that the engineer puts glass windows in the carbureter and the manifold walls. He actually sees why it is so hard to start an engine on a cold day, why the different mixtures of air and vapor must be supplied at different engine speeds, why at first the throttle can be opened but a little way before the engine balks and then a little farther and farther as the engine warms up.

As the engine of a piston moves it draws air into the cylinder on each suction stroke from a passage called a manifold. Into this stream of air gasoline is sprayed by the carbureter. When the gasoline is all kindling wood, as it used to be, its vapor mixes perfectly with the air. But when it is only part kindling wood and chiefly cord wood and coal, this is what happens: Little drops of the heavier elements of the gasoline are carried along by the stream of air. If the stream of air is not moving fast enough the little drops fall; if they strike a sharp corner in a passage they also fall. Drop is added to drop. Soon a little trickle of gasoline appears. It forms puddles in the intake manifold, and from the puddles it works its way past the piston, down into the crankcase filled with expensive lubricating oil. What happens? The oil is "cut." It loses its lubricating properties. Carbon deposits are formed. All the mechanical ills that automobiles are heir to — the "knocks" and the engine troubles and the cut bearings — appear. You write to the manufacturer of the car and complain of a deterioration in his product. The truth is that his car is probably better than it ever was. It is the gasoline that is at fault.

The car-maker, of course, has foreseen some of these protests of yours, and has tried to anticipate them by improving his engines and calling upon the carbureter designer for devices that will vaporize the gasoline of to-day. To vaporize the cord wood and coal part of the gasoline, heat must be applied to them; that is the function of the kindling wood constituent. There is no palpable heat in the kindling wood constituent as such, any more than there is in an unburned match. The heat generated by the combustion of the kindling-wood in the engine must be applied to the cord wood and coal elements. So we find that some car makers use part of the engine heat to warm the air supply and some to heat the intake manifold. Warming the air supply is not quite so fashionable as it used to be. The so-called "hot-spot" manifold is rapidly becoming a necessary feature of modern engines; the manifold being heated by part of the exhaust gases. When, for example, a drop of unvaporized gasoline strikes the hot-spot of the intake manifold the heat volatilizes it at once, so that it cannot trickle down and form a puddle with other drops. There are engineering objections to this pre-heating of the gasoline, but the hot-spot and similar systems are infinitely better than the seeping of raw gasoline into crankcases and hence into the lubricating oil.

It may be that because we must adapt the engine to its fuel we may be passing through a transition period. Who knows but we may some day ride in automobiles that are driven by crude oil fed to engines similar to those of submarines? Who knows but automobiles will become so numerous and so cheap that we must turn to alcohol as a fuel?

NEXT month we will devote this department to a splendid article by Harvey S. Firestone, entitled, "Ship by Truck," in which he goes into the facts of the motor truck service and sets forth the abounding advantages of this system of transportation.

What Is the Matter With the U. S.?

[*Continued from page 42*]

in British ships and the products we sold were carried in British and German bottoms, and we paid hundreds of millions of dollars in tribute to foreign bankers and traders. Now comes the time when within a year, our country will have ten million tons of shipping. Once man had only a canoe, and then there was a river civilization, — the Nile, the Jordan, the Euphrates. Later, man lifted a sail and put out into the Mediterranean Sea, and it was the sailing boat that gave the world Tyre, Ephesus, Carthage, Rome. Finally man became very brave. He lifted four masts in the air, put out into the Atlantic, and we had a one-ocean civilization through Spain, and Holland, England and the United States. But a world civilization with five oceans was impossible, because we had no Suez and Panama Canal and Africa and South America prevented ships going straight around the earth in the temperate zone. Always civilization has been related to the temperate lines. The tropics enervate. The completion of the Panama Canal marks a new era for civilization. For the first time commerce and trade can follow the temperate zone around the globe. Steadily the star of empire has moved west and now the Panama Canal has turned the Pacific Ocean into an inland sea. What the Mediterranean was in the world of two thousand years ago, the Pacific Ocean soon will be, through the canals of the twenty-first century. No man can paint in colors too rich the future of the people of the United States. The new times have come. To-morrow the American banks will be in every continent, the American commercial travelers will be selling goods in every country, American ships will be carrying our manufactured goods everywhere. Hitherto we have sold raw material and made but little profit; to-morrow we will sell manufactured goods and make a large profit. Wealth is to-day a little stream — to-morrow it will be a wide river, deep enough to swim in.

THE trouble, therefore, cannot be with our land, since our barns are stuffed and our granaries are overflowing, yielding with our vineyards and orchards, twenty billions of treasure each year. The trouble cannot be with our forests and mines nor with the lack of precious metals, for our mountain streams run over sands that sparkle with treasure. It cannot be with our herds and flocks, since they outnumber those of all the countries of Europe. The trouble cannot be with our institutions; if schools are private in Europe, our public schools and state universities are as free as our libraries. The trouble cannot be that the government is oppressive, since every man is free to govern himself. The fault cannot be in any limitations placed upon young men, for every day brings us a story of some poor boy who has climbed hand over hand up the golden rounds of the ladder of success. Our history abounds in the achievements now of an immigrant cotton spinner who has developed vast mills and owns millions; now of a coal miner who dug anthracite by night and prospected by day, and made a fortune; now of office boys who have become merchants; farmers' sons who have come up to the city to become bankers, editors, authors, manufacturers or statesmen. In our land, all the paths that lead to office and honor are open, not simply to the banker's son, but also to the widow's child. The republic is no respecter of persons. Success plays no favorites. Every morning Opportunity knocks at the gate and he who will may welcome a visitor that carries fame, gold, with the keys of office in her hands. Everything, therefore, proves this country and its institutions have poured out all the golden gifts of fortune at the feet of its children.

The logical inference, therefore, is that the trouble with the United States is with the people. The time has fully come for these revolutionists who hate our flag and wish to overthrow our institutions, to peel from themselves the lies and hypocrisies in which they have swathed themselves until they look like mummies. Blaming institutions and other people, does not get a man anywhere. The path to success is the path of industry, self-reliance and obedience to law. The plain fact is that it is the spirit of lawlessness that is threatening our generation. Should any town in our country decide to obey every law of nature and the Republic, that town would soon be larger than London or New York. Think of it! No more thefts, no more forgeries, no burglaries, no drunkards, no paupers, no murderers! No jails nor poor houses! No gambling dens nor saloons! Taxes reduced three-fourths! Policemen unnecessary. Lawyers and physicians going into business. No fights! No brawls! No divorces! No locks on the doors because there would be no thieves. Think of it! The commercial value of obedience to law! Jails rented for coal bins! Court houses rented for public schools! Poor houses turned into factories! Real estate booming! There is a town in the south known for its whiskey-drinking and lynching, that was named "Hell for Sartin." This new city where every man would be obedient should be named "Loyaltyville."

Should such a town be founded, as soon as other men heard of the good fortune of the citizens, telegrams would begin to pour in. One might be dated

> "Hotel Purgatorio, New York. Mayor of Loyaltyville: Have just read accounts of your city. Have leased suite of rooms here, at twenty dollars a day per room, but will gladly lose lease if you can secure me quarters in your hotel. If stories of Loyaltyville confirmed, can furnish money to build hotel with ten thousand rooms. Starting for your city. Wire name of secretary of Chamber of Commerce.
> (Signed) A Miserable Millionaire."

One cablegram might be dated Rome, Italy.

> "Newspaper bulletins contain accounts of Loyaltyville. Our citizens much excited. More interested in Loyaltyville than in Fiume. Vesuvius temporarily transferred to Paris. After five months' quarrels there, Loyaltyville looks to me like a fountain in the midst of a desert. Am thinking of moving from Rome to Loyaltyville. Before I die would like to spend a little time in a place where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.
> (Signed) Military Attaché."

Another telegram would come from Reno, addressed to the Mayor of Loyaltyville, and marked "Rush."

> "Evening papers say your city has no thefts, brawls nor family troubles. Two hundred people here seeking divorces. Pullman ticket office mobbed last night by people trying to buy through tickets to Loyaltyville. Fear Reno will be depopulated. Can't you help out by wiring some story about an application for a divorce filed in your town? Rush answer and help save Reno.
> (Signed) Ticket Agent."

One cablegram would be dated Amerongen, Holland.

> "Dutch courier brings statement about Loyaltyville. Story that you have no county jail seems too good to be true. Can I rent villa in your suburbs? If news that there is no jail in Loyaltyville reaches von Tirpitz or von Hindenburg, they will cable you. Don't answer their messages. Keep the good news quiet. Everybody in Holland crazy to sail for Loyaltyville. Pawned my crown to-day for steerage ticket. Kaiserin so rapturously happy because you have no jail that she is confined to her bed. Leaving her behind.
> (Signed) Wilhelm Hohenzollern."

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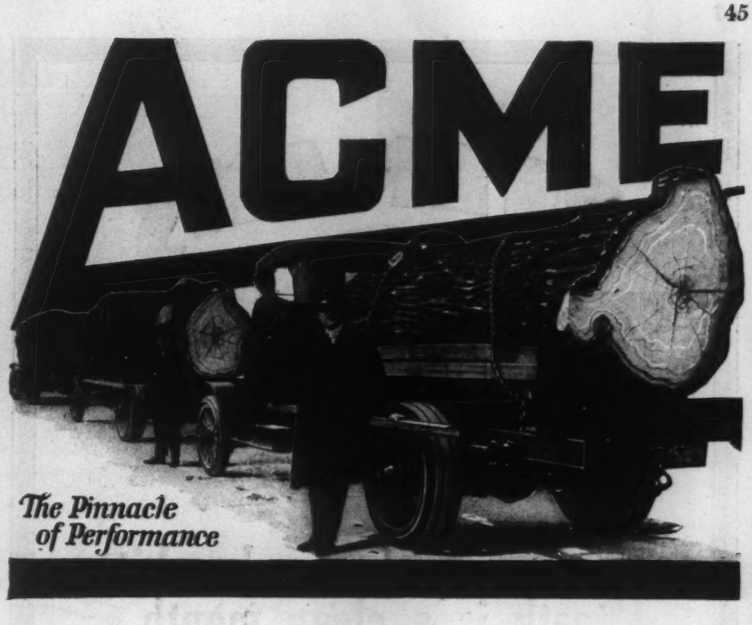

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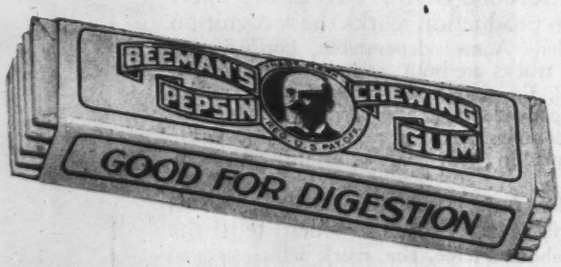

CHICLE

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The Edgar Jennings Case

[*Continued from page 9*]

on the face of the earth who had faith in his power to achieve. Not Sallie Ernshaw, not Packy McGovern, not Simon Whipple — none of these had confidence in his ability. Only these three stricken human beings.

"I promise," solemnly repeated Aleck Underwood.

He made his escape and strode swiftly down the street. Poor Aleck Underwood — poor Mrs. Jennings — they little recked then that the time was soon to come when the name of Edgar Jennings would write itself against the firmament in characters of flame.

As Aleck reached his destination, a big machine sidled up to the curb. A lean, keen-faced individual stepped from it.

"Aleck," said this man, "you're the very chap I want to see."

"Same here," said Aleck, unperturbed. "I've got a bone to pick with you."

The man opened the front door with his latch-key, and led the way into a study on the ground floor of the house. He handed Aleck a cigar and waved him to a seat.

"You were looking for me?" queried this man.

This man was Amos Ernshaw — Sallie Ernshaw's father. He was something else besides. He was a gentleman with several successful irons in various successful fires. It was an open secret that he controlled the majority of stock in the River City National Bank. He needed a safe place to keep his money. He was the proprietor of the *Daily Democrat*, River City's leading paper. He used it for advertising purposes — and others too numerous to mention. But his pet enterprise was a department-store whose equal could be found only in New York. He was the proud owner of the Bon Marché.

Aleck began: "You got a pay clerk — Edgar Jennings. He was arrested to-day on a charge of padding your pay-rolls. I know the man. I'm satisfied he's innocent."

"They always are," said Ernshaw.

"I promised his wife, and his two kids," said Aleck, "that I'd ask you to investigate."

"You've asked me," said Ernshaw crisply.

"And — I can tell them you will investigate personally?"

"Now," said Ernshaw, "how can I, personally, investigate every charge that's made? The charge was investigated before the arrest was made. The man's guilty or we wouldn't have made the charge."

"Can I tell his wife that you'll sift the matter to the bottom?" asked Aleck.

"You can tell her it's been sifted to the bottom. We've been robbed right and left by these piffling little pikers until we're tired. We've got to make an example of somebody. Jennings is the last straw. You can tell her that . . . Aleck," went on Ernshaw. "I want to talk to you. I want you to forget Jennings for awhile. Trouble with you is, you spend too much time over other people's troubles. You've got troubles of your own. Going to talk to you like a Dutch uncle, Aleck. Going to ask a personal question. How much money is Simon Whipple paying you?"

"Thirteen hundred a year," said Aleck, flushing.

"Thought so — the old rat-tailed file," said Ernshaw. "Thirteen hundred! How long have you been with him, Underwood?"

Aleck sighed. "Seven years," he said.

"What did he start you at?"

"Nine hundred."

"Just out of a university then?"

"Yep."

"And now — thirteen hundred at the end of seven years. And at your age."

"Repeatedly," said Aleck, "I've asked Simon Whipple for more money — repeatedly he's turned me down."

"And at your age," went on Ernshaw, "all you know is just one thing. You know how to be Simon Whipple's confidential clerk. Not my confidential clerk — not anybody else's anything. You're in a rut."

"Yep," admitted Aleck.

"You do the work and he gets the pay."

"Oh, I don't know," said Aleck. "I sort of like the old man, and he likes me. He says that I'm the best clerk he ever had."

"Good Lord!" cried Ernshaw. "The best clerk! Who wants to be the best clerk that anybody has? Look here, Aleck — let's get down to cases. Sallie — it's she I'm worrying about. I've got to see to it that she gets a square deal, Aleck. You've been engaged to Sallie now for three long years. Going to be fair, Aleck — I'll go back to the beginning. You saved Sallie's life — you got run over by that truck yourself. You did it at the risk of your own neck. Maybe it ruined you," Ernshaw went on, "saving Sallie's life — just as it's ruined her. Not blaming her — not blaming you. Girl's head turned by a man who saves her life. You're entitled to her everlasting thanks and mine . . . that's not the point. You and I — we've both got Sallie's interest at heart. Where's it going to end?"

"If I had my way," said Aleck, "I'd end it with a wedding-ring right now."

"On — thirteen hundred a year?"

"Your man Jennings," said Aleck, "raised a family on less."

"Here's what I'm getting at," said Ernshaw. "I've been watching you for these three years, Aleck. During those three years you haven't shown one iota of ambition. You haven't even asked me for a job."

"I haven't asked you for anything," said Aleck.

"Except — Sallie."

"Didn't ask you for her," said Aleck. "Told you some day I'd marry her — if she'd have me. Rests with Sallie."

"Let me go on," said Ernshaw. "You never asked me for a job — and I've never offered one. I won't hand any man a decent job who hasn't got the habit of success. Now, how the devil can I hand my daughter over to a man when I wouldn't trust that same man with a decent job?"

"What is a decent job?" queried Aleck.

"Fifteen thousand — twenty-seven thousand. Sallie — she's one of the winsomest girls in River City, Aleck. And she ought to be married and have children by now. And she can have any man in River City that she wants. You said the whole thing rested, not with me, but with Sallie."

"So it does," said Aleck.

"On the contrary," said Ernshaw, "it rests with you. The girl is staunch as steel. You saved her life — she's strong for you. Maybe she always will be, if you stick around. Meantime, there are other chaps — Phil Craven of Steel Products. My daughter has a destiny to fulfil. Can't you get that through your head?"

"I can't get Craven through my head," said Aleck. "I can't see him — for Sallie."

"I didn't ask you in this room to get into an argument," said Ernshaw. "I understand Sallie — she pities you — she mothers you — just so long as you let her pity you and mother you, just so long you're going to keep her out of the happiness that belongs to her by right. I'm appealing now," said Ernshaw, "to your own sense of chivalry."

"It is a sure guide," conceded Aleck, with a smile. "Whatever Sallie really wants in this matter she is going to get. Sir, if I find that I'm in Sallie's way, I'll vamoose so quick that you won't know whether you're afoot or horseback."

"That's the way to talk," said Ernshaw.

"And if I find," said Aleck, "that Sallie is actually as much in love with me as I am with her — why, then, I'll stick . . . Now, Mr. Ernshaw, about this Edgar Jennings . . ."

"Oh, to the devil with Edgar Jennings," snorted Ernshaw.

After he had stormed out of the house, Sallie Ernshaw crept down-stairs into the shelter of Aleck's sympathy. She was quivering with appreehnsion and with fear.

"He . . . talked to you, Aleck?" she faltered.

"Like a Dutch uncle," returned Aleck.

"What's going to happen?"

"That," said Aleck, "is something that I've got to find out now."

He didn't find out then — the telephone interrupted. The call was for Aleck. Another woman's voice filtered in over the wire.

"Mrs. Janeway," said Aleck.

"It's Mr. Whipple," gasped the woman. "He's sick — the doctor's here. And Mr. Whipple wants to see you right away. He's most awful anxious, Mr. Underwood. He seems to have something on his mind."

That night Simon Whipple died. Aleck Underwood locked himself in a room in the Whipple homestead along with a typewriting machine, a telephone, several pads of telegraph blanks and several reams of paper. The demands made upon him by a dead man considerably exceeded those imposed

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upon him by a live one. It was broad daylight when he finished work. Still there kept ringing in his ears those last quavering tones of Simon Whipple . . . "treated you like a dog, Aleck . . . loved you like a father . . . never could tell you . . ."

A week later over the breakfast table, Amos Ernshaw turned from the perusal of the *Daily Democrat* to his daughter, Sallie.

"Read the newspaper this morning?" he inquired. "Know what's happened?"

"What?"

"Nothing much," chuckled Ernshaw. "Only Simon Whipple had no relatives—he's left Aleck everything he had. Aleck's the richest man in River City."

"Oh," returned Sallie, "I knew that. Last night Aleck was here."

Ernshaw smiled sheepishly. "I was pretty raw with him; hope he'll forget it. Say anything about it?"

"Yes—he did," she answered.

"What'd he say?"

"Said you had some good second-reader ideas about making money. Wondered why you hadn't put some of 'em into practise."

"What else did he say?"

The girl shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know what he said—I didn't listen half the time. I'm afraid you were right about Aleck. He's—he's almost impossible."

"Impossible!" cried Ernshaw. "Why, he's the biggest man in town."

"That's the trouble," said the girl, "he's just like Phil Craven and all the others. He kept talking about what he was going to do."

"What's he going to do?"

"He said he thought he'd borrow a leaf from your second reader and show you how to make good."

"Show me?"

"He's going to buy a bank—the Tri-State Trust."

"He's welcome to it," said Ernshaw.

"And a newspaper," went on Sallie.

"*True American?*"

Sallie nodded.

"He's doubly welcome to the *True American*," grinned her father. "And what else?"

"The Green Store."

"Trebly welcome to the Green Store," laughed Ernshaw. "What else?"

"I don't think of anything else," returned the girl listlessly. "He said he was going to make River City sit up and take notice."

"Sallie," grinned her father, "I understand this boy. I know what's eatin' him. I skinned him alive last Sunday—and he won't forget it in a hurry. He's trying to show *me*. Let him. He's a good fellow, and he's rich. I'll let him play with his little tin bank and his little printing press and his penny shop. When he's got 'em going in good shape, I'll eat 'em up alive. Meantime, the sooner you marry him, the better."

"Marry him?" echoed Sallie. "You don't think I can marry Aleck Underwood—not now?"

"Why not?"

"I've told you he's just like Phil Craven and all the other fish. I want a man. Aleck used to be a man. He had ideals."

"Always thinking about everybody but himself," returned her father. "When I saw him last, he was full of doing things for a dirty little thief that got caught in the Bon Marché padding our pay-roll—chap of the name of Edgar Jennings. Did he mention Edgar Jennings in his talk last night?"

"*Not* last night," returned the girl.

"Good," said Ernshaw; "he's getting down to earth. I'll bet he's forgotten that there's anybody in creation by that name. Sallie, you marry Aleck Underwood, and we'll make something of him yet."

THREE days before the Edgar Jennings case came on for trial Aleck Underwood visited the county jail. He saw Jennings—he was closeted in one of the stuffy little counsel rooms for an hour.

"Jennings," he said, "you win."

"You don't mean . . ." faltered Jennings, "you've got the proof?"

"Got a complete case," said Aleck.

"Rawlins?"

"Yes—chief pay clerk. He's a high-roller," said Aleck. "There's a woman . . . He's a snake . . . but we've got enough to convict him ten times over."

"My gosh!" cried Jennings. His chin quivered. Suddenly he dropped his head into his hands and sobbed like a child.

"Jennings," said Aleck, sharply, "I'm going to get you free, but I want to do it in my way—not yours. How many people do you know inside River City and out of it?"

"Thousands," said Jennings.

"When they locked you up," went on Aleck, "the local papers gave you three-quarters of a column. How many out of those thousands talked about you, do you suppose?"

"All of 'em," groaned Jennings.

"Suppose I get you out to-morrow," went on Aleck, "how much space do you think the newspapers will give you?"

"They got to give me a square deal," said Jennings.

"They will," said Aleck, "an inch square on an inside page. Who in Hades wants to read about innocence? Out of the millions who know you've gone to jail, a hundred will know that you've come out. You get me?"

"It's damnable!" cried Jennings.

Aleck smiled gently. "Now, Jennings," he went on, "you begin to see the disadvantages of getting free *your* way. But there's more than one method of whipping the devil around the stump."

"What other way is there?"

Aleck smiled mysteriously. "Mine," he returned. "Jennings, you listen to me." And Jennings listened. There was nothing else to do.

TWO days later, in the evening, Aleck called at the residence of a River City jurist by the name of Clemmer. He introduced himself to the judge, and the judge led the way into his private chambers.

"Justice Clemmer," said Aleck, "among other activities of mine, I am the president of the Tri-State Trust Company here in town."

The judge turned color. "Oh, yes," he said.

"You have had dealings with that bank?" queried Aleck.

The judge's eyes were troubled. He nodded. Aleck opened up his pigskin wallet.

"I have here," said Aleck, "two promissory notes—protested—to the tune of seven thousand dollars. I am the owner of these notes. They bear your signature. I take it that the signature is genuine?"

The judge bowed. "I am the maker of the notes," he conceded.

"Good," said Aleck. "I have come up to collect."

"But—but—" sputtered the judge, "I can't pay them, Mr. Underwood."

"You can't pay them now," said Aleck. "When can you pay them, Justice Clemmer?"

"I—I don't know," returned the judge, very much flustered, "I had hoped—had expected—their renewal."

Aleck replaced the notes in the wallet and returned it to his pocket.

"You realize," he said, "that I am in a position to sue upon these notes and obtain judgment against you for the full amount?"

The judge threw up his hands. "My God!" he cried. "That would mean ruin. Besides that," he added, "you'd never get your money."

Aleck smiled. "I don't need money, Judge," he said. "But I do need something else."

The judge pursed his lips doubtfully.

Aleck rose and closed the door—he came back to the judge's desk. "Judge," he said, "to-morrow morning the trial of a man named Edgar Jennings will come on before you in your court. I want you to do something about that case."

The judge rose, his face livid. "Mr. Underwood," he said, steadily, "I may owe more money than I can conveniently pay, but no man can ask me with impunity to do less than my judicial duty."

"Justice Clemmer," said Aleck, "I am not asking you to do less than your full judicial duty—I'm going to ask you to do *more*."

"More?" echoed the judge. "Whose interests do you represent?"

"The interests of justice," returned Aleck.

"I'll hear you," said the judge.

He heard him for three-quarters of an hour. At the end of that time Aleck rose. "Justice Clemmer," he remarked, a glint of triumph in his eyes, "suppose, in about a week, you drop me a line, asking for—say—nine months' extension on these notes?"

Next day the Edgar Jennings case came on for trial. It was a case that ordinarily would have attracted no attention. But, in addition to the meagre following at the reporter's table, the *True American* was heavily represented. Its best staff artist, its best special writer and its most energetic newsgatherer were among those present.

"Now, call the jury in this Edgar Jennings case," said Justice Clemmer.

"One moment," said the deputy assistant district attorney. "The counsel for the defense doesn't seem to be on hand."

The judge glanced at the defendant's end of the table. "Where's your lawyer, Jennings?" he demanded.

"I don't need any lawyer," returned Jennings.

"You hired one, didn't you?"

"No," faltered Jennings, "I had no money to hire lawyers."

"Then I assigned you counsel," said the court. He looked at the back of the indictment. "I assigned you Mr. Tompkins—why isn't he here?"

"He's ill," said Jennings.

"You ask an adjournment?"

"No," said Jennings, "I want to get this over with. I want to go free. I don't need Mr. Tompkins, or anybody else."

"You can't go on without counsel," said the court. "I'll assign the first lawyer that I look at. Mr. Riddle—you're elected. Will you take this case? Good. You can confer with your client briefly."

There was a recess for ten minutes. At the end of that time the court resumed its seat and nodded to Riddle.

"My client," said Riddle helplessly, "insists upon going on."

"Proceed," said the judge to the district attorney. That representative of the commonwealth opened briefly to the jury, and then put on Rawlins, the paymaster of the Bon Marché. Rawlins testified swiftly and to the point—his testimony remained wholly unshaken by Riddle's cross-examination. Rawlins was followed by a few handwriting experts. The state rested, having made out, apparently, a cast-iron case.

Riddle glanced hopelessly at the court. "I'll call Edgar Jennings," he announced.

Jennings took the stand. His testimony was purely and simply negative. He had not done this—he had not said that. He denied everything that had been charged against him. That was all.

"Cross-examine," said Riddle.

"No cross-examination," said the district attorney.

"The defendant rests," said Riddle.

The judge started. "Do you mean to tell me that you've put in all your defense?"

"All that we've got."

"Well," spluttered the judge, "what about these handwriting experts—are you going to let their testimony stand?"

"The defendant," said Riddle, "is a poor man. He cannot hire experts of his own. And we have no evidence of any other kind."

"Very well," said his honor. "Fifteen minutes to a side to sum up to the jury."

In four times fifteen minutes the jury had agreed upon its verdict, and had rendered it. The judge glanced at the defendant.

"Jennings," he said, "stand up." Jennings stood up.

"JENNINGS," went on his honor, "under ordinary circumstances I would remand you for sentence for next Monday. I'm going to make an exception of your case—I want to deal with you while the facts here are fresh in my mind. This city teems with embezzlers. I announced last week that I was tired of trying men who robbed their employers—I said that I would make short work of them. I'm going to deal with you now. Before I do so, is there anything you or your counsel have to say as to why sentence should not be pronounced against you?"

Riddle shook his head. "*I* have nothing to say," he returned.

"I—I have," choked Edgar Jennings.

"I'll hear you," said the court.

"In the first place," said the defendant, "I am wholly innocent of all these charges. Sooner or later that fact will come to light. Meantime, if your honor please, I want to go back to the year nineteen hundred and six. In nineteen hundred and six I was, and I have been until recently, in the employ of the Bon Marché. During that year my salary was raised to one thousand dollars a year. I was a young man, your honor, and I believed my prospects good. It seemed to me that I had a right to get married. I got married. And, being married, we lived, my wife and I, economically . . . May I stop here and ask your honor a question?"

"You may," said the judge.

"Did I do right to get married at that time?"

"We'll take it that you did. Go on."

"You see," went on Edgar Jennings, "I've weighed every move I made. Being married, I felt that we had the right to have children. We had a baby. I hope, your honor, that we had a right to have a baby?"

Somebody tittered. The newspaper men heard that titter. The court rapped for order—but the titter went into the notes of the men at the reporters' table.

"Finally," went on Edgar Jennings, "we had two babies—and that's all we've ever had. And back there we lived comfortably

TO the man in the street an automobile tire is mostly hole — inside and out. He doesn't know much about how it is made. But you can take the estimate placed upon Kelly-Springfield Cords by thousands of the most experienced motorists as a correct measure of their value.

on what I earned. I have never indulged in spendthrift habits or in dissipation. And I have always firmly believed what I was taught — that if a man were honest and industrious and faithful, he must succeed. To-day," went on Jennings, "it costs us more than twice as much to live as it did then. And my salary — in thirteen years, your honor, it has been raised twenty-five per cent. I am a better man than I was in nineteen-six — I am twice as swift. I can do the work of two. But to-day, your honor, my family would starve on the salary I get."

"Therefore," said the court, severely, "you became a criminal."

The prisoner shook his head. "That," he returned, "is not what I was about to say. I had a dream back there in nineteen-six— I had a dream of bringing up my family in comfort. To-day my boy, young as he is, works afternoons and Saturdays. My wife earns money on the side. Something is wrong, your honor, I want advice. I ask your honor — what false step have I made? What have I left undone?"

"Your first false step was in committing crime," said the court.

"Bear with me one moment, judge," cried Jennings. "Assuming that I *have* committed crime — assuming that I did it just to make both ends meet, will your honor tell me how I could have made both ends meet without committing crime? I want to know."

The judge drew a deep breath. Involuntarily he shuddered. He glanced at the reporter's table apprehensively — he glanced at Aleck Underwood, seated in the front row of spectators He took a firm grip upon himself.

"Jennings," said the judge, "no man, in this enlightened age, need commit a crime to live. This city reeks with charity."

"Judge," cried the prisoner, "I never asked for charity in all my life."

"You don't have to," said the court, gulping like a man about to take a plunge. "The state provides children's homes for your children — the city provides a poor-house for your wife and for yourself. Damn that Underwood," said the judge to himself.

"But, judge . . . " cried Edgar Jennings.

The judge waved his hand. "Jennings," he said curtly, "I've heard enough. I sentence you to the state's prison for an indeterminate term of not less than five nor more than ten years."

THE Steel Products Company over on the River City meadows pays its hands at noon. At midday on a pay-day in the middle of the following fall, twenty-five thousand wage-earners arranged themselves, by rule and rote, into fifty long lines of five hundred hands per line. The pay-shed contained fifty small windows — one window to each line. Customarily, behind each window sat a pay-clerk whose job depended upon his cleaning up his line within half an hour.

On the day in question, the lines formed with their accustomed celerity and order. Then somebody up front uttered exclamations of surprise and disappointment. The pay-windows were all open, but there were no pay-clerks in sight.

Packy McGovern was the first man at window No. 4. He peered through it into the interior gloom of the pay-shed. A burly watchman, with an army rifle on his shoulder, was passing up and down.

"Blandy," hissed Packy McGovern, "where's all the cush?"

"Ain't seen none yet," grinned Blandy.

"Where's all the shrimps?"

"Search me," returned the watchman.

Packy was persistent. "What's the bally row?" he asked.

Blandy came out in the open; he shook his head. "I'm under orders not to talk," he said. "If you want inside information you go to headquarters."

Packy wriggled out of his place, uttered words of reassurance to his fellows as he went along, and then dodged around a corner. He reached the big administration building and entered it by the yard door. He darted into the first office on the right-hand side of the corridor. It was empty, save for a bristling forest of small desks. He went back to the guard in the vestibule.

"Where's somebody," he demanded.

"You know just as much as I do," said the guard.

Packy retraced his steps, and hastened swiftly down the corridor seeking in vain for a human being — he was destined to disappointment. He ascended to the second floor and in the distance Packy heard the subdued hubbub of voices. He made for the office of the pay superintendent — it was empty. Packy shook his head.

"Nothin' to it," he assured himself. "I gotta brace Himself."

Himself was Phil Craven — the president of the concern. Packy was now satisfied that the hubbub proceeded from the private office of the president. He made his way thither, but on the way he darted into a washroom to slick up a bit. As he tossed aside the towel that he had ruined for life, his attention was attracted to a crumpled handbill that had been thrown upon the floor. He picked it up, smoothed it out, and read it. He read it once — he read it thrice. He stared at it in amazement.

"Well, by the infernal!" cried Packy to himself. "What d'you know about that?"

With the handbill clutched tightly in his hand he pressed on to the president's room and knocked upon the door. A sailor admitted him — the sailor was decorated with a navy revolver and an ammunition belt.

"I want to see Phil," whispered Packy McGovern to this apparition. "You tell him it's th' chairman of Metal Trade Council Local 77 — that'll fetch him."

THE sailor delivered the message to Phil Craven, who disentangled himself from the well-dressed cluster of human beings that crowded about his desk.

"Oh, hello, McGovern," he said, holding out his hand. "Look here, Packy," he went on, jerking his thumb over his shoulder, "do you see that bunch of mutts back there in the middle of the room?"

"I see them and I know them," said Packy.

"Heads of departments," went on Phil Craven. "Finished products in efficiency. D'you know what's th' matter with 'em?"

"Not specifically," said Packy.

"A bunch of mutts," repeated Phil Craven. "They can all give orders — but there isn't a mother's son among 'em who'll get down on his marrow bones and work. Nobody to give orders to — they're lost."

Packy McGovern exhibited the handbill.

"Where did you get that?" demanded Phil.

"In a washroom," said Packy.

"Put it in your pocket," said Craven. "We burnt all that we could find."

"What does it mean?" demanded Packy.

Craven laughed irritably. "I don't believe it means anything. Meantime . . . "

"Meantime," echoed Packy, "what about them lads down in th' yard? They're lookin' f'r their pay."

"Good," said Craven; "glad you came up, Packy. You got influence with those boys."

"I have with those that talk United States," said Packy, "but there's a bunch of monkeys there that don't talk anything at all. They just make sounds."

Craven was silent for a moment. "Packy," he said, "you go back and tell that bunch we've changed our pay-day to to-morrow — and by a slip-up we forgot to post the notices. That'll hold 'em for awhile."

"It'll hold 'em," said Packy, "till to-morrow. What about to-morrow, Mr. Craven? Will you pay to-morrow?"

"We'll pay," said Craven.

Packy took out his handbill once again, and unfolded it. He placed his finger on a printed line at the bottom.

"I know this lad," he said. "If there's anything that I can do — "

"Good enough," cried Craven. "I'm going over to the First National. You see what you can do."

Twenty minutes later Packy swung past the Public Safety Building in River City — he stopped in amazement. The building was surrounded by a cordon of police, all armed with rifles. The side streets flanking the building were filled with huge auto-trucks piled high with sandbags — machine guns resting in the hollow space inside. As Packy looked Moran of headquarters caught sight of him and came lumbering up.

"What's the idea?" cried Packy.

Moran shrugged his shoulders. "Well, you see," he said, "we got to be ready for 'em, that's all. Some of these lads are chemists — some of 'em are engineers. They may be turning the river into Main Street before they're through. Who knows."

Five minutes later Packy McGovern emerged from the elevator at the top floor of the Whipple Building. He swung jauntily into Room 701. A slender, gawky individual was sitting at a desk. Packy stepped up to the desk — then he started back.

"Jennings!" he exclaimed.

"The same," smiled the man at the desk.

"Thought you was over on beyant," said Packy, with a jerk of his thumb backward.

"I'm out on bail pending an appeal," said Jennings. "What can I do for you?"

Packy took out the crumpled handbill. He smoothed it out and handed it to the other man. It was done in unusually heavy black ink type. This is what it said:

JUSTICE FOR EDGAR JENNINGS

That was all, save for a fine line at the bottom: *For particulars apply to Aleck Underwood, Whipple Building, River City.*

Packy placed his forefinger upon this line.

"My chief," nodded Jennings. "He's over at the Tri-State Trust Company."

Packy found him. He found something else — he found the Tri-State Trust Company jammed with customers, buzzing with business. He found Aleck Underwood in his private office on the ground floor, doing a land-office business with big, important-looking men. As soon as Aleck could shake off the most importunate of these, he beckoned to Packy.

Packy followed him to another private office on the second floor.

"Now," said Aleck Underwood, "what's eating you, Packy?"

"Over in Steel Products," returned Packy, "there's twenty-five thousand hands hollerin' their lungs out f'r their pay."

"Hollering their lungs out for their pay?" said Aleck. "You surprise me. Why are they hollering? Steel Products Company is made of money — you know that."

"Of course I know that," said Packy.

"Well, then," said Aleck, "why the devil don't it go ahead and pay?"

"Now, look a-here, Aleck," said Packy, "you know th' pay clerks has walked out."

"Oh, of course," said Aleck, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I know that, all right. If twenty-five thousand men over in your plant are hollering for their money — and if Craven's got the money in the bank to pay them, why don't he go ahead and pay them— why don't he give them what they want?"

"How in the devil," said Packy, "can he do it without his pay-crew?"

"And they've walked out," mused Aleck. "Suppose they don't walk back?"

Packy McGovern stared at Aleck with terror in his eye. "Aleck," he said, "there'll be hell to pay, that's all. You know what we're doing over there. We're finishing up a couple hundred million dollars' worth o' steel plate and equipment that was ordered by th' gov'ment before th' War came to an end. You get that? Now, we've got ten thousand hands over in th' yard that can't talk English. An' we've had all kinds o' trouble, Aleck. An' Washington has put its foot on Craven's neck an' told him that if there's anything happens in that yard that even smells o' trouble — good night. They'll cancel all th' contracts an' let him go to hell. Now you got it all down pat. That foreign bunch knows just two tricks, an' only two. One is th' trick o' linin' up f'r pay. Th' other trick is walkin' out if anything goes wrong. An' somethin's gone wrong now."

"Everything depends upon the pay-clerks, now," said Aleck.

"It sure does," said Packy.

"I'll see what I can do for you," said Aleck. "Just step this way."

He opened the door leading into the next room. Fifty men were busily at work at a multitude of desks. Packy looked them over. As he did so, he started back, clutching at Aleck's arm. Somebody at a desk looked up.

"Oh, hello, Packy," he cried.

Another man glanced toward the door. "Why, Packy, dear," he said. Salutations showered upon Packy from all over the room.

Aleck Underwood grinned. "You seem to know 'em, Packy," he said.

"Why wouldn't I — our whole pay-crew," said Packy.

ALECK shrugged his shoulders. "Pikers," he said, "just pushing pens and handling other people's money. Pikers and shrimps. Non-essentials. Non-producers, Packy. Shrimps, that's all."

"Shrimps!" cried Packy indignantly. "What kind o' sentiments is those sentiments o' yours, Aleck? Non-essentials! — Why, them boys is th' salt o' th' earth. Where d'you get that stuff?"

"At any rate," said Aleck, "one thing is understood. Just now, they're vital?"

"You said it."

"When you see Phil Craven," smiled Aleck, "you can tell him if he wants anything in a hurry, he'd better deal with me."

Meantime, Phil Craven's car drove Phil Craven over to Ernshaw's bank, the River City National. The street in the bank's vicinity was lined with parked cars, three deep. Two or three long lines of waiting human beings trailed from the bank's wide-open spacious doors, up and down the street in both directions, and curled around the corners. Phil Craven pushed his way through the mass of humanity.

"Paper?" said a newsboy.

"Yep — *Democrat*," said Craven.

"No *Democrats*," returned the boy, "no *Chronicles*. Nothin' but *True Americans*, that's all."

Craven secured a paper, tucked it into his overcoat pocket and pushed his way into Ernshaw's private office.

"I've got to see the president," exclaimed Craven to a little man who sat in Ernshaw's chair.

"What do you want?" queried this personage.

"Eleven hundred thousand dollars," said Craven. "I want it right away."

"Now I'll tell you," said the little man, "I don't know anything about the business of this bank. I'm only one of its directors. Mr. Ernshaw's at the paying-teller's desk. He's been there all day. He's busy counting small money and making big mistakes — "

"How about the cashier then?" said Craven.

"He's at the receiving-teller's window, waiting on the crowd. But if you need eleven hundred thousand dollars, I'll get you Mr. Ernshaw right away."

Phil Craven opened up his *True American*. Its entire first page was given up to very heavy type:

The first general strike of salaried employees ever called anywhere on the face of the earth went into effect in River City at ten A. M. to-day.

40,000 salaried employees, each earning less than $4000 per annum, have walked out.

The strike is a protest against the conviction and sentence to State's prison of Edgar Jennings, formerly pay clerk at the Bon Marché.

The strike is a means employed to enforce the payment of sustaining salaries.

Edgar Jennings is innocent.

Edgar Jennings had no funds to procure bail, to employ counsel, to obtain the expert evidence that would have set him free.

He had no backing.

He's got backing now — behind him stands organization — the salaried employees of America.

The salaried employees of America stand for sustaining salaries.

The wage-earner gets a living wage.

In twenty years the living cost has doubled.

The wages of skilled labor have kept pace with it.

A ship-yard caulker gets ten dollars a day.

Edgar Jennings, doing two men's work, got $4.

To-day, under the new railroad rules, a railroad blacksmith starts his career with twenty-nine hundred dollars a year.

The high school teacher who taught him all he knows gets just one-half of that.

Wherein lies the difference?

Labor is backed by organization.

Until to-day the salaried employee was not.

Justice for Edgar Jennings!
Salaried Employees of America!
Sustaining salaries for us!

ALECK UNDERWOOD, Chairman.

Phil Craven smiled superciliously as he read Aleck Underwood's name. "The poor fish," thought Craven. "I wonder if he thinks he can swing a thing like that?"

He read on. At the bottom of the foregoing announcement there appeared a single line across the page: "*Turn to the last sheet of this issue. Read that next.*"

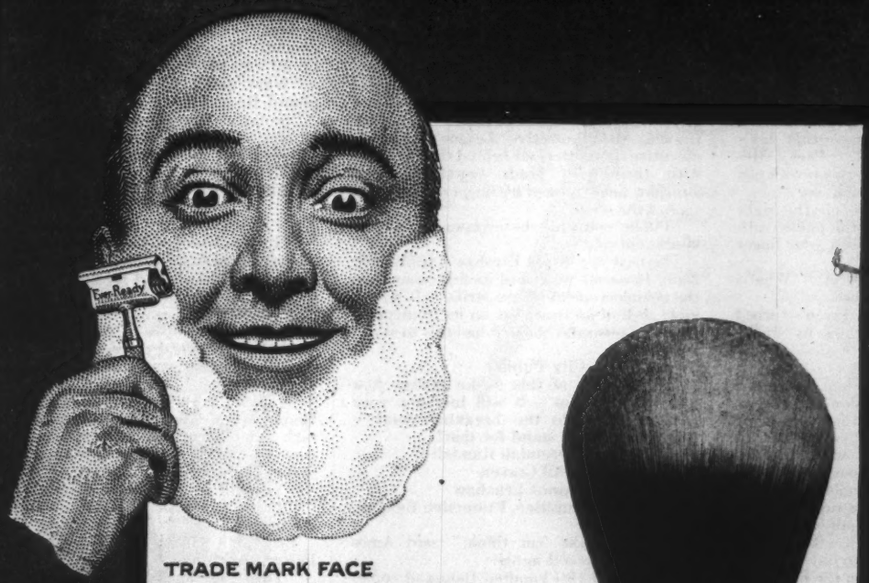
Craven turned to the last sheet. To a man able to read between the lines, the last page was illuminating, to say the least:

To the Public:

Business houses in River City have been practically crippled by the strike. Certain enterprises are wholly unaffected by it. There is a reason. Watch this list grow.

The River City True American—It pays sustaining salaries. The only River City paper on the streets. It will print daily an issue of one hundred thousand copies. It has absorbed, at sustaining salaries, the best newsgatherers, artists, special writers, and editors of all the River City papers. Read it — there is nothing else to read. Use

'Ever-Ready' Radio Blades



THE Ever-Ready Razor makes your morning shave half as long and twice as pleasant as any shave you ever had. Because the X3X Tempered Radio Blade takes and holds an edge that simply floats through the stubbornest stubble, it makes your face feel as good as it looks.

The Ever-Ready Frame is heavily nickelled, handily balanced, and scientifically designed to present the Radio Blade at its most efficient shaving angle. The outfit comes complete for **$1.00.** Extra Radio Blades sold everywhere.

If you want a shaving brush that's worthy of your Ever-Ready Razor, you need Ever-Ready, The Honest Brush. The photographs below show how some manufacturers conceal plugs in the bristle base of their products, and sell you wood when you pay for bristle.

The Ever-Ready is made of close-packed quality bristles, locked in a grip of hard rubber, and unconditionally guaranteed not to shed.

30c. to $6.50—Sold Everywhere

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Brooklyn, N. Y.

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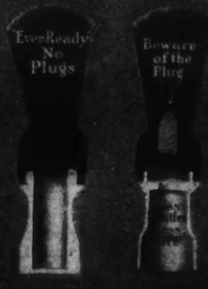


Ever-Ready
The Honest Brush

its columns for your advertising purposes — there is nowhere else to go.

The Green Store—it pays sustaining salaries. In quality, quantity, and values, its stock stands trebled. It contains now everything that a metropolitan department-store should have. You have been patronizing other stores in River City — you must patronize the Green Store now. Your favorite clerks are at this store — they will wait upon you and show you what we've got.

The Tri-State Trust Company — it pays sustaining salaries. The only bank in town not crippled by the strike. Its force quadrupled. No need to wait in line. Immediate attention — no mistakes. The best bank men in River City have taken jobs with us. Payrolls a specialty.

Ernshaw tapped Phil Craven on the shoulder.

"You want eleven hundred thousand dollars?" queried Ernshaw.

"I do," said Phil. "To-day's pay-day at our plant."

"All right," said Ernshaw, "You draw your check — I'll get you the money."

Craven started to draw his check — and stopped. "Hold on," he said, "what kind of shape do I get this money in?"

Ernshaw smiled. "Eleven hundred thousand dollars is eleven hundred thousand dollars, isn't it?" he said.

"It isn't if I can't use it," returned Craven. "I want it the way we always get it — pennies and nickels up to twenty-dollar bills. The way you hand it to us every week."

ERNSHAW pursed his lips. "We're a little short of help just now," he said. "How'll to-morrow morning do at half-past ten?"

"It'll have to do," said Craven. "Are you sure that I can get it then?"

"Positive," said Ernshaw. He held out his hand. "Just let me have your list — the figures, showing me just how you want this money."

"I haven't got the figures," returned Phil.

"*When* you get them," said Ernshaw, drawing a sigh of relief, "I'll attend to 'em at once."

Phil, panic-driven, leaped into his car and drove to the Tri-State Trust Company. Inside the bank he stood, appalled — here, humming like a beehive though it was, everything moved swiftly and in order. A bank clerk that he knew hurried to the fore and greeted him.

"You don't belong here," said Phil.

"I do now," returned the clerk. "Let's see — you'll want to see the president."

The clerk escorted him to Aleck Underwood's sanctum sanctorum.

"Just in the nick of time," smiled Aleck, as he shook hands with Craven. "We've got it all made up for you."

"Got what made up?"

"Eleven hundred thousand dollars' worth of pay cash," said Aleck. "Can you take it with you or will you have it sent?"

Craven stared at him. Then he sat down at the desk and drew out his check-book.

"How did you know I'd fetch up here?"

"You had to, didn't you?" smiled Aleck.

Craven glanced quizzically at Aleck Underwood. "What's your proposition, Underwood?" he said.

"Simple," said Aleck. "We want all the business that you've been giving Amos Ernshaw's bank."

"Done," said Craven. He tossed across the desk a check for the approximate amount of his balance in the River City National. "I'll send a man with a couple of guards over here for the money in the morning."

"Good," said Aleck, "and when you get it over to your plant, how are you going to pay it to your men?"

"Gol darn it," grunted Craven, "I never thought of that."

"Have you seen Packy McGovern in the last half hour?" asked Aleck.

"No."

"Then you don't know that I've got your pay crew on the floor above?"

"No." Craven's eyes were bulging.

"They're the only crew in creation that can pay off your men to-morrow," went on Aleck.

"Gol darn 'em!" said Craven.

"Do you want 'em?" queried Aleck.

"Do I want 'em — how can I get 'em?"

"You've got an office force of four hundred salaried employees," said Aleck.

"We had, up to to-day."

"You got that scale of salaries I sent you in last week?"

"Piffle," commented Craven.

"Good," returned Aleck. "Mr. Craven, you need your pay crew of fifty men. You got to have 'em. Eh?"

"Go on," said Craven.

"You can have 'em," went on Aleck, "provided you take back, permanently, your four hundred-odd salaried employees at the scale proposed by us."

Phil Craven rose. "I'll see you and the four hundred in the remotest corner of Hades, before I stand that gaff."

Next morning Aleck Underwood woke up to find himself and River City and Edgar Jennings and the Salaried Employees of America famous beyond reckoning. The strike had stirred up hornets' nests all up and down the coast. When Aleck reached the headquarters of the S. E. A., he found hundreds of congratulatory telegrams from Boston, New York and Philadelphia awaiting him. The bulk of these contained requests for copies of the constitution and by-laws of the S. E. A. — appeals for leave to form branches of the organization in the big cities. A dozen telegrams contained offers of substantial financial help.

"Hold on like grim death," said one perfervid wire. "You have fanned the smoldering spark to flame that will sweep across America. Hold tight. We'll send you fifteen thousand dollars within fifteen hours."

Aleck printed the telegrams in that day's issues of the *True American*. Packy McGovern oozed in late that afternoon with one of the paper's extras in his hand.

"Aleck," he said, "you're on the right track. As long as you keep the public with you, Aleck, you win. But keep your finger on the public pulse."

"I've got it there," smiled Aleck. "What's the news over on the meadows?"

Packy shook his head. "Craven's turned yellow," he said. "He's rung in strike-breakers from New York."

"He had to," said Aleck.

"Lot of good it's done him," grinned Packy. "Two men to a window, an' they're still payin'. Some of the $4.14 hands are being paid $8.40, and a $10 a day caulker that I met was wonderin' what to do with a handful of small change that they'd passed him out. None of the pay-clerks is under bonds — I heard that thirteen of 'em had vamoosed and that, somehow or other, a hundred thousand dollars had vamoosed as well. Take it by and large there's the dickens to pay."

There was, not only over on the meadows, but all over River City. It was not until the second day that business men began to realize what a general strike of salaried employees meant.

On the second day, business in River City was flat on its back, yelling for help. On the third day it was paralyzed. On the evening of that day Amos Ernshaw called a secret meeting of all the business heads in River City and organized a Protective League. This Protective League went to an election, and unanimously chose three representative men of River City as a committee to head the opposition to the strike. One of them was Jerry Randall, who enjoyed the wholesale fuel and food monopoly in River City. One of them was Phil Craven of Steel Products Company. And one was Amos Ernshaw.

THE day after they started in Edgar Jennings crept into Aleck Underwood's private office in the bank.

"I've got some inside dope," said Edgar Jennings. "They're bringing carloads of help into River City from New York."

"Well — of course," said Aleck. "What else did you expect?"

"What are you going to do about it?" gasped Jennings.

"Nothing," said Aleck. "At least — not for a week."

He did nothing for a week. Aleck Underwood merely sat back and waited, a grim smile upon his face. He waited for a week, then he broke out once more in print:

To the River City Employer of Salaried Labor:

By now you begin to realize that this is a different kind of strike.

In your desperate case you turned to the strike-breaker.

Why?

Because strike-breakers are supposed to break strikes.

They do break ordinary strikes.

This isn't that kind.

There is a big difference between the skilled man who works with his hands and the skilled man who works with his head.

A machinist can hang up his hat in any shop and start in at a minute's notice.

A ship's ways are the same all over the world.

But your ways are different.

You run an office, not a shop.

Your clerk must learn your system. He must know your ways. Your ways and your methods are not like anybody else's.

Your old clerk knows your ways and you know his.

Your new strike-breaker doesn't know your ways, he doesn't know you, he doesn't know your customers.

Pretty soon you won't have any customers for him to know.

We're not hogs — we're striking for a principle.

You're not in business for your health.

Do you want to steal a march on your competitors?

Do you want your old force back?

All you've got to do is to meet our scale.

The price of your success lies in sustaining salaries. Pay 'em and succeed.

The next day there was such a rush to cover among River City business houses — chiefly those with a small salary list — that Jerry Randall, Amos Ernshaw and Phil Craven, the Protective League's efficient executive committee, sat behind closed doors, with their hard heads together. Amos Ernshaw finally placed his finger on the weak spot of the strike.

"Public opinion," he exclaimed, "that'll knock 'em cold."

The next day Amos Ernshaw's paper, the *Daily Democrat*, published its first issue since the commencement of the strike. It was a mere shell of an issue, but on its front page, brief and terse and black, it had this to say:

To the River City Public:

The success of this strike means just one thing to you — it will increase your cost of living to the breaking point — Are you going to stand for that?

Jeremiah Randall
Phil Craven
Amos Ernshaw
Executive Committee, Protective League.

"That'll make 'em think," said Amos Ernshaw to his colleagues.

He ordered two hundred thousand copies printed, and distributed them free upon the streets. Edgar Jennings brought one of the damp sheets in to Aleck Underwood.

Aleck read it carefully, then he nodded. "Bring me," he said to Edgar Jennings, "File No. 53."

Jennings brought File No. 53. From it Aleck extracted a single typewritten sheet of paper and handed it to Jennings.

"Edgar," he said, "take that down to the office of the *True American*. Have 'em run off an extra of five hundred thousand copies. Have 'em distributed by motor-car to every store, office and home in River City free of charge."

They were forced on everybody free of charge. This is what they read.

To the Dear Public:

This is not a dear strike for you.

Raising wages means an increase in the cost of living.

Raising salaries does not.

Prove it to yourself.

A ton of coal in the mountainside is worth one cent.

Packed in your cellar, it is worth eight dollars.

The difference lies in hand labor and producers' profits.

Mr. Jeremiah Randall of the Protective League can tell you that the clerical work involved in a barrel of flour costs less than the label.

Mr. Phil Craven of Steel Products pays a million dollars a week to 25,000 hands — how much does his office force of 400 salaried employees figure in the cost of his output?

And as for Mr. Amos Ernshaw — If the True American can pay sustaining salaries and reduce its price from two cents down to one surely the Daily Democrat can do the same.

The Tri-State Trust Company has met the strikers' scale — yet it has increased its rate of interest on monthly balances.

The Green Store pays in salaries twice the sum that the Bon Marché has ever paid — yet the Green Store has cut the sales prices of its stock all along the line from five to twenty-five per cent.

Join with us in the support of every River City enterprise that cuts your cost of living and pays sustaining salaries to your relatives and friends.

Phil Craven stood the racket for about three weeks more. Then, on his own motion, he called a meeting of the executive committee of the Protective League.

"Gentlemen," he said to his two colleagues, "I recognize the fact that upon my shoulders rests a considerable portion of the burden of opposition to this strike. But I'm a salaried man. My salary depends upon my holding my job. Holding my job depends upon my ability to run my plant. And I can't run it unless my office force comes back. I cave."

"If you resign," said Randall, "then I must get out, too."

"Ernshaw," said Phil Craven, "the whole thing rests upon your shoulders now."

Ernshaw shook his head: "Yes," he said, "but I've got a family to support . . . and I've got businesses to run. If I keep on running them as I am at present, it's only a question of time before I run them into the ground. If you get out, gentlemen, by gosh, I'll get out, too."

"What about the Protective League?" gasped Randall.

"So far as I'm concerned, it's every man for himself," said Ernshaw.

"The devil take the hindmost," nodded Jerry Randall.

"Amen!" concluded Phil Craven.

ON a Sunday afternoon, three weeks after Edgar Jennings had been restored to citizenship and a sustaining salary — three weeks after the River City strike had come to a successful end, Aleck Underwood sat closeted with Phil Craven and Amos Ernshaw, in the latter's study in the Ernshaw house.

Aleck Underwood drew a letter from his pocket and passed it around the table.

"Gentlemen," said Aleck Underwood, "the New York Council of the Salaried Employees of America has paid me a very high compliment. It has requested me to come over to the Borough of Manhattan and inaugurate a strike."

"You will accept?" queried Ernshaw.

"That," said Aleck, "is what I wanted to discuss with you."

Ernshaw looked at Craven. Craven looked at Ernshaw. Both looked at Aleck.

"You — need help?" suggested Ernshaw.

"New York," said Aleck, "is a large field."

"What," queried Phil Craven, "do you propose?"

"The enterprise would require considerable backing," went on Aleck. "I thought you gentlemen might put up the cash."

"How about you?" asked Ernshaw.

"I would furnish the brains," said Aleck.

"Suppose it fails? We'd lose our money."

"And I," said Aleck, "would lose my energy — and time."

"Suppose we win?"

"We've got to win," said Aleck. "In that event, there will be a profit emanating to us from the private enterprises which we conduct on the — as you might say — on the side. Fifty per cent. of that profit is to come to me. You can divide the other fifty."

"Look here," said Amos Ernshaw, spluttering, "if you say much more, we'll go over to New York and run that strike ourselves."

Aleck smiled. "You are not invited. New York wants a man who knows how to run a strike of salaried employees." He looked at his watch. "Gentlemen," he said, "if you will pardon me — I have an engagement with a young woman of this household — a young woman, I am glad to say, who has come to have the same faith in my altruism — and disinterestedness — that the general public has got. You can talk the matter over in my absence. I bid you both good-day."

When he had gone Phil Craven stared at Ernshaw.

"Altruism," he echoed.

"Nothing but," grinned Ernshaw. "His *True American* has a paid circulation of a hundred thousand, and line for line runs more advertising matter than any New York newspaper. Tri-State Trust Company stock, which was a drug on the market at 250, has gone to 475 without a share for sale. The Green Store, ding it, does three times the business of the Bon Marché!"

"Where the devil," exclaimed Phil Craven, "did he get a hunch like this?"

"Phil," said Ernshaw, "you must remember that my future son-in-law had damnably good training. For seven long years he was Simon Whipple's confidential clerk."

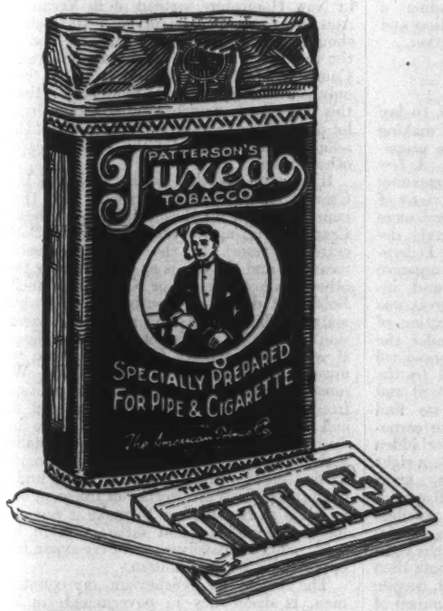
Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco For Pipe and Cigarette

Beats Them All! The New "TEA-FOIL" PACKAGE

It's soft and pliable—decreases in size as the tobacco is used—tobacco does not cake in the package—no digging it out with the finger. Keeps the tobacco in even better condition than tin. Now, don't you owe it to yourself to buy a package and give Tuxedo a trial?—Not quite as much tobacco as in the tin, *but*—

10c



RIZ LA CROIX.—the lightest, thinnest, finest, strongest cigarette papers in all the world. Roll a Tuxedo cigarette with RIZ LA CROIX.

Finest Burley Tobacco
Mellow-aged till perfect
Plus* a dash of *Chocolate

"Your Nose Knows"

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co
INCORPORATED

There is danger in tender gums

TO preserve healthy teeth the ordinary tooth-paste is futile. You must first care for the gums, on which tooth health depends.

How many people think of this? Yet four out of five people over forty suffer from gum-decay or Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease).

At first the gums become tender, though actual gum-shrinkage is imperceptible. But in time receding gums will surely loosen your teeth, and then only a dentist can save them. The tender, bleeding gums of Pyorrhea also act as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system — infecting joints or tonsils — or causing other ailments.

Forhan's (For the Gums) prevents Pyorrhea, if used in time and used consistently. This means that it prevents gum-shrinkage, gum tenderness, gum bleeding. So, automatically, Forhan's prevents tooth loosening.

Brush your teeth with it. It scientifically cleans the teeth — keeps them white and clean.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for treatment.

30c and 60c tubes
All Druggists

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200 6th Ave., N.Y.

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

A Rose-Petal Complexion

Smooth and velvety as the petals of a rose is the complexion aided by

Nadine Face Powder

This delicate beautifier imparts an indefinable charm — a charm which lingers in the memory.

The smooth texture of Nadine adheres until washed off. It prevents sunburn or the return of discolorations.

Its coolness is refreshing, and it cannot harm the tenderest skin.

Nadine Face Powder beautifies millions of complexions today. Why not yours?

Sold in Green Boxes Only. At leading toilet counters. If they haven't it, by mail 50c.

Flesh
Pink
Brunette
White

NATIONAL TOILET COMPANY,
Paris, Tenn.
Dept. McC.

Fight Bolshevism with Democracy — *Continued from page 34*

of migratory labor, the never-ending movement of armies of workers from job to job, state to state, in response to the imperious demands of our industrial system, inevitably appear elsewhere. The great wheat belt of the northwest wants the army of "Wobblies" only for a short season, and the fruit-lands of sunny California for another short season.

Instead of facing this problem in an earnest and scientific way, we have ignored it whenever we could and, when that was impossible, have turned to the policeman's club or, worse still, the mob-law of "Vigilantes." We have thus developed what is potentially, at any rate, the most dangerous class ever developed in any country, a working class composed of strong, intelligent, self-reliant men virtually excluded from citizenship because disfranchised. Our electoral laws with their residential qualifications disfranchise the migratory workers. They may be, as hundreds of thousands of them are, native born, but they are not in reality citizens since they can never exercise the right to vote. Is it any wonder that men thus deprived of political power have no faith in political action and seek some other method of improving their lot?

If our legislators were only ordinarily intelligent, guided by a realistic knowledge and appreciation of our industrial and social needs, instead of by party interests and outworn and meaningless shibboleths, we should long since have had a change in the law making it possible for every citizen to be a voter. The fact that a man is at work in a Washington lumber camp or on a Dakota ranch does not make him unfit to decide whether he prefers Mr. Wilson and his policies or, let us say, General Wood and his policies. Even if we hold to our present form of government without fundamental organic change, a simple law making it possible for every citizen to register his vote through any post-office, to be counted in the electoral division in which he chooses to be registered, would go far toward making the I. W. W., as an organization opposed to political action, impossible.

But why must we continue to base our representative system exclusively upon territorial units? Is there any reason for believing this to be the best of all possible systems? Must we go on forever demonstrating the truth of the cynical adage that "We learn nothing from history except the fact that we learn nothing from history"?

It is no accident, no freakish response to irresponsible agitators, that in nearly every modern nation there should be such a profound dissatisfaction with a system of government exclusively political, which in practise places the representation of all social groups and classes, and the great economic life of the nation almost entirely in the hands of lawyers. All over the civilized world there is a demand that government must include the representatives of the great economic groups whose functions are vital to the life of the nations. It might well be found that a Congress of representatives of labor and capital could act as an additional body to the politically elected Congress, preparing legislation to be submitted to the latter and becoming in fact an advisory body of experts.

Bolshevism or no Bolshevism, the workers of America, in common with workers elsewhere, will demand an effective share in the management of industry. Industrial Czarism is doomed. Democracy must be applied to industry. If we continue to leave industry outside the scope and influence of democratic control, denying to the workers direct representation in the management and control of their jobs, the result will be a bitter attempt to replace the dictatorship of capital by the dictatorship of the proletariat.

The great lesson for us is that all dictatorship is bad and subversive of democratic civilization. The "dictatorship of the proletariat" is bad, not because it is proposed that the dictatorship shall be by the proletariat. Any other kind of dictatorship would be as bad. It is surely significant that the demand for an effective share in industrial management does not come only from the I. W. W. and from radical labor organizations like the Machinists' Union, but from the most conservative unions in the country, the railway brotherhoods, demanding a partnership with the State in operation and management of the railways of the nation.

Some Foolish Laws

REACTIONARY Bourbonism is to-day a far more effective method of making converts to Bolshevism than all the propaganda done by Bolshevist agents. A few examples will serve to make my meaning quite clear: In the steel industry, tens of thousands of workers have long been mere helots, unorganized and comparatively defenseless. Recently, the American Federation of Labor has been trying to organize these workers. Every American, and, indeed, the whole world, knows how great was the loyalty of the American Federation of Labor during the War; how, under the leadership of Mr. Gompers, the organized workers of the country responded to the nation's call in its hour of direst peril and need. Notwithstanding all this we find American city after city in which the corporation-controlled authorities have forbidden the holding of organization meetings, a right enjoyed by the workers of every great country in the world. Only in the Russia of the Czars would this have been possible. When the Mayor of McKeesport, Pa., denies the American Federation of Labor the right to hold a public meeting, and for more than six months persists in that denial, despite respectful appeals from the local Council of Labor, the American Federation of Labor and Mr. Gompers himself, is it to be wondered that men should ask themselves whether this is a country of freedom, and whether our much vaunted democracy is other than a sham? Such arbitrary and oppressive use of political power as this — and it has a hundred parallels — cannot do other than produce Bolshevism. Don't we want our labor problems to be openly discussed, and our labor organizations to be openly and candidly conducted? Could anything be worse than to force discontent into secret, conspiratory channels?

Another form of Bolshevik-producing Bourbonism is the concerted attempt to maintain permanently, and increase the severity of, those restrictions placed upon freedom of utterance during the War, and patiently borne by a liberty-loving people who hated them because they seemed to be a necessary evil forced upon us by the military situation. The hysteria of our advocates of repressive legislation reached the high-water mark of stupidity when the solons responsible for the government of New Hampshire recently enacted a law which makes it a crime to "advocate, encourage or favor the overthrow of, or *change* in, the form of government of the United States," or of the Commonwealth of New Hampshire. According to that law I should be guilty of a crime if I had happened to write this article in New Hampshire instead of in Vermont. And every person who in New Hampshire should advocate, let us say, the abolition of the veto power of the United States Supreme Court, would be guilty of a crime. I can only conceive of one thing more stupid than this enactment, namely, the advocacy by a lot of vociferous self-styled "patriots" of the adoption of this law by the legislatures of other states.

It has been said that "every Bolshevik is a Czar at heart," and it is equally true that many of our anti-Bolsheviki are at heart Czars. Here, again, extremes meet. Both extremes resort to the same oppressive measures and the one is as dangerous as the other. Nikolai Lenine or Nikolai Romanoff. Bolshevist despot or Bourbon despot, what matters which wields the power of oppression? Hope for us lies not in these methods. If we want immunity from Bolshevism we must root out the causes producing it. We must enlarge, and not restrict, our political freedom and democracy; we must put an end to industrial despotism and place industrial democracy in its stead; we must make it possible for every man and woman to find labor worthy of being done, under conditions which are worthy of freemen, and which is so rewarded as to make it possible for the worker to find satisfaction in his work, glory in his leisure and ever-expanding opportunity for his children.

The remedy for Bolshevism, my countrymen, is democracy in government, in industry and culture.

Some Money and Its Fool — *Continued from page 12*

"Whiskey," was the order that came down the line at the insistence of the huge young miner who had made off with the voluptuous devotee with whom the girl had entered the room. "Whiskey, everybody!"

Blaney poured two glasses, handing one to his companion. She choked it down gamely, nor even suspected the two water "chasers" which Blaney concealed with his forearm. He espied among the dancers a weasel-faced dark vixen who was once as fair as this new face at his shoulder. Her career of surfeited joy had begun with wee, tentative drafts of the shrouded hours, with correspondingly small palliatives of water — and of remorse — to follow.

Blaney watched narrowly the effect of his tactics. He knew, with the vague knowledge of instinct, that the price of a half-dozen suppers or a week's room rent, at the hands of the older woman, was the inscrutable account against which the girl herself, for want of the thing which just then jingled in everybody's pockets, might be charged as a balancing item. Accordingly he transferred to his partner's hand a coin.

"Here," he advised, shortly; "slip this yellow-boy to Micky, the man behind the bottle. Whoop it up! Give 'em another one all round and keep the change." Whereupon without adieu, and as if at the urge of a sudden thought, Blaney turned and sped the length of the room. At this crisis, a cruel lump thrust itself up into her throat; a flush of anger, quickened by the hot liquor she had swallowed, overspread her face. Then, instantly, as Blaney had foreseen, a half-dozen hot and lusty joy-hunters were about the girl. Music for another dance was beginning.

Backed against the bar, still clutching the warm "yellow-boy" in her cold palm, the girl stood at bay long enough to manage a broadside of repartee befitting the occasion; then she darted through an opening in the line of besiegers and flung herself upon her erstwhile protector, whom the big miner had hailed as "Golddust." Golddust faced her about again with indulgent tolerance, and just here young Blaney appeared to claim his second dance. The elder woman's arm fell about his neck, as he passed, in a dexterous and instantaneous caress of greeting and patronage. She drew him close, in such manner as to partly conceal from the girl her action, and whispered in his ear. Blaney conceded her an answering smile, and none would have guessed that the blush of fury which her words brought to his face was not due to the mere flattery of her action.

If the incident disarmed him of the defense he had prepared against the unsteady temper of his partner, it likewise diverted the hot rebuke he had expected on the score of his untimely desertion a moment before. In silence they danced the turn through. Blaney looked afar — nursed the rage which lingered in his eyes.

As the music ceased, their last steps carried them through the side door and into the darkness again. With the gentleness of the night breeze itself, Blaney spoke. "I'll take you home, kid," he offered.

"Where's that?" she flung patly back.

"Wherever you like," returned Blaney, serenely, disdaining his chance to hinder her retreat. "Look here, Carrie; listen. It's after twelve o'clock. I've just got to catch the one-thirty trolley to Moon City. Come, go with me. I just have to pack some — some baggage over to the railroad depot, and we'll be ridin' the two-thirty back again."

"I couldn't leave Esther," objected the girl, his own gentleness finding reward in her softened tone. "You — you see, I'm her guest. I — I'm going home with her."

"Esther!" mocked Blaney, with a chuckle of unassumed delight; "that's her newest! Esther'll be here when we get back, never doubt it. She'll stick as long as there's the price of a round of drinks left in the crowd.

Golddust don't forget her little ten per cent. rake-off, take it from me."

At this, her slow troubled look again searched his gay, ingenuous face deliberately. It was without actual protest that she allowed him to lead the way. They skirted the main thoroughfare, then doubled back and directly entered the up-street rooming house chosen by Blaney and his comrades. He found her a seat and hurried on to the room shared by himself and Chatterbox Cory. He closed and strapped his suitcase. He rumpled his hair in a moment of hard thought, then took Cory's grip and dumped its contents on the bed.

Refilling it with a pillow for ballast, he whipped forth from his waist the money-belt of buckskin, and packed its leaden weight in beside the pillow. He found some paper and left a hurried note pinned to Cory's pillow:

OLD BUNKIE:

I'm taking your suitcase. I need it for a friend. Buy another. I'll be gone for a while, maybe longer. Get Doyle to keep my job for me. I'll sure be back. You'll see Golddust again to-morrow night. Keep your eye peeled to see if she's anxious about what I'm up to. If she is, you tell Micky, the barkeep, that I've gone back up to the mine to work Doyle for a raise. Give him a phony spiel like that. Then tell him not to tell anybody and see how quick he'll blab it to Golddust. She'll believe it that way where she wouldn't if she got it straight. That'll do Micky a lot of good, too, but the idea is to make Golddust stand hitched till I have time to get in the clear. BLANEY.

The Moon City trolley was on its way before their light sallies of repartee took form in conversation. Since leaving the dance hall the girl had wrought upon her appearance with a woman's magic. Her face had freshened, her eyes glowed more with her unmistakable youth. The man took in her charms surreptitiously and with the ardor inevitable to six months of exile.

"Where did you say you live, — Carrie?"

"I didn't say." She accorded him a smile, sweet, but without encouragement.

"Where did you live, before you lived here?"

"I *tried* to live on a ranch down in the cattle country where I was born. I worked in a bank until the cashier got to thinking I was a good object for matrimony. So I skipped. I was cashier at the Morning Star café over here at Moon City for a while; but the boss fired me for nearly the same reason that I didn't like the banker. And that was the week the strikers at the Goldstake walked out. Jobs were plenty after that — I don't think. I came over to Burntwood. Third assistant biscuit shooter at the Northern is a swell job. But I held it down for a while and it 'most paid expenses. . . ."

Her statements grew reticent and her glances showed resentment of her listener's intent interest. Then a little interrogative sparkle crept into her manner.

"Just the same, it's a heap of fun," she pursued, with a little independent twist of her lithe body. "Sunday night, I guess it was, that I met Esther first. I think she's — *nice*. Now isn't she?"

"Oh, sure," said Blaney, largely; "finest thing in town!"

"Is it because of her money?" reverted the girl, only half convinced of his sincerity. "How does she make so much money?"

"Inherits it, I guess," returned Blaney. "The medium highbrows had a blowout night before last," he probed, watching her narrowly; "you must have got in on it."

"Anyway, she said any one was foolish to be broke in Burntwood," the girl mused. "Oh, was I there? *Was* I? Esther took me. I'd started on a steady job that same morning with the Reynolds-Partling Company. Fun! Well, listen to me! But the real joke came next morning — yesterday — when Partling stopped my pay. So I quit. Said he saw me with Esther the night before! I asked him who was going to fire *him*. I've seen him with worse women than Esther, and I told him so. Steady job! Gee!" She stiffened in her seat. "But I don't care. Esther says we'll —"

And then, because she didn't care, and because it was all a good joke, the girl's lip trembled a little.

Whether or not Blaney perceived the distress signal, he threw out what served as a verbal life-line. He recounted a lurid episode involving an outcast Chinese cook who once had come under the jealous eye of a local vigilance committee, and at length, in the same artless tone, he launched a telling climax:

"Then in slides Esther and slips the Chink fifty dollars out of her shoe, so's he could make a good getaway before the boys tangled his pig-tail around the weather-vane on the church steeple."

"*Who* — did that?" queried the girl with breathless incredulity.

"Golddust did that," Blaney hastened, all heedless of her leaping interest. "A gamer rounder never did the gulch. Two-thirds of that bunch of skirts you saw back there are imported. The other third, in one way or another, have got Golddust to thank for their jobs. Treated 'em nice, bought 'em feeds, lent 'em money! . . . Gosh, I give it up. But she always just naturally raised Cain with the women and put a prop under it. But when it came to the men, there was hardly a miner in camp that wouldn't have sawed off his left arm for her — she was that soft-hearted. . . . I give it up."

The girl looked straight before her fixedly. Wild odors of spruce and rotting pine needles sucked through the open windows. How many linguists know when to be still? Blaney in grave silence contemplated the two traveling-cases at his feet. At length he gestured toward Moon City.

"Acquainted over here, Carrie?"

She shook her head. "Not any. I spend most of the time in Burntwood. Since you asked where I live, — that's fair — just now I'm stopping with a — a friend."

"Like it there — with your friend?"

"Fine."

"Daisy burg!" Blaney affirmed with an ardor that mocked her colorless word. "I 'most wish I hadn't decided to leave so soon; but I guess I better drag it. Doc says —"

"So — soon?" she puzzled.

"Yep. There's something the matter with me here." He touched his full-muscled chest. "Doc says if I take to the low country, and take to it quick, maybe I can live three months."

"Why — why! What are you talking about? You're the picture of hea—"

"Straight goods. . . . Bum heart," announced Blaney, disgustedly. "Got squeezed in a cribbing. Doc calls it a long name that begins with *a* and ends with *m*, with a lot of bad noise between. A little excitement or a little jolt, and off I go — like that." He snapped his fingers. "So I'm catching the two-twenty train at Moon City. And I'm going to take you with me, Carrie. I've got a little money tied around my waist, and while it lasts, and while *I* last, we'll live at the top."

SHE shrank back in her seat, abruptly.

"I — won't," colorlessly.

"Of course, if you won't," Blaney went on, scarcely as if she had spoken, "why, I'll call off this trip and take you back again — to Golddust. That's in the bargain."

"But you'd miss your train!" she returned, suddenly animated; "and, and —"

"I could go to-morrow night," reasoned Blaney. "One day might not — make any difference."

The trolley had stopped at the Moon City railway station. Even while speaking, Blaney gave her a tentative hand down from the steps. She looked anxiously into his eyes; her own had softened and filled with concern.

"No, it — might not," she murmured, without agreement.

With the girl at his side, both cases again in one hand, Blaney led on, with the gentlest deference, into the station. On its opposite side stood a long line of dim Pullmans with a locomotive in front, softly throbbing. There was still no protest from his companion and Blaney approached the ticket window.

"Two tickets," he ordered, and named a city whose distance away would quite absorb the carrying power of the two gold pieces he laid out.

A porter took their baggage. Couples may travel from Moon City without baggage and receive hardly a passing glance. Blaney wished to avoid even passing glances. His bunkie's suitcase made a fair enough appearance, and what it now contained needed not even a kind fairy to convert into all the mystery and fuss of milady's wardrobe. And more than that. Presently the train was on its way. An hour or more passed with small effort at conversation, so nearly had the two achieved a level of understanding.

Once the train sidetracked for a westbound limited. A great herd of sleek, white-faced cattle stood or lay sleepily in the sand almost at the track side. The girl, her face against the glass, gazed long and absorbedly out at the passive herd. The train had started and left them far behind before she

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THIS is to urge a free ten-day test of a tooth paste which combats the film. See the results and then decide if filmless teeth will pay.

That slimy film which you feel with your tongue is the cause of most tooth troubles. The tooth brush alone doesn't end it. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it.

It clings to the teeth, gets into crevices and stays. That is why teeth brushed twice daily still discolor and decay.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

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faced about. She caught her handkerchief quickly and brushed it across the window ledge. But Blaney had descried the big tears which had spattered down upon the sill. Yet he noted only the dust picked up by the already soiled linen and remarked simply:

"Awful dry, ain't it? This cow country needs rain. There's a black spot on your nose, Carrie. You must have brushed it against the glass."

She laughed and rubbed her nose.

Blaney excused himself at length. "I've a friend in the second car back," he explained. "I'll send the porter and you better get some sleep, Carrie." He stood up, stretched his arms. "Well, so long. Sleep as late as you can." She looked up gratefully and, withal, searchingly.

At the rear corridor he turned and looked back. His companion had risen slightly in her seat and was gazing after him. She settled back to her former position as he returned quickly down the aisle. He leaned close to her and whispered,

"What is it, Carrie?"

For answer she threw an impulsive arm about his neck and kissed him warmly on the cheek.

THIS time Blaney had spoken the truth. He found his friend, a mine blacksmith — clean-cut, wise, taciturn, in the smoking-compartment burning cigarettes.

"Where you traveling, in that soft-boiled shirt?" queried the blacksmith. "Quittin' the country?"

"Sure," said Blaney. "I'm going to a W. C. T. U. convention down to Des Moines, Iowa. Say," he confided a moment later, "you couldn't drive me away. I'll be trailin' along back about Monday, if I don't get lost." A period of silence fell, during which Blaney scowled at the roof. At length he sat up.

"Archie, what's the difference between an elephant and a peck of gum-drops?"

"Don't know," grinned the blacksmith.

"I don't either," returned Blaney. "I s'pose there is some, but — say, Archie! Here's another. Answer it, and I'll sing at your funeral. You're going down to Chicago, we'll say, or maybe Monte Carlo, or some place like that. Anyway you've got a couple of million dollars in your pocket, and you're knocking around the joy resorts trying to see how much hell you can buy with it." A twinkle of appreciation lighted the blacksmith's countenance. He was all attention as the young miner continued:

"Well, you meet up with a good-looking Jane. She's stepping with another guy, we'll say, and you know this other guy and you know he don't mean any good. There wouldn't be an ounce of pay ore in a hundred tons of him. You don't take any special fancy to this Jane, you understand; but you think somebody ought to tip her off that she's getting in bad. But it ain't any of your trouble, you say, and you try to fight shy of the deal. But it seems like she's thrown a rubber lasso over your neck, and the farther you run away from her, the faster you come back. You know that if you try to put the girl wise, she'll get peeved and tell you to run along, Percy, didn't you hear the curfew ring? And then she'll go in stronger than ever. Just to show you. So you figure out that you can get this high-roller backed off the dump easy enough, but you've got to cover his bet strictly according to rules and beat him at his own game. All right; by and by you catch the girl in a quiet place off to one side of the main gallery. You say, 'Tell you what, Isabel; my steam yacht is hitched out in the harbor. What's the matter with you and me takin' a little turn around the world together?' And she answers up right quick and says, 'Why, thanks just the same; but I couldn't think of it. I haven't got my chaperon unpacked yet.' And you say, 'Oh, shucks, you don't need any chapareras. Anyway, I got a captain that knows all about how to run a boat. Come on; get your hat.' She stalls for 'most five minutes, then she says, 'Very well, Mr. Archibald Horner, I guess you're all right. I'll just go this once.'"

Blaney paused, fearful that he might become serious and give himself away.

"So far, so good. You've got your little friend out of the other fellow's fire and into your frying-pan. What next? Second day out on your yacht, Archie gets sore at himself. Daylight comes, we'll say, and you find that you're stepping out with a real thoroughbred. What's more, she appears to think better of Archie, a darned sight, than Archie ever thought of himself. And you hate yourself for not falling in love with her, first off, according to Hoyle. But it's too late now. The pretty love-bubble is busted. Anyway, you couldn't feel easy, nor right, nor natural tyin' up with a girl that'd be so free about chasin' off that way with a guy — but hold up, Archie," Blaney broke off; "this is your riddle, and here I most answered it myself. Speak up."

"Answer it!" echoed the blacksmith. "Sure, it don't need answering. It answers itself. If she's the kind of a hairpin that goes trapesing off that way with me, why, then the next guy that comes along with maybe a new coat of paint on his steamboat, what have I got to say that she wouldn't go and do the very same thing with him? Ain't that the answer?"

Blaney leaned forward impulsively and clapped his open hand on the blacksmith's knee.

"You're right. That's the answer. But it's only half the answer. Suppose Isabel is out in the hammock that same night, sitting in the moonlight, and you come stalling along and say, 'Fine night, Isabel; tell you what, don't you think it'd be kind of nice if you and me was to get married?' Now wouldn't she rear right up and wouldn't she say, 'Not on your kodak, Archibald Horner! Gee, I guess you better stop the boat and let me off. Do I look like a girl that goes around marrying fellows that ask girls to go gallivanting around the world without any chapareras'! 'Course," added Blaney, "maybe she wouldn't *say* it just like that; but that's what she'd *think*."

The blacksmith laughed, and Blaney joined him in a sudden and unreasonable burst of hilarity.

"Why, sure," said the blacksmith, hailing the reverse side of the moral with avidity, "she'd have just exactly as much right to feel that way as I would."

For twenty miles the two men rocked drowsily with the motion of the car, then the conductor came in, lantern under his arm.

"Where do you stop the boat next?" questioned Blaney.

"No regular stop till the next division point; but we've orders to go in the hole ten minutes at Mercedes for a special freight."

"Will you let me off?"

The conductor looked him over. "There's nothing there but sand and three or four buildings. But there's no law against putting passengers off if they want. But remember, there's to be no come-back on the railroad company."

"I agree," assured Blaney, magnanimously. He went into the car proper, routed out the porter and sent him on a run for his grip. His distraught mind now worked like a silver bell. He had learned things. Still, the things he had learned belonged simply to his legacy of wisdom; no reason existed why his original program should not be carried out as planned. Therefore, with his grip across his knees for a desk, he wrote:

> Good-bye Carrie: You are on your way. Burntwood and Moon City are all right as they go. You don't fit in there. You're too pretty. Honest you are. I'm getting off at Mercedes and taking a different train. Keep on going till you find the right town. I've been a fool, I know. I generally am when I'm not asleep. It ain't right to quit you this way; but I'm thinking my little plan won't strike you very hearty after you've slept over it a day or two. So that's why, and it's better this way. Don't ever doubt that it's better this way, Carrie.
>
> A girl needs baggage when she travels, so I brought an extra suitcase along for you. It's locked and you'll have to break the latch to open it. You'll find a good many little things in it that'll come handy to you. I wish there were more of them, but maybe there's enough to remember a fellow by. I won't need the stuff — you remember what I told you. This is my last will and testament. So be it forevermore, amen.
>
> Yours truly,
> JUST A MAN.

The last two sentences brought a sheepish grin to his lips. But it had to be; they were the climax — or rather, the anti-climax — of the story he had told her. He buttonholed the porter and issued minute instructions to take the tightly folded paper back and wedge it securely in the latch of the other case, directing the porter in the other car to see, under pain of death, that the girl receive the grip at the next division point, or as much sooner as she should waken.

The speed of the train lessened. The porter returned, with a grin of triumph, and opened the vestibule. The train labored heavily into a siding. Blaney, after a glance at the uninviting prospect, lingered reluctantly on the steps chatting with his blacksmith. Ten, twenty minutes went by before the extra freight roared past. "All out, boss!" came up from the ground.

As Blaney took leave of his companion, the conductor accosted him, gravely submitted a long manila envelope and took occasion to repeat his injunction concerning the unused portion of Blaney's ticket.

"I got no use for it. Give it to Archie," expostulated Blaney. "Gee! I don't need it any more!"

"Take it! — we're twelve minutes late — take it! and don't be damning me for letting you off at this dump, when you could stay on till we get to Reliance ——"

The bang of the vestibule trap shut off further parley; already the wheels were turning. With the big, official-looking envelope in his hand, Blaney stood in the early day looking after the retreating train.

He turned miserably and considered his lot. The name of the station — Mercedes — held no poetic charm for him. Therefore, he was not disappointed. Besides the depot, there were a water tank, a cattle corral against the track, a livery stable, a blacksmith shop, a store and, up the street, an inoffensive structure labeled "Hotel" — nothing more. All were implanted in loose, ankle-deep sand, black with the showers of cinders which the big freight moguls spouted into air, but gradually blending into the desert yellow of encroaching dunes beyond. Against the foremost of these a single young cottonwood laid its tender green foliage, like a polished jewel in a heap of ashes.

A sleepy operator crossed the platform. Blaney hailed him.

"Say, Buddy, when does the next train go back west?"

"Five o'clock this afternoon."

Blaney whistled. "They run real often, don't they?"

"They *run* often enough. I thought you wanted to know about the ones that *stopped*."

"I s'pose *some* of 'em *have* to stop," returned the traveler, glancing at the town with a laconic grin. "Is there a place where a man can get a four-sided meal and about thirty dollars' worth of sleep?"

"Sure," the youth pointed; "there's the Waldorf. Breakfast'll be on in a couple of hours, and this town was made to sleep in."

BLANEY took up his grip and negotiated the sand. As he approached the hotel a smoking lamp on the counter inside suggested that other possible passengers might have beaten him to a choice of sleeping quarters. He entered. A cheap, yellow, paper-backed ledger, lying open upon the desk, served as a register. Suspended from one end of this by a leather shoestring, a two-inch carpenters' lead pencil bade the traveler sign and be welcome. Blaney inscribed his name, together with "Keystone," that of his camp. This done, he proceeded upstairs where an open door showed a room unoccupied. Of this he took possession and was soon pressing his face into cool pillows.

The abnormally lusty action of his pulse made recuperation rapid. Blaney woke at eleven with a crying hunger. He saw the conductor's long envelope on the dresser where he had tossed it mechanically a few hours before. Vague questions formed in his mind; he seized the envelope, tore back the flap — it was sealed — and shook out the contents. Part of his ticket was there, to be sure, but in addition one of the large ruled blanks of the sort used by trainmen in making reports. This was folded several times, and upon the reverse side, written in a modest, feminine hand, clear but unmistakably distraught, Blaney read:

> DEAR MINER MAN:
>
> All that story of yours about having to go to a lower altitude was — that's just what it was — a story. I know it now. You'll live a good while yet; but do you know where people who make up that kind of stories go when they die? I do.
>
> You'll be going back to Burntwood when you find I'm gone. I think I see through most of your scheming. You played your game well, and you have my consent to tell Golddust that you outplayed her. I am only doing you (and myself) the square thing when I admit that I was afraid. But honest, I didn't know it was *she* I was afraid of until you took me away and made me see. Then I knew that all your lies were whiter than her truth when she said I could help her make money in Burntwood.

I didn't know they made them like you, Mr. Miner. Well, I'm as good as you are — get that — and I've fixed it with the conductor to let me off at Mercedes. I'm sorry, I can't tell you how much, but you'll have to go on alone. Mercedes is a cow town, and from there I can go by wagon road back again into God's country and — *home*. Oh, man, I'll never forget. It's a long way — two days through the sandhills — to where I live, and you will never see me again.

I wonder if I know just why you gave me that gold piece. I know you didn't really expect me to spend it as you said. (I can write this way to you because we shall never meet again.) I don't know who you are, but I shall have to manage in some way to return the money to you. You may inquire for it at the M. & M. bank, Burntwood, as coming from

"CARRIE" (which isn't my name).

A postscript was added — a woman's afterthought: "The conductor has promised, *sure*, that he will give this to you at Reliance."

In a flash, Blaney comprehended the conductor's connivance and tacit duplicity. But the thought was incidental, merely, to the turmoil of his emotions. He had, as he had told himself, "got off the boat." He had done so automatically, first as a part of a preconceived plan, then latterly as one may renounce a temptation to tread upon his neighbor's flower-bed, but all without thought of credit to himself. Yet this same renunciation, on the part of the girl, as revealed in her letter, appealed to him now as a thing of marvelous and transcendent beauty. He went down the stairs slowly, setting his heels heavily on each step, as if thereby he might pound a sense of balance into his consciousness.

A small arched doorway led to a side room. A curtain moved therein as if, on the moment, it had fallen behind some one's departure. Sounds came from the kitchen, far in the rear. Heavy odors from the same region met his nostrils. He manœuvered about until the curtained doorway came properly in range. Before a window, at the far side of the adjoining room, a figure stood.

Blaney knew that it was she — his companion of the night — for the sunlight, falling upon her, made a blur of gold, a halo of glory that belonged only to the great and holy when headed for God's country. The room was the parlor and Blaney entered, boldly, but with the silence of the awe he felt. She stood a moment giving ear to his entrance before turning about, slowly, with a sort of detached weariness. She gave no sign of surprise as their glances met. The sunlight upon her bare head brought out the deep bronze of her hair, the human depth of her eyes, the warm pallor of her cheek.

"Why did you get off?" Blaney asked, with what might have been an effort at accusation.

"You didn't know? — you didn't get my note?" She spoke mechanically, wearily.

"Yes," answered Blaney; "I got it, but — but — did you get mine?"

"Yes."

Each looked past the other. Death, nothing less, might have been there in that silent room. But gradually came a sense of the warming gold light in which they stood, of night turned to daylight sun, of the questions they had asked and the answers given, — of letters written as if to departed souls. Blaney spoke suddenly.

"I'm going to take you home, Carrie, — the rest of the way."

"That isn't my name."

"Yes, it is," said Blaney, quickly. There was a queer thickness in his voice and he moved close to her, twisting his shoulders oddly as if to stretch pliant muscles that bound too tightly across his chest. "That's your first name, and always will be, and your last name is going to be Blaney, always — the same as mine."

There was terror in her face, but there was terror in his, also; then joy, then terror again — their faces mirrored them back and forth, as each in dumb awe caught glimpses of half of that mystery which is eternal, and of which the other half would stay forever hidden. Their arms came up instinctively, haltingly, blindly; and with all the grace of two cub bears, these two with filling hearts fell together in a dizzy embrace of kisses and tears.

"Carrie," whispered Blaney. "Carrie!"

The Eyes Have It — *Continued from page 17*

"Who was that?" asked Corinna reflectively. "He looks sort of familiar."

Aunt Sarah smiled. "He ought to," she observed. "I remember he lived on my doorstep the last time you were here."

"There were so many —" said Corinna, puckering her brows.

Aunt Sarah smiled again. "Well, that one's Woodford King," she informed.

"Oh — Woodie!" Corinna's tone dropped a trifle. She vaguely remembered Woodie, a college boy, who had bored her a good deal by being always underfoot.

"Woodford is quite a Lothario in the gay married set, I believe," commented Aunt Sarah.

Corinna smiled absently in reply; she was trying to "place" Woodie King more definitely; certainly there had been nothing of the dashing Lothario in the humble young adorer she dimly recollected.

When Aunt Sarah spoke again it seemed on another subject. "I'm glad you married a man like Andy," she said. "So sensible and dependable and stable — it's stability in marriage that makes a woman most happy."

A singularly unwise remark for so wise an onlooker of life as Aunt Sarah! For something in that phrasing — "stability in marriage" — jarred on Corinna.

Corinna met Woodie a night or so after her arrival at the Club-house dance. She had thought beforehand that any diversion Pleasantville might offer would be savorless, but in one of the new frocks she'd purchased with such little zest, she derived an unexpected pleasure from its becomingness. Woodie, on the Club-house porch, told her it looked like a pilfered bit of the shimmering moonlight. Corinna smiled a satisfied smile in the gloom; and she didn't give her dressmaker even half the credit for the compliment. She had danced several times with Woodie, not failing to notice the rather strained interest of other women present. She wasn't completely shelved yet, after all!

She drifted with Woodie out to the shadowy porch. She asked what he'd been doing all these years; and Woodie, with a fair record of achievement to his credit, was not at all loath to tell her. He had recently been elected District Attorney. Corinna looked and murmured praise; and then she asked:

"How has it happened you've never married?"

Now that, on the surface, sounds like a simple and unreprehensible question; and Corinna seemed to ask it frankly enough, but there was an odd little sense of something tentative, expectant, underneath her casual inquiry.

Nor did Woodie refuse that little mute, less-than-implied challenge.

"The girl I'd have wished to marry," he said, throwing away his cigarette and staring at her moodily, "married some one else."

That was an answer, if you please, to satisfy Corinna, and more; to warn her that enough is enough. But the worst feature about a vague, subconscious yearning for flitting Romance is that reason goes to sleep and doesn't tell you when to stop.

Corinna, believing that a mask of impersonality makes such talk all right, looked frankly into his face, and exclaimed:

"Oh, I'm so sorry! But surely you can find some one else — the world's so full of lovely girls ——"

Woodie shook his head gloomily. It's beside the point that, likely, until the day before he hadn't thought of Corinna for years. We all know what moonlight, night scents, the sound of far-off music, and a pair of shining eyes — not to mention that spice of adventure — can do. They can do things even to a recently elected District Attorney. So Woodie shook his head gloomily, and lied:

"No; I don't think I'll ever forget her."

"What was she like?" asked Corinna softly.

"She was very beautiful," he said, staring at her. "As beautiful as *you*."

Despite the daring of that last, it gave Corinna a certain odd sense of relief. Switching herself off as a separate personal entity in this way somehow lessened her too-absolute identification with his mourned lost one. So, relieved, she could say, in a matter-of-fact way:

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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, New York City

"*Me?* Why, there's nothing beautiful about *me!*"

For answer Woodie laughed.

And Corinna laughed too. "What makes you say *I'm* beautiful?" she demanded, as if amusedly amazed that such a preposterous claim could be made for her.

From time immemorial women have played that teasing line; and from time immemorial men have swallowed the bait just as the soft-eyed, protesting, astute casters have known they would. Quite seriously the young District Attorney sought to convince Corinna that she possessed certain incontestable attractions; and Corinna listened, wearing that soft-eyed, amused, unbelieving look which mutely cries: "Go on! — tell me more!"

Corinna, sitting there listening to her own praise, was feeling a peculiar kind of gratification that only women may know. It was not that she was especially happy — indeed, she wrote Andy, and truthfully, that she didn't really enjoy that Club-house dance because he was so far away. Yet she was basking in a kind of glowing satisfaction. This feeling had nothing to do with Woodie King, specifically; and nothing to do with the things he said, in particular. No; the individual, or the words he says, often do not matter. It is a contact, a spark, a vague, quickened something which proves to us that something we feared was lost is not yet gone.

At home that night, after writing Andy, she kissed his photograph and went to bed, reflecting she had promised to go for a ride in Woodie's runabout before breakfast.

Perhaps too much space has been given to this initial encounter with Woodie; for Woodie has no real part in the narrative at all save as an unwitting factor in the ensuing development. As far as the general scheme was concerned, it might as well have been any other man; Woodie just happened along, as triteness has it, "at the psychological moment." And as far as he was personally concerned, he didn't take the episode too seriously. But in those four weeks Corinna motored with Woodie, played golf with Woodie, danced with Woodie, and sat talking with Woodie in sequestered corners till Pleasantville began to nudge and Aunt Sarah to lecture.

IT was all just a leading-up to the day when Andy, fagged and "jumpy," but smiling and ardent-eyed, arrived in Pleasantville to carry off his Corinna. He arrived late in the afternoon, and Corinna had planned to meet his train with their own car, which was there awaiting the anticipated trip home. But she had stayed out on the lake longer than she thought; when she discovered the hour there wasn't time to get the car from the garage, and she was grateful that Woodie — who had been present on the lake, of course! — offered her the use of his runabout.

She hadn't dreamed she would be so glad to see Andy. At the first sight of him, hurrying toward her with an absurd smoky smudge on his cheek, looking hot and rumpled and tired but with an eager light in his eyes, a wave of ineffable tenderness swept over her, and shone effulgently in her eyes. And Andy, seeing that look, believed himself to be the happiest man in the world as he rode away.

Of course he didn't know it was Woodie King's runabout — he didn't even know there was a Woodie King infesting the earth — yet; and he had other things to talk about than the car they chanced to be riding in; and Corinna didn't think it the moment to start explanations as to why she hadn't brought down their own car.

She wasn't pleased, as they drew up in front of Aunt Sarah's, to see the runabout's owner in the midst of a gay group on the porch. It was a custom for the neighborhood "gang" to gather on one of the neighborhood porches for a social pre-dinner cocktail, but, just now, she wished they had had the sense to realize she might prefer having Andy to herself awhile. But she introduced Andy around, and tried not to view the intruders distastefully as they chattered inconsequences: "How lucky that Mr. Benson had got in in time for the Club dance that night" — "couldn't he be persuaded to stay over more than just two days?" — "everyone would miss Corinna — she'd been the life of everything."

And some one, of course, had to grin and add:

"It's a good thing you came to look after your wife, Mr. Benson."

"Yes?" said Andy, smiling good-naturedly.

"Woodie's a devil with the ladies," the prattler went on, "and that old boy-and-girl sweetheart thing, you know."

"Oh, yes," said Andy. "And which one's Woodie?"

He was still smiling good-naturedly, but Corinna observed him straighten in his chair and turn to regard the indicated Lothario.

Corinna had been reared to act like a lady, but, at that moment, she could have kicked the prattling idiot. Not to mention the supreme joy she would have derived from kicking the complacent Woodie himself.

"Who is this Woodie fellow, anyway?"

THE question was on the end of Andy's tongue throughout dinner. But he kept it from rolling off into speech. A curious, tight little stricture of reserve held him. It wasn't that he was at all jealous — either of the debonair Woodie or of that hinted "boy-and-girl sweetheart thing"; the glow he had caught in Corinna's eyes at the station told him he needn't be jealous of all the Woodies in Pleasantville, in the whole world. Nor was it pride, entirely; that is, not pride, consciously. For it is the nature of man, in such matters, not to admit his pride can be hurt, until there is no alternative but to admit it. So it was not exactly jealousy, nor exactly pride that kept Andy from voicing the question that singularly fascinated him. Queer. Perhaps he was waiting for Corinna to mention the topic; it would seem a natural thing for her to do. Why didn't she? Perhaps she was waiting until they should be alone together.

Meanwhile Aunt Sarah was commenting on Andy's tired appearance. And then Corinna began to commiserate him deliciously. The poor dear worked too hard — the motor trip home was just the thing for him — she was looking forward to it, too — it would be wonderful.

"*Tell me something about this Woodie fellow!*" It still burned on his tongue; but aloud, following her trend, he asked:

"Is the car in good shape?"

"Oh, yes, in splendid shape," Corinna assured him. She had had it thoroughly looked over at the garage — they could start out in it this minute, if necessary.

It was at this juncture that Aunt Sarah was guilty of an unwonted tactless question — or was she so naïve as she seemed?

"I thought you were going to take it down to meet Andy," she remarked. "How did you happen to go in Woodford's runabout?"

Woodie's name at last! But Andy couldn't have claimed he was pleased at the connection with which it came — it was in that fellow's car Corinna had driven to meet him! He had ridden in the fellow's car! But he tried to make his tone easy as he seconded Aunt Sarah's question:

"Yes, why didn't you bring our own car, Corinna?"

To his surprise a flush spread slowly over her face as, crumbling a bit of cake in her fingers, she replied:

"I found I didn't have time to go to the garage. You see, we were out on the lake, and I didn't realize it was so late until —"

"I see," said Andy.

He didn't intend his voice to be so caustic; he flattered himself that he was maintaining admirable self-control. But something in his tone made Corinna look up at him wistfully, pleadingly.

"Please *do* see, Andy. It wasn't that I wasn't *anxious* to meet you. When I discovered I was late, the lake and — and everything seemed all at once hateful. My only thought was to get to the station in time."

"But you didn't have to get there in *that* car. You could have taken a taxi."

"Taxis don't grow as thick in Pleasantville as in New York, Andy," she explained, still mollifying and wistful.

"Well, anyway, you didn't have to subject me to riding in that fellow's car!"

Corinna stared at him, amazed at the sudden mystifying explosion.

"But why do you object so to riding in Woodie's car?"

Why, indeed? Andy, just then, couldn't have explained coherently even to himself. But he did object; violently. And he objected to the soft, placating, determinedly reasonable way in which she went on:

"There's nothing for us to quarrel over. Woodie is just an old friend who ——"

"So I infer!" he cut in acidly.

At that, Corinna's softness began, almost imperceptibly, to stiffen.

"Well, let's not air our quarrels in public, at any rate," she said, with assumed sweetness, rising from the table. "If you'll excuse me, I'll run up-stairs to dress."

Alone with Aunt Sarah, Andy felt no better because he felt constrained to mumble awkward, shamed, inadequate apologies. That wise, comprehending spinster looked a little worried when, shortly after Andy had betaken his cigar out to the porch, the telephone rang and the maid, answering, called up to Corinna that a gentleman wished to speak to her. Aunt Sarah hoped it wasn't Woodie calling up about some unimportance.

But it was just that.

When Corinna went to answer at the up-stairs connection, she was already in a state of offended dignity, wounded tenderness, dull resentment. On the very threshold of their reunion, he could act like that — irritable, suspicious. To think he'd stoop to jealousy of a Woodie King! At the moment she hated the local fascinator, the smugly up-and-coming District Attorney with a deep, cold, contemptuous hatred.

Such was her feeling toward Woodie when, going to the up-stairs extension and taking the receiver from the hook, she heard Woodie's voice over the wire.

"That you, Corinna?"

Her impulse was to snap back some retort which would in a measure relieve her emotions. But before she could speak, she was arrested by a noise in the mechanism of the telephone — the minutest of sounds, just the delicate ghost of a click. She caught her breath and listened. Silence. But she knew what that furtive click had meant — knew it just as well as though she'd seen Andy's stealthy hand on the receiver down-stairs. So he was eavesdropping! — he had descended to that! He, her husband, had stooped to spy on her, his wife! He should not be disappointed, then! Let him hear something worth his despicable espionage!

She made her voice warm and vibrant.

"Yes, Woodie; I was hoping you'd call up."

Woodie gave a little satisfied laugh. "What — with your husband home?"

Corinna laughed back, a low, amused ripple; and she said, deliberately:

"Oh, a husband's not such a novelty after one's been married a few years. What did you want, Woodie?"

"Oh, I thought I'd make sure of some dances to-night. Of course I can't hope for the first one — now."

"Why not?" asked Corinna sweetly.

"Why, I supposed your husband ——"

"Fiddlesticks!" she cut in. "You'll have the first dance, as you've always had it."

Then, not daring to trust Woodie longer, or herself, either, she hastily said "*au revoir.*" Considering that she had wanted to give Andy something worth listening to, she should have felt happier as she continued her toilet. But she didn't.

She could hear Andy dressing in the adjoining room. She was glad his bags had been placed in there; despite her tingling indignation, her high bravado, she preferred not to face him alone just at present. She completed her toilette with hurrying, nervous fingers, and hastened down-stairs.

Her uneasy thoughts skimmed a gamut of unpleasant surmises, but never did they reckon on his doing what he did do. She was pensively perusing a rising moon, but her dreamy pose was somewhat jarred by hearing an object slammed down hard on the porch-floor. She turned her head, and beheld her husband, in a dinner-coat as if ready for the dance; but she saw, even in that dim light, that his emotional excitement far exceeded her own: he was pale, his eyes were burning, his jaw set, and his hands twitching. And why the suitcase? — that untimely adjunct struck her as somehow ominous.

"Why, Andy," she said, trying to make her tone light, "what on earth are you going to do with that suitcase?"

"I'm going to put it in the car."

"The car?" sincerely amazed.

"Yes, the car," he replied grimly. "I've telephoned for it."

"Why, where are you going?" forgetting to consider what would be the most advantageous tone to use.

"To New York," he replied tersely.

FOR a minute they gave each other stare for stare; then she tried to laugh.

"Don't be absurd!" she said.

"We've hardly time to discuss absurdities just now," he returned. "I'll be starting in about five minutes. If you care to go along, you'd better be hustling some wraps."

Again she tried to laugh, but, looking at him there, white, stern-lipped, square-jawed in the moonlight, a frightened tremor ran over her. "This is war!" she thought. But, not being one who accepted defeat easily, she swiftly altered her demeanor; innocent, bewildered, amused astonishment gave way to open anger.

"You're going too far — I won't stand this, you know."

"Won't stand what?" he inquired, unintimidated.

"Your trying to make me look a fool — before my own relatives and friends."

"It isn't I who have made you look a fool," he returned. "I've had to stand a few things myself — damned unpleasant things. But I'm at the end of it right now. I'm going back to New York to-night, and if you're wise you'll come along. That's straight."

"You're a bully!" she exploded, with rising passion which couldn't cover up her own secret fear. "You're simply a bully! What right have you to insult me like this?"

"Don't talk like a child. No one's more concerned about your dignity than I am — that's the trouble. I'm fool enough to feel it when I see you insulting yourself."

Corinna stood aghast; never had she dreamed that Andy, so kind, so gentle, so loving, could turn on her like this. She felt lost, at sea, not mistress of herself.

Just then a familiar chug-chug was heard round the corner and a familiar-outlined dark bulk glided up to the curb; their car — the car in whose possession they had delighted together, the car which had been the faithful participant of so much pleasure together, the car which had figured in anticipations of that wonderful trip home!

"Here's the car," said Andy coldly. "I'll give you five minutes to make up your mind."

As he picked up his suitcase and stalked down the steps, he was thinking — not too jubilantly:

"She's beaten; she knows she's got to back down."

BUT Corinna did not admit herself beaten yet. Miserable, heartsick, fearful but defiant, she turned back to her chair. Never, never, never would she give in!

It was then that Aunt Sarah, emerging from the shadows where she had kept unobtrusive and forgotten, approached the stiffened figure.

"Don't do anything you'll regret, Corinna. It may seem hard — unfair and humiliating, but I think you'd better do as he says."

"Never! — never!"

"Don't go if you don't want to, dear. But I think it's now or never."

Corinna couldn't resist a quick, startled upward glance.

"I mean," Aunt Sarah went on earnestly, "that if you don't go now, you won't go until you *ask* to go. And you'll find that even harder than this."

Corinna still stared up with that startled expression, mute, trembling, terrified.

"You see," continued Aunt Sarah, "for all he seems so easy-going and compliant, Andy would be like rock once he set his mind. "He'll be starting in a minute. He *will* start — make no mistake about that. Those eyes of yours have got about everything you've ever wanted, but they won't help you now. Andy hasn't that jaw for nothing."

"But — my trunks —" temporized Corinna, sobbingly, angrily, fearfully.

"I'll express them. Run for a wrap."

Corinna ran.

At any normal time and as a disinterested onlooker, Corinna could have laughed at the absurd spectacle they must have presented starting out on that long overland trip to New York: the man at the wheel in his dinner-coat, the woman rigidly beside him in a pink taffeta frock under her coat and on her head a silly little cap-thing such as women, that summer, wore over their evening coiffures. But Corinna, as you can imagine, was in no mood for laughter. Then, to her mental sufferings physical discomfort gradually added itself; she grew chilly. But she'd have died right there in the car rather than tell Andy she was cold; rather than address one word to him till he spoke first. But Andy gave no indication of speaking. Mute, stern, immovable, he humped there over the steering-wheel, his eyes fixed on the road ahead.

They had not exchanged one word when, in the bright sunlight of a glorious morning, they climbed from their cramped positions and — still in pink taffeta and dinner-coat — entered a Buffalo hotel.

At the desk Andy asked for two rooms.

"You'd better order yourself some breakfast," he said in the elevator. Those were the first words that had been spoken.

Corinna hadn't the faintest notion she ever could eat again, but she'd have choked to death rather than not have an item for her breakfast on Andy's bill — a good staggering item, too! She was glad the laden tray was on view when there came a knock at the door and Andy appeared. He was carrying a tailored dress.

"I put this in my suitcase," he informed

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her briefly. "You'd better buy yourself a hat somewhere while I'm seeing to the car."

She didn't reply.

"Have you any money?" he asked.

It happened she didn't have a cent — of course he *knew* she wouldn't have! — but she was resolved not to speak.

He tossed a yellow-backed bill on the bureau. She longed to toss it back at him, but the picture of herself riding in daylight in that ridiculous little lace cap restrained her.

"Please try to be ready within an hour," he said, and left the room.

All that day they rode without speech. Her emotions to Corinna seemed to be burning her up. Ceaselessly her mind ran round the circle of his initial fault, his injustice, his callousness, his cruelty. That he could subject her to such torture —

Her caged thoughts and emotions ran round and round their circle, growing more and more frantic as do all caged things in such case, until a kind of exhaustion followed.

Meanwhile, Andy, attending mechanically to the business of driving, was doing some feeling and thinking of his own. He would never be able to understand completely that mad, shamed but resistless urge which had driven him to pick up the down-stairs receiver. Somewhat better he understood the sudden rage, when he overheard her planning to carry on her flirtation before the very eyes of her husband — even making light of him to that smirking nincompoop! — which had lifted him up into almost an alien personality. He hardly recognized himself in the stonily furious being who had ascended Aunt Sarah's stairs and gone about donning the polite evening garb of ultra-civilized males. It was, in fact, while he was putting on his dress waistcoat that, all in a flash, it came to him what to do: the resolution, born full-grown in a second, as Minerva sprang full-armed from the brow of Jupiter, to carry her away, willy-nilly, from this accursed spot at once.

Even after he had proved his dominion — the proper though harsh domination of the superior and outraged male — his cold wrath did not abate. It rode with him in the driver's seat throughout that interminable night. It re-entered the car with him after the stop for breakfast — and the hat. He ruminated sourly, grimly. He had vanquished her, as should be. The very costume she now wore, that blue serge, was a token; the appropriate headgear, bought with his money she must perforce accept, was another. Her mere presence was proof superlative. Yes; she might be indignant; sullen, even on the verge of tears — but she was there.

It was somewhere in the middle of the forenoon that his harsh reflections of the conqueror began subtly to change color. It would be hard to say precisely what brought about this gradual softening. Perhaps it was that very serge dress and that very hat, emblems of bondage, which, viewed in another light, evoked a sort of compassion. There can be pathos in reading a broken spirit into visible, material adjuncts.

Of course he mustn't unbend too quickly; there were a lot of things that needed explaining — she *had* been in the wrong, and she must justify herself to him of her own accord. And he must maintain his prestige. But there was such a thing as driving a woman too hard; he didn't want ever to get in the way of playing the brute to Corinna. And she, for all her provocativeness and baffling perversities, was just a delicate, feminine, loving little thing.

At noon, when they stopped in a village hostelry for lunch — a very bad lunch — Andy went to a booth to telephone ahead for accommodations for the coming night. But his order included certain "extras" which did not have to do with bare essentials.

That is how it happened, when Corinna, still rigid and silent, entered her room that evening, her nose and eyes were assailed by a fragrant, colorful bombardment; a whole battalion of American Beauties was formed there for a massed attack. Corinna paused stock-still for a minute, and then marched to a window, flung it up, and hurled the enemy into a crimson-streaking rout.

Andy, hesitantly, hopefully, opened the door at that moment. It seemed she must have thrown out some vital part of him also, such was his sudden sick void of disappointment; but he tried to look at his watch in an off-hand manner.

"I thought we might have dinner served in our room," he went on. "It would be simpler."

It was then that Corinna spoke, for the first time in nearly twenty-four hours.

"I prefer to eat alone," she said.

She turned to move slowly, gracefully, indifferently, toward her bathroom. Andy watched her until, just before she disappeared, he made himself say:

"Just a minute, Corinna."

She turned. "What is it?"

He looked down into her eyse, those deep, innocent-looking eyes so deceiving in their softness. They could play the devil, those eyes! They had played the devil with him. Had they played the devil with Woodie?

"Did that fellow make love to you?" he suddenly burst out, to his own surprise.

She didn't trouble to answer.

"Well? You know he did — why not admit it?"

Still only that limpid, almost expressionless stare.

"You know he did!" he reiterated. "He's that kind — one of those pups who go round making love to pretty women!"

Corinna was, indeed, a pretty woman. Never had she seemed so lovely to him as at that minute, standing looking back at him, provocatively soft but indifferent, scarcely three feet away but separated from him by thousands of miles. And, when a dreamy, reminiscent little smile touched her lips, stole into her eyes, it made her all the lovelier; but it made him want to shake her.

"Oh, you needn't smile! — you needn't think I'm complimenting you!" he jeered. And then, compelled against his will, he demanded again:

"What were you doing all those weeks — dancing with him every night and sitting round in dark nooks, I suppose?"

And then, explosively: "Did he kiss you?"

She only smiled.

"You shall answer me, by God! Did he kiss you?"

Then, at last, she spoke unemotionally:

"If you'd been willing to stay on at Pleasantville a little longer, you might have found out for yourself. You could have listened at the keyhole, or had a detectaphone installed."

"My God!" he thought, "I'd like to take her by those shoulders and shake her!"

That is what he thought; but all he did was to swing on his heel, and bang the door behind him.

IN another room, forgetting that such a function as dinner existed, Andy sat with his head in his hands and viewed his situation. One minute he told himself that her conduct was contemptible, and that he wouldn't forgive her until she came crawling on knees of explanation and repentance. The next minute he wondered whether he had driven her to a false stand by his high-handedness. He knew only too well Corinna's high spirit, and her baffling, subtle cruel capabilities in certain dangerous moods. And he knew, too — that is, in his sane moments — that Corinna, despite her unfair feminine caprices, was at heart sweet and loyal.

He felt sure that fundamentally she loved him; that affair, or whatever it was with the Woodie whippersnapper was just some bit of foolishness brought about by idleness, propinquity and such. She certainly owed him a fair explanation; but he'd probably driven her too hard — Corinna couldn't stand that kind of treatment.

Then, whether after minutes or hours he did not know, he rose; naming himself an idiot he moved toward the door.

He didn't know what he was going to say to her — she could be very "difficult" on occasion. And he startled himself when, diffidently, eagerly, he knocked, and opened her door, with what he did say.

"Corinna, darling," he blurted out, "I've been a fool!"

Now Corinna had been spending those minutes — or hours — in a manner no happier than his own. After he had banged the door behind him, she had promptly flung herself on the bed to weep.

At first her sobs were a convulsive outburst of all her pent-up humiliation, self-pity and frantic revolt. But, as her violent emotion exhausted itself, a more quiescent but bitter melancholy took its place. To such depths had their love, once seeming so beautiful and enduring, finally descended. They had had a "scene." He who had once represented for her all that is gentle and solicitous and adoring had shouted at her. He had deliberately, wantonly, cruelly browbeaten her. Perhaps, in time, he would beat her literally. For there had been times, even in these last twenty-four hours, when she'd seen a gleam in his eye. . . .

But, even while she shuddered, in retrospect and dreadful anticipation, a curious, wavering, compelling admiration for his overriding masculine brutality rose up in her. No; Andy would never accept any tomfoolery with complacence. However she reflected

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NAME.....

AGE..... OCCUPATION.....

STREET.....

CITY..... STATE.....

WRITE PLAINLY

with tearful satisfaction that she had given him back blow for blow. She revisioned him slamming out of the room; he wouldn't come bullying back in a hurry.

Then, a hideous supposition flashed across her mind: suppose he *didn't* come back? What was it Aunt Sarah had said about square-jawed men when aroused? What if he were aroused to the point where he'd never make another overture? For those roses had been an overture, and hastily, unthinkingly, she had rebuffed it. Had she been too impulsive, tried him out too far? Already he might be on his way to New York or somewhere. It wasn't like Andy to leave her stranded in a hotel, but his whole recent performance had been utterly unlike the kind, patient Andy she had always known. What might he not be doing now? She had played up against that square jaw too far. What *was* it Aunt Sarah had said? — something about her eyes usually getting her what she wanted, but that they wouldn't help now.

Outside, the light of the long summer evening was failing; the windows became blurred dim squares. There came a tapping on the door and, grateful for the gloom, Corinna hastily dried her eyes; despite a surge of her heart she thought it must be a maid and didn't reply, hoping the servant would go away.

But there was the sound of a handle turning — Corinna shut her eyes — of the door softly opening.

And then, a voice, of nervous gruffness: "Corinna, darling, I've been a fool!"

Her heart, then, gave such a plunge and flight as she didn't know was possible; but she controlled her voice — equably, sweetly, amusedly, tenderly, she murmured:

"You have been, dear — an atrocious, fiendish, darling fool. Come closer so I can forgive you."

And when, obeying, he started to mutter: "Then you *didn't* —" she interrupted him.

"Of course I didn't — didn't *anything*. But let's not talk about that now. We can explain later. Anyway, in this funny, blind, mixed-up world of humans, things are often hard to explain — even to oneself."

Which observation Andy, with Corinna in his arms and peace thereby mysteriously in his soul, did not then attempt to refute. Anyhow it was a perfectly true observation; Corinna had her moments of wisdom. Yet she might have been heard, scarcely a minute later, voicing a preposterous statement.

She had, as Andy bent to kiss her, suddenly burst into tears — an entirely different, not very unhappy kind of weeping. With contrition ineffable he sought to soothe her, inwardly berating himself for his monstrosity toward this fragile, sensitive little feminine thing who had entrusted herself to his keeping. He held her close till the reactionary spasm had passed, and then he murmured:

"We'll never let anything like this happen again, will we, darling?"

It was then that she voiced her preposterous remark:

"No, we'll never misunderstand each other again." She said it as though convinced her statement held the last shred of truth — not to mention probability.

Presently Andy bethought himself of the belated dinner, and moved cheerfully to the telephone.

Corinna watched him with a serene smile which covered a certain gently triumphant trend of thought. He had come back to her. It was he who had made the definite overture for reconciliation — despite what Aunt Sarah had said. To be sure, he had bullied her somewhat, but then he did have an amount of justification; she didn't think she'd care for a man who could act tamely under such circumstances. It all only proved he loved her; and she loved him, too. He ought to know, the goose, that all other men didn't count a fig's worth to her. They didn't; she never wanted to take part in a cheap little flirtation again — sufficient to know she *could* attract men if she wanted to. But she didn't want to. All that nonsense was past. She wanted only her Andy — her kind, clumsy, uncomprehending, adoring and adored Andy. And she didn't mind his being square-jawed in the least; that quality was admirable, and she could manage it all right — despite what Aunt Sarah has said.

Days in a German Prison Hospital

[Continued from page 25]

When they had at last satisfied our curiosity on a hundred and one different points, our two interpreter friends left us, promising to be back later with postcards.

It was about eleven o'clock when I was aroused by voices and a scuffling of feet. Two French soldiers were just setting down a stretcher as I looked around to see what it was all about. Then they went to the end cot to help the Tommy there. Their whole thought was of gentleness and tenderness as they lifted the wounded man from his bed. He, poor fellow, had been sorely hurt. His left arm was gone and his head was swathed in bandages.

They carried him away to the operating-room and immediately a second empty stretcher was brought in by two more Frenchmen. So for the next hour the stretcher-bearers came and went until at last they told me it was my turn. Out we went through the door of the little chapel into the main chapel where we had entered last night. We passed through to a hallway and a small door that led out into a courtyard.

I looked eagerly about me. I was being carried along a brick walk which skirted the building. The latter was a plain two-story structure built in the form of an "E," of which the chapel was the center projection.

We were skirting a huge red cross now, as we followed the walk around the top inner corner of our letter "E." It was planted in reddish gravel, bordered by a narrow line of whitewashed stones. The rest was bare earth, save for a small circular bed of bright flowers, with its neatly clipped border of green, and encircling it a gravel pathway that continued on again to an arched gateway in a short bit of stone wall running between the main wall and the chapel and separating the two courtyards.

Along the wall on the other side were a few bushes that also helped to freshen the scene with a touch of green. They extended as far as a rough shed, where long tin troughs, buckets, and other washing paraphernalia were in evidence.

On the benches that lined the walls numbers of convalescents were lazily basking in the sunshine. They wore clothes of all descriptions. Some wore the French blue, others the British Tommy's khaki. Then there were most astounding creations of blue and white striped bed ticking that were supplied to those whose uniforms were beyond repair. These closely resembled pajama suits with the coats lengthened to the knees. One huge black fellow who stood out above all his companions both in size and color was wearing one of them, while upon his close-cropped kinky head was jauntily perched the blue cap of the French. On his mammoth feet he wore a pair of wooden sabots that suggested rowboats. His only injury had been to his left thumb. This was tied up mufflike in yards of bandage. He held it pointed upward against his breast, as though he feared it might topple off if he did otherwise. The expression on his jet-black face was that of a child who wonders what it is all about.

They carried me around the corner and in through a large door in the center of the top projection of the "E." In the hallway were about half-a-dozen stretchers lined up on the floor, their occupants awaiting their turn to be dressed. Here they set me down, too.

I was soon admitted to the chamber of horrors and lifted to one of the three operating tables. The other two tables were already occupied, the two doctors attending to the men on them.

Several patients with minor wounds were seated on benches around the sides of the room. They were being attended to by two German nurses and several orderlies who did the simpler dressings.

"Good morning," said the doctor friend with a cordial smile, turning to ard me. "Where are you hurt?"

"Good morning, doctor," I replied. "A machine-gun got me here, and something hit me in the back. I don't know how bad it is."

By now he had the bandage off and was examining the two little holes about an inch and a half apart just above my left knee and on the inside of my leg. He was a bit puzzled as he looked over the outside and found nothing there.

"Where did the things come out?" he asked finally.

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He smiled and nodded, but apparently it was nothing extraordinary to him. He saw many such lucky ones every day. Yes, and unlucky ones, too.

"Now, let's see the others," he said, unwinding the bandage on my right leg. There he found only a few nicks made by splinters from an explosive bullet. They were not deep but the flesh about them was inflamed. The wound in my back he examined next.

"Nothing serious," he announced in response to my questions. "You should be quite all right in a fortnight."

I was greatly relieved at these assurances. I felt quite cheerful as I watched him paint me with iodine and apply fresh bandages.

Back they carried me, through the hall where the stretchers were lined up, into the chapel and so across to the little chapel again and back to my cot in the corner.

It was Pearson's turn next. He looked just a trifle uneasy, so I tried to reassure him while the men were lifting him carefully upon the stretcher. He was gone about half an hour and came back white and drawn. It had been necessary to use packing in his wound. He had suffered agonies with it.

The minutes dragged until twelve o'clock when the passing of the soup marked the passing of the first morning in the Mons hospital. And as it was that first morning, so, too, in the days to follow, our telling of time was in terms of soup and coffee. Thus the day was divided into three periods, the first, from morning-coffee to first-soup, the second, from first-soup to afternoon-coffee, and the third, from afternoon-coffee to evening-soup. By such a system at 10 A.M. it was "two hours to soup," at 2 P.M. it was "one hour to coffee," while at 4.30 P.M. it was "an hour and a half to soup-time." In like manner, with the acceptance of a new time-telling system came the adoption of a more natural calendar. Time was no longer reckoned A.D., but rather D.C., — in the Days of Captivity. One might expect to hear, usually from Robbie in the corner, just as he completed his sumptuous breakfast of black bread and barley water:

(A TREMENDOUS sigh.) "Twenty-first day of captivity." (More sighs.) "Well, boys, what'll we do to-day?"

The soup to-day was the bean soup that we later came to look forward to as the best they fed us. At this meal I made another effort with the brown bread. First, I tried to soak some in soup, but instead of making the bread more palatable only succeeded in spoiling the flavor of the soup.

Two noteworthy events occurred during the afternoon, between the hours of afternoon-coffee and evening-soup. The first was when the British doctors came in and bade us all good-bye. They had just received orders notifying them that they were to be exchanged. They had completed the six months of captivity that members of the medical corps are held for, so were now to be sent back to England in exchange for German medical officers. They were, of course, overjoyed at the prospect of a speedy return to Blighty. We were glad for their sakes that they were going, but it was nevertheless discouraging to know that we were to be left to the tender mercies of the German doctor, just returned from his leave of absence.

Before they went they took our names and addresses, promising that if allowed to keep them they would write to our homes from England, telling what they knew about us.

The second event of the afternoon was the inspection parade of the Hun doctor. And it was all of that. He led it, of course, strutting through the wards, a figure of haughty arrogance.

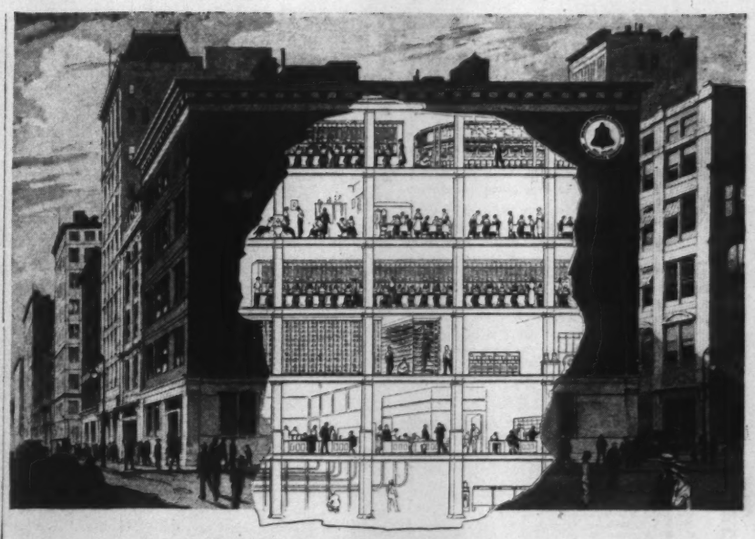
After him trailed his retinue, strung out in single file. First came the two nurses, then Palmer, the chief interpreter, followed closely by Lucie. After him walked the French interpreter, a dapper little individual with dark, curled-up mustache, while bringing up the rear, in his short, close-fitting jacket of billiard-table green, was the Russian interpreter.

So the procession filed past, occasionally stopping at the foot of a cot, while the doctor, pointing a long, skinny finger almost accusingly at the patient, would demand in his most impressive tone:

"*Was ist hier?*"

Whereupon the interpreter concerned would step to the fore and explain the case of the unfortunate individual thus singled out.

The fourth day of my stay in Mons I de-



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decided to get dressed and go out into the courtyard for a bit of sunshine. My wounds had been doing splendidly. I was sitting on a bench outside when Palmer came along. He stopped to talk with me. Before he left he suggested that I move up-stairs, seeing that I was able to get about by myself, to the end room which overlooked the court. He told me that there were nine beds in the room, only two of which were at present occupied. Two Scotch officers, Robbison, and Drew, were up there. They would be glad of further company. So I gathered together my flying-suit and heavy boots, said good-bye to Pearson, with instructions for him to hurry and get well enough to join us, and hobbled off to find my new quarters.

I was heartily received by the two Scotchmen.

"Welcome, America!" they hailed me. "Help yourself to a bed."

I chose a bed that had a spring, wrapped the boots in the suit and made the bundle as inconspicuous as possible in the corner underneath.

For several days Robbie, Drew and I lived there together and became well acquainted. Of course we immediately each ascertained the ailments of the other two. Of the three of us Robbie was the least damaged. The lobe of one ear had been zipped off by a playful machine gun bullet. Aside from that he was unhurt. Drew had some nasty shrapnel wounds in the back of the neck.

Gradually our room filled up. Pearson was the next to arrive. However, he was not yet sufficiently improved to get about by himself. After him came another Scotchman, Inglis, a lieutenant in the Royal Naval Division. His wound was similar to Pearson's—a machine gun bullet through the thigh.

Then Captain Hore, Tank Corps, who, like the rest, had been down in the little chapel, was the next to drop in on us. He had been shot through the hip. The actual bullet wound was nothing; it had already healed; but some nerve had been severed which had paralyzed his foot.

Lieutenant Harrup, also of the British Tank Corps, was until nearly the end of my stay the latest arrival. Of him it might have been said to be literally true that he had been "pumped full of lead." Bandages covered almost the entire body. The poor chap was obliged to lie in the most cramped positions. Yet I have never seen more splendid courage and patience than he displayed. Even when they operated a few days later and removed his eye, there was never a whimper from him.

WE all became fast friends as we lived there in that little ward. We talked a lot to one another. Hore, who came from South America, would tell us most interesting tales of Argentine. Robbie, Drew and Inglis would talk of Edinburgh and Glasgow, and Drew told of many a walking-trip through the Highland country. I would listen until I could contain myself no longer. Then I would tell them of those far-off isles of the Pacific that are dearer to me than any other spot on earth.

The three weeks I spent in the Hun hospital dragged like as many months. Yet as I look back on them, there were many bright moments that helped, temporarily, at least, to dispel the gloom. Times when we banished all thought and mention of the things relating to captivity, and in the privacy of our own room, whooped it up in a really jolly evening. These, to be sure, came well along toward the end of my stay, when we were all on the road to recovery, and were well enough acquainted to feel no restraint in playing the fool before a critical, though on the whole sympathetic, audience.

Many a lagging evening hour was speeded on its way when we turned the gas down low and sang softly together, to the accompaniment of an old battered guitar, which I unearthed one day in the interpreter's room. Sometimes the songs we sang were dreamy and wistful, but more often they were the liveliest "rags" we could think of, all "jazzed" up to the best of my ability on the guitar, the tempo plainly marked for all by a never-weary hobnailed sole.

Then would Inglis, the Scotchman, get going. It was no use trying to stop him. He couldn't even hold himself down. Nor did the wound in his thigh, which started in at one side to be the size of a machine gun bullet and ended up an inch in diameter at the other, suppress him. Out into the center of the room he would hop, on his good leg and stick, and clog for us. Then next morning, surrounded by yards of bandage as he rebound his wound, you would hear him muttering in complete disgust,

"Hm! Been bleeding again!"

The evenings usually passed quickly enough. But the days seemed hopelessly long. Harris, our orderly, would wake us at seven every morning with his mop, as he went about his work of cleaning up the room. At this time, too, he brought the morning coffee and the bread supply. He would give us each a drink of hot barley water and a slice of bread, spread with Red Cross honey, molasses or watery jam, to our order. Afterward I used to try to sleep again.

From eight until about ten I would lie there and think, and talk; then, unable to lie still any longer, I would get up to wash and dress.

After that there would still be an hour or more until soup-time, during which some of our number would be summoned to the operating-room. When I was not called I often filled in the time reading or playing solitaire. Occasionally two of us attempted a game of chess.

Drew, from his bed by the window, would always announce the soup in advance. He was just over the kitchen where the huge kettles stood simmering all morning, so that many a stray whiff floated up to him.

"Vegetables, to-day!" he would announce.

A loud chorus of groans would fill the room. It was the one soup we all detested. It was made from dried carrots and turnips, cut in strips, and had a disagreeable, sweetish taste. The barley soup contained the most meat, if meat it could be called. It looked so disgusting that we always had Harris stir up the bucket first with his ladle, fishing out all the filthy slime he could find before he filled our bowls.

My second Thursday, just a week after my arrival, was the first big day for me. It seemed like Christmas. Some one awakened me with the remark that it was Red Cross Day. All day long we talked about it and looked forward to the distribution of the presents. It was not until after evening soup that they came. Palmer and Lucie entered together, carrying two large wicker baskets, and while we all looked on with expressions of childlike expectancy, they distributed the gifts. First, each one of us had dealt out to him a dozen biscuits, that looked like puppy cakes. Then came two packages apiece of "Job," Belgian cigarettes, and a corncob pipe, followed by a jar of honey and a tin of molasses. In addition to these provisions there was a small paper bag full of cocoa and one of coffee to be the common property of all.

Lucie's basket contained the clothing and toilet articles. I drew a beautiful pink and white striped shirt and a pair of gray knitted socks. Then came a tooth-brush, box of pink tooth powder, safety razor, absolutely harmless by reason of its lack of cutting properties, and a most useful set of tableware. This consisted of knife, fork and spoon that had folding handles so that they might be shut up to half their size when out of action. The complete outfit could thus be compactly stowed away in the pocket between meals.

I also fell heir to a scratching towel with a glassy finish that would not absorb water, a piece of soap, highly scented, that would not melt, a metal comb, that would insist on uprooting several precious hairs every time it was used, a hair brush, and a tiny round mirror, about two inches in diameter.

Until bedtime we compared notes and made alarming inroads into the biscuit, honey and tobacco supplies. Then Harris, our orderly, borrowed a mess pail which he hung on the end of an iron rod with a hook at the top, and standing on the chair boiled up some of the cocoa for us over the gas jet. There was no sugar for it, but just to sip the hot, slightly bitter liquid between mouthfuls of biscuit and honey was quite a treat. After that we had it regularly every night.

The next day Lucie brought me a pair of the slippers with pressed paper soles. He himself was wearing a pair which had been re-enforced by driving thumb tacks into the soles at close intervals. He claimed to get considerable yardage from them, strengthened in this manner, and promised to take mine to the shoemaker up-stairs to have the same treatment given them. Next day he returned with the finished product, so I had a fair pair of shoes to wear about the garden for the remainder of my visit. Nevertheless I continued to pester Palmer about leather shoes every time I saw him. He said that he had made the request, but that it would take some time to get them if they came at all, because they had to come from Brussels.

One day Drew and I were out walking about the court when Palmer hurried up to us. Breathlessly he told us that a German intelligence officer was there to see us and warned us not to say too much. Palmer then

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hurried back the way he had come, to return a few minutes later with a Hun officer.

The Hun cordially offered us his hand and greeted us in perfect English. Then he offered us cigarettes, gold tipped. By way of engaging us in conversation he asked me where I was from. When I told him, he named people whom I knew. He said he had met them, once, on a visit to New York. He told me frankly that he was on the intelligence staff, but claimed that his particular work was keeping tab on the distribution of our divisions along the line.

In that first visit he did not ask us to talk much, but when he left he promised to return in a day or so, with some copies of the London *Times*. He also promised us some saccharine for our coffee and cocoa. On the whole his attitude showed a too pronounced effort to be friendly. He thought, evidently, that he was establishing the foundation for later heart-to-heart talks that would tell him all he wished to learn from us.

I saw him only once after that. True to his word, he came back with four or five recent copies of the *Times* which we all eagerly devoured from start to finish. We found that a good many clippings had been cut from them. We were greatly encouraged by the maps showing our recent advances. From them we could see that the Allied drive was progressing favorably.

As soon as my wounds would permit, I journeyed one morning, Red Cross shirt and towel over my arm and soap in my hand, down to the cellar, where they told me a bathroom was located. I found quite a large, low-ceilinged room with cement floor, dark and damp. Along one wall were several showers, while across the room were two zinc-lined tubs. No one was there, so I chose one of the tubs, drew a steaming hot bath, and climbed in. It was glorious. I lay there a long time enjoying myself.

WHILE I was still in the tub there entered the big black fellow I had noticed the first time I had been carried to the operating-room. He was followed by one of the German orderlies who boasted the grand title of Bademeister and had charge of the bathroom. The two were having a heated argument about something and probably neither understood the other. At any rate the negro knew what he was there for. He was determined to have his bath, orderly or no orderly. He carried out his intentions, too, and was dancing about under the shower, which he had spent much time in regulating to just the right temperature for his ebony hide when the Hun, true to form, suddenly hit upon a scheme of frightfulness. The negro did not notice him as he stepped over to the corner of the room, where two valves controlled the water supply. In about three seconds there arose loud squeals of pain from the black man, as volumes of steam poured forth from the showerhead with the rain of boiling hot water. He leapt out from under as though he had been shot, hurling long streams of African oaths at his tormenter, with a rapidity that suggested bursts of fire from a machine gun. The Hun stood in the corner with a grin of satisfaction spread over his countenance, as he gloated over the negro in his discomfiture.

The night after this visit of mine to the bath was one of torment. I was kept awake most of the night with a persistent itching. Next morning upon investigating the cause of my misery, I found that I was covered with huge red welts. I was greatly alarmed for fear that I had contracted some disease, for I could not find any marks in the center of the bumps to indicate the presence of insects. However, when my wounds were dressed that morning, and I called the Hun doctor's attention to the spots, he eased my mind — but not the itch — by telling me they were nothing but flea-bites.

For some time it was a puzzle to me to know why I was the only occupant of our room to be so molested. I found the answer on my next visit to the bathroom a few days later. I had finished my bath and was reaching for the beautiful pink and white Red Cross shirt I have told about, when before my eyes there suddenly appeared from nowhere in particular a tiny, shiny black speck, that even before an eager thumb could reach him, bounded upward, and vanished.

The bathroom was the origin of those little black devils of torment.

One day I was lying on my cot reading, when all at once I caught a faint humming sound that was decidedly familiar. As I listened it grew more and more distinct, until I was certain that a plane was in the sky and was coming nearer. Robbie, who was on his bed by the [*Continued on page 68*]

Wives of Doctors
Don't Have Corns

Doctors All Know Blue-jay

It is made by a surgical dressing house whose products doctors use.

Doctors' wives use Blue-jay when a corn appears. And they end it at once and forever.

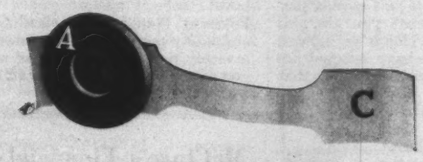
Millions of others now use the same method. In a moment they apply a Blue-jay plaster. The wrapping makes it snug and comfortable, and they forget the co n.

In 48 hours they remove the Blue-jay and the corn is ended. Only a few of the toughest corns need a second application.

The pain is stopped instantly. The corn is ended—and completely—in two days.

Blue-jay has done that for millions of corns. Your corns are not different. It will do it for your corns.

If you have corns and don't prove this you do yourself an injustice.



How Blue-jay Acts

A is a thin, soft, protecting ring which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B & B wax centered on the corn to gently undermine it.

C is rubber adhesive. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

Corns Are Out-of-Date

In the old days corns were common. Nearly everybody had them.

People pared them, padded them, coddled them and kept them.

Nowadays, most people never suffer corns. Yet tight, dainty shoes are more common than ever.

Consider that fact. The reason lies in this scientific Blue-jay.

One user told another, until millions now employ it.

Quit Old Methods

Paring is unsafe and temporary. Padding is unsightly. Old, harsh, mussy treatments have been discredited. These are scientific days.

Try Blue-jay on one corn. Learn that the pain does end. Learn that the corn does disappear.

Learn that these results come in an easy, gentle way.

When you do, your corn troubles are over —all of them, forever.

Try it tonight.

B&B Blue-jay
The Scientific Corn Ender

Stops Pain Instantly—Ends Corns Completely
25 Cents—At Druggists

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago, New York, Toronto
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

[987]

25,000 Investors Have Never Lost a Dollar

THESE are the investors who have purchased first mortgage bonds, safeguarded under the *Straus Plan.* Every bondholder has always been paid in cash on the day due, principal as well as interest, without loss or delay.

The number of these investors is growing by thousands each year, as more and more bond-buyers learn of the merits of the *Straus Plan,* and our clients tell their friends what satisfactory investments these bonds are.

Every investor should post himself on the merits of the *Straus Plan* and its rigorous, just safeguards, to which are directly due the record of this House and of these bonds.

Write today for our booklet, "Safety and 6%," and for our current Investment Guide, describing a well diversified variety of sound and attractive first mortgage bonds, to net 6%, in $1,000 and $500 amounts. Ask for

Circular No. I-904

S.W. STRAUS & CO.

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Investments of Special Merit

It is naturally confusing for the average investor to select among the great number of listed and unlisted stocks and bonds the securities that are the most appropriate to buy and hold. We have chosen for special consideration several investments which we regard as having the qualities of security, and offer as liberal a return as can be obtained conservatively.

For information send for Circular No. MC-50

A. B. Leach & Co., Inc.
Investment Securities
62 Cedar Street, New York
105 S. La Salle Street, Chicago
Boston Philadelphia Baltimore
Buffalo Minneapolis Cleveland

Investing Without Capital

Why Not Try the Partial Payment Plan?

by **Paul Tomlinson**

ONE hundred dollars down, the balance in monthly instalments of fifty dollars, and you become the owner of a bond which upon maturity will pay you one thousand dollars. Fifty dollars down and twenty-five dollars a month buys a five hundred dollar bond. A hundred dollar bond requires an initial payment of ten dollars followed by five dollars a month.

On stock, terms are as follows:

From $150 to $200 a share first payment is $50 a share.
From $100 to $150 a share first payment is $30 a share.
From $50 to $100 a share first payment is $20 a share.
From $30 to $50 a share first payment is $15 a share.
Below $30 a share first payment is $10 a share.

Monthly payments on stocks are $5 a share when bought at prices between $30 and $200, and $3 a share when purchased at under $30 a share.

This is the Partial Payment Plan for buying securities.

Many people are familiar with it in a general way. Everybody should be familiar with it in detail. It is a way to buy securities which enables the man of moderate means to own stocks and bonds he might never aspire to otherwise. It permits the man who has more than moderate means to buy securities in greater quantity than he could do in any other way. The plan is adapted to everyone's circumstances. All you need to start is ten dollars; to complete your payments five dollars a month is required. If you have more to start with and can save more a month you can buy securities in proportionately large amounts.

Many people will say they would rather save the money and pay for their securities outright. Suppose, however, a certain bond is selling at a most attractive price and promises to sell higher. If you are obliged to wait until you have the full amount of cash the price may have gone up. In other words, you "miss your market." Buy on the Partial Payment Plan and you get the benefit of the price the day your order is given.

You make a deposit and the broker loans you the balance. Of course you have to pay interest, but remember that you are also receiving interest; all dividends or interest paid on the security you have selected are credited to your account and reduce by that amount the total of your loan. In almost every case the income received will be greater than the amount of your interest charges. As a matter of fact, the excess will often be more than you would get from an equal amount of money in a savings bank account. For instance, if you buy a 4% $100 bond at 85, the interest received amounts to $4 a year; you pay interest at 6%, but the amount on which you pay becomes smaller every month. It may average $45, and 6% interest on $45 for a year is less than three dollars.

The day you place your order the security is purchased for you. When you make your final payment the bond is mailed to you, or if you have bought stocks, the certificate is registered in your name and sent to you. If you wish to buy additional securities you can deposit this bond or stock certificate with the broker instead of cash. But just as it is impossible to borrow to the full market value of securities, so the broker will only credit you with as much of the market value of the securities deposited as is left after deducting what would be required as an initial payment if the deposited securities were being bought. If you deposit a hundred dollar 3¾% Victory Loan Note, for example, its market value is approximately par. In order to buy the Victory Loan Note you would have been required to deposit $10; the balance is $90, equivalent to a cash deposit allowing you to purchase nine other hundred dollar bonds.

YOU have heard it said about insurance that one of its greatest benefits is the incentive it gives for saving, and it is true. The same argument applies to the Partial Payment Plan. You must pay premiums on your insurance policy or the policy will lapse. If you allow an instalment on your partial payment investment to lapse it is usual for the broker to transfer your account to a special department where it is kept for you as long as a safe equity remains. If a deposit is needed to maintain this equity you are notified and in case of failure to forward the required amount your holdings are sold.

On the other hand, you can pay the balance due on the securities at any time and get possession of them. You can pay a larger amount than your monthly instalment if you care to, and thus shorten the time required to pay up the full amount, reduce the balance due, and reduce the amount of interest charged against you. The Partial Payment Plan is most elastic; all that is absolutely required is a minimum initial and monthly payment. You can sell any time you want. This does not mean that you can operate a margin account under the name of the Partial Payment Plan, but when it is advisable or necessary to sell you are allowed the fullest freedom.

A concrete instance of how the Partial Payment Plan works out is quoted from a weekly paper issued in the interests of those who buy securities by this method:

"On the Partial Payment Plan ownership of American Tel. & Tel. stock may be acquired in the course of fifteen months by making an initial payment of $30 a share and subsequent monthly payments of $5 a share. Worked out on the basis of ten shares the transaction would be as follows:

	Cost
10 Am. Tel & Tel. at 106	$1,060.00
Service charge	5.00
Interest (see explanation below) at 6%	32.63
	$1,097.63

	Credits
Initial payment	$300.00
13 monthly payments	650.00
Final payment	47.63
Dividends paid and accrued	100.00
	$1,097.63

"During the fifteen months' period in which the stock is being paid for, the average deposit is $625, and the average amount on which the purchaser must pay interest $435.

"Dividends received and accrued amount to $100. Deduct from this fifteen months' interest at 6% on $435 ($32.63) and we have a net income of $67.37 which represents the return on the purchaser's average deposit of $625 for fifteen months (10.62%).

"On a twelve months' basis this is equivalent to 8.48% which compares with the yield of 7.55% the purchaser would get if he bought the stock outright for cash.

"The difference in the favor of the buyer on the Partial Payment Plan represents his profits on funds advanced by the broker."

It is not necessary to buy as much as ten shares. Five, or one, may suit your pocketbook better, and the broker will pay just as much attention to you whether your order is large or small. One reason for this is that a man who is thrifty enough to buy single shares of stock, or fifty or one hundred dollar bonds, will in all probability have larger amounts to invest later on, and given good service will deal with the same broker. As a matter of fact, one house dealing in Partial Payments makes the statement that "some of our earliest one share customers are now buying in 10, 25, 50 and 100 share lots."

The details of the practical

The McClure Financial Booklet

This Financial Booklet is intended for McClure readers who wish general information about financial, insurance and investment subjects. Many readers have written that it is invaluable to them. Requests for this booklet during the past year have assumed such proportions that the Financial Department is obliged to charge a nominal sum of fifteen cents a copy to partially cover the cost of printing and mailing. This book will enable you to avoid many of the pitfalls that a new investor is apt to encounter.

McClure's Financial Booklet

Eighth Edition

Partial List of Contents

How the Financial Swindler Works
How to Avoid Worthless Stocks
Safe Investments for Little Sums
Safe Investments for Larger Sums
How to Choose a Broker
How to Send Money to a Broker
List of Sound Bonds
Six Per Cent. and Safety
Bonds, Stocks, and Mortgages
List of Sound Stocks
A Safe Plan for Buying Stocks on Margin
Investments Readily Convertible into Cash
How Big Investors Place Their Funds
How to Analyze a Bond
How to Care for Securities and Prevent Their Loss and Destruction
How to Figure the Real Return on Your Money
First Principles of Life Insurance
Investment Opportunities of the War
The Partial-Payment Plan

Booklet will be sent for fifteen cents in stamps. See announcement above. Address all communications to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, 25 W. 44th St., New York.

Special Service of Inquiry Department

The Financial and Insurance Department is prepared to give general advice on the subject of investments and insurance; also information on standard investment securities. This service is absolutely free to McClure readers. The Financial and Insurance Department cannot undertake to give any stock market prophecies, nor to suggest speculative opportunities. Address all letters and orders for booklet to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, 25 West 44th Street, New York City.

Ease in Old Age

ARE you making adequate provision for the years when your productive power may be less? No better way of accomplishing this is possible than by investment in well-chosen bonds.

By means of 50 correspondent offices in the leading financial centers of the United States, The National City Company has readily accessible sources of information which should prove valuable to an investor in the selection of a bond.

Any of these 50 offices will be glad to place our national bond service at the disposal of investors. More than 10,000 miles of private wires unite our correspondent offices.

The monthly list of bonds and short term notes offered by this company together with their income yield, will gladly be sent upon request. Send for M. C. 106.

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National City Bank Building

NEW YORK

Bonds *Short Term Notes* *Acceptances*

Monthly Dividends and Monthly Earning Statements

The monthly dividends paid to Preferred Stockholders of Cities Service Company provide a convenient and regular income safeguarded by earnings.

Five Times Over Preferred Stock Dividend Requirements

The statements of earnings mailed to stockholders monthly enable investors to keep in constant touch with the financial progress of the Company.

Send for
Preferred Stock Circular MA-3

Henry L. Doherty & Company
Bond Department
60 Wall Street, New York

When answering any financial advertisements, it is to your advantage to mention McClure's Financial Department.

working out of the Partial Payment Plan vary according to the firm handling it. In general it is always the same, but the best plan is to select your broker and then write to him for information as to how he treats such an account. He will answer you promptly and in all probability suggest several securities which he recommends particularly at the time.

The Partial Payment Plan is a wonderful thing for any one interested in saving and bettering himself financially. You can get an income while you are making your payments. There is the lure of a game in contracting such a debt, reducing it month by month, and finally discharging it in full. Then you own securities, the tangible evidence of wealth, and the source of a fixed income. And there are nine chances out of ten that you will begin right away to do it all over again; assisted this time by the income received from your former purchases. "Money makes money" is one of the truest of sayings.

Consider safety first of all; a safe broker, and a safe security. The element of risk is reduced to a minimum if you choose a broker trustworthy, strong financially, and experienced. If the broker fails you become a general creditor and take your chances with the others. But the risk is really very slight, certainly no greater than in a hundred other kinds of businesses; and the exercise of care in the selection of broker and investment should relieve you from worry.

The Partial Payment Plan is an unqualified success. Many firms, members of the New York Stock Exchange, offer it to their clients. It has been in operation for many years and has proved its worth beyond the shadow of a doubt. It offers splendid opportunities for the investor. Why not try it?

Books About Stocks and Bonds

Insurance and Banking by Mail

1.—S. W. Straus & Co. have issued a new "Investment Guide" describing a widely diversified variety of first mortgage serial 6% bonds safeguarded under the *Straus Plan* in $1000 and $500 denominations. This circular, together with the "Questionnaire for Investors" will be sent without charge to anyone writing S. W. Straus & Co., 150 Broadway, New York City, or Straus Building, Chicago. Ask for Circular R-904.

2.—H. M. Byllesby & Co., Inc., 111 Broadway, New York, 208 South LaSalle Street, Chicago, Ill., will send, upon request, a booklet describing their new oil property. Send for booklet MC-1 "A Study of Shaffer Oil & Refining Co. And the Position It Occupies in the Petroleum Industry."

3.—The Doherty News, published by Henry L. Doherty & Company, operators and fiscal agents of Cities Service Company, is published monthly and gives the latest information regarding oil statistics and production figures in the United States. It also contains valuable information regarding public utilities and a general review of the investment situation.

4.—A. B. Leach & Co. have selected from the securities now on the market several which are particularly attractive to investors because of their liberal yield. For full particulars ask A. B. Leach & Co., 62 Cedar Street, New York, for Circular No. M.C-50.

5.—Short time, carefully safeguarded investment netting an unusually high return. Peabody, Houghteling & Co., Established 1865. 10 S. LaSalle Street, Chicago.

6.—"Opportunity in Bonds" will be the leading article in "Bond Topics" this month. There will also be an excellent article by Samuel Insull on what the Middle West Utilities Co. has done during the war. "Bond Topics" will be sent on request by writing to A. H. Bickmore, 111 Broadway, New York City.

7.—Bankers Mortgage Co., Des Moines, Ia., will send booklet 118, dealing with Iowa First Farm Mortgages and Tax Free Municipal Bonds.

8.—"Acceptance" is the title of a comprehensive and thorough booklet which will be of great value to business houses dealing in acceptances. Both foreign and domestic acceptances are dealt with in this booklet. It will be sent upon request by the National City Co., New York.

9.—John Muir & Co., odd lot and liberty bond specialists, 61 Broadway, New York, have recently made several changes in their partial-payment-plan terms which are explained in the new edition of their booklet, "The Partial Payment Plan," which is free on request.

10.—By its Banking by Mail plan, and by paying 4% compound interest on deposits

Selected Investment Securities

Weekly Bond Lists

All investors of large or small means desiring to receive our weekly list of offerings of

Municipal and Corporation BONDS

Paying from 4½% to 7½%

and learn about our Partial Payment Plan, write for circular P 9.

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Capital $2,000,000

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CHICAGO OFFICE 112 W. Adams St. Randolph 5700
NEW YORK OFFICE 512 Fifth Avenue Vanderbilt 2712

Write the Nearest Office.

Conservative Investments in Oil

You cannot fail to be interested in the new illustrated descriptive booklets which we will send upon request, with particular reference to

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a complete petroleum organization

Ask for full information.

H. M. Byllesby & Co.

Incorporated

111 Broadway, New York — 208 So. La Salle St., Chicago

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8% Preferred Stock

Company successfully operating for over ten years.

Present sales at rate of over $1,000,000 per year.

Earnings at rate of 5 times Preferred Dividend charges.

Sinking fund to retire Preferred Stock.

Price to net 8% with bonus of 25% Common Stock.

Send for circular C. T.

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INVESTMENTS that are SAFE

The best evidence we can submit of the high character of our 6% First Farm Mortgages and Real Estate Bonds, and the soundness of our methods, is our 35 years' experience without the loss of a dollar. Amounts to suit. Write for pamphlet "T" and current offerings.

E. J. LANDER & CO., Grand Forks, N. D.

Established 1883

Capital and surplus $500,000.00

6%

For 40 years we have been paying our customers the highest returns consistent with conservative methods. First mortgage loans of $200 and up which we can recommend after the most thorough personal investigation. Please ask for Loan List No. 718. Certificates of $25 and up also for saving investor.

PERKINS & CO. Lawrence, Kan.

Guaranteed 6% Chicago Investment

Bonds of $500 and $1000 denominations.

Secured by real estate and buildings.

Issued to complete new plant made necessary by rapidly increasing business.

Net assets 2½ to 1. Net earnings 3 times interest.

Guaranteed by prominent business man.

Recommended by us after 54 years success in this field.

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Peabody, Houghteling & Co.

(ESTABLISHED 1865)

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Invest Your Savings

You can buy a $100 bond for $10 down and $5 a month. Or 1 share of investment stock for the same monthly payments with a little larger initial deposits.

While you are paying, you receive the interest or dividend.

Send for Booklet B-12
"Partial Payment Plan"

John Muir & Co.

SPECIALISTS IN

Odd Lots

61 Broadway, N.Y.

What you do not see in a bond circular

is frequently as important to know as what the circular contains.

As an investor

you will do well to write for our free booklet: "What You Do Not See In A Bond Circular" and a copy of our BOND TOPICS, listing securities to yield 5½ to 8%

Ask for Combination CL 340

A. H. Bickmore & Co.

111 BROADWAY, N.Y.

6%

The Earning Power of Your Money

is safely 6%, if invested in our 6% Two-Year Time Certificates, which we have issued for 24 years—amply protected by first mortgage. We pay 5% on Certificates payable on demand.

Booklet gives the facts about this old and tried institution—Write for it.

The Calvert Mortgage Company

875 Calvert Bldg., Baltimore, Md.

BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST

SAVING money by mail at 4% interest with this large, safe bank is easily possible for you no matter where you live.

Send today for a copy of interesting booklet "D," published by this bank—the oldest Trust Company in Ohio.

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.

CLEVELAND, OHIO. ASSETS OVER 65 MILLION DOLLARS. CAPITAL & SURPLUS $8,000,000.00

Own Your Own Stocks in a Year

Begin today

Invest Wisely. Obtain Growing Income. Buy only high grade stocks paying substantial dividends. First payment 20% of purchase price. Balance equal monthly payments during year.

Write today for Booklet "MC"

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Investment Securities
Cor. Broadway & Wall St., New York City

Sensible Investing Simplifies Saving

Those who are distinctly successful in saving never allow their dollars to remain idle. They follow a well-defined method of putting funds to work in some seasoned stock or bond.

Every dollar invested in securities on

The Twenty Payment Plan

is a step toward the accumulation of valuable income-producing property. Descriptive booklet and our fortnightly publication

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will explain how simple it is to save and how sensible investments can be made. Write for booklets 7-A.

SLATTERY & Co. (Inc.)
Investment Securities
40 Exchange Place, New York

INVESTORS

In the present active market there is no more attractive or convenient a method of acquiring securities than by *The Investment Plan.*

Booklet describing this Plan and current issue of

"Investment Suggestions"

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GERARD & Co.
Investment Securities
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7% FIRST MORTGAGES

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There are many desirable securities on the market today, that can be purchased at unusually low prices.

Before making your purchases do not fail to consult the Financial Department of McClure's.

All inquiries addressed to this Department will receive prompt and careful attention.

Address:

Financial Department
McCLURE'S MAGAZINE
25 West 44th Street, N. Y. C.

from a dollar up, The Citizens Savings & Trust Company of Cleveland, Ohio, encourages savers everywhere. Anybody, by writing the bank, can receive free booklet "D" which tells about the plan.

11.—"Six Per Cent and Safety" is the title of a booklet giving some very interesting facts about that old and tried institution, The Calvert Mortgage Company of Baltimore, Md., which has paid 6% continuously for a quarter of a century.

12.—Farson, Son & Co., 115 Broadway, New York City, will send upon request, an interesting circular regarding the Cadet Hosiery Company, 8% Preferred Stock. Send for Circular C-T.

13.—Gerard & Company, 35 Wall Street, New York City, will send upon request some interesting booklets dealing with new offerings of securities.

14.—Francis & Company, 1 Wall Street, New York City, will be pleased to send upon request some interesting circulars describing a variety of new investments.

15.—The Twenty Payment Plan was originated by Slattery & Company, Inc., of 40 Exchange Place, New York City, and has been in successful operation for a great many years. Booklet describing the plan in detail will be forwarded to any one by the firm upon request. Ask for 7-A.

16.—Aurelius-Swanson Co., of Oklahoma City, send upon request Booklet M-C-OO dealing with a selected list of Farm Mortgages.

17.—"We're Right on the Ground," by E. J. Landers & Co., of Grand Forks, N. D. covers Farm Mortgages from the Northwest. Free.

18.—Perkins & Co., Lawrence, Kan., will send free a list of farm mortgages. Send for list 718.

19.—The character of the present securities market is based on justified confidence in the future. The whole situation in the business world is visibly improving. Wartime earnings have made many companies rich, not only in assets, but in facilities for peace-time production. Comparison of earnings of companies whose securities are actively traded in may be obtained by writing to Dunham & Company, 43 Exchange Place, New York City. Ask for 54-CC.

20.—The Guaranty Trust Company of New York will send upon request an interesting booklet describing the advantages of using their traveler's checks. Send for booklet MC.

Upon request from readers, McClure's Financial Department will arrange with any of the above named firms to furnish promptly the booklets mentioned in this column. In sending request to McClure's for booklets, please order them by number.

Days in a German Prison Hospital

[*Continued from page 65*]

window, stuck his head out to see. Then excitedly he turned to me.

"Come, quick, America, and have a look. Is he a Boche or one of ours?"

I hurried over and peered out to search the sky, vaguely hoping to catch a glimpse of a friendly machine. But no, there he was, a lone Hun, skimming along toward us, just below the clouds at about fifteen hundred feet. I recognized his plane as a Fokker—one of the type that had downed me.

He quickly passed over us and was soon out of hearing, but I could not get him out of my thoughts. The sight of him had stirred me as nothing else could have done. He had aroused anew my longings to be back in the game, back with the boys at the squadron.

Oh, to get out of this! Away from this endless monotony, back to the happy days. Why not try? It ought not be so hard, there must be some way out. Couldn't I steal away with one of the Hun's own planes? I remembered how careless we were at our own airdromes. If conditions were about the same on this side of the lines, I was certain that I could do it.

I sat there deep in thought, and gazed absently out of the window into the courtyard below. My eye fell upon the one bright spot that beckoned like an oasis in the desert, the little circular bed of flowers, with its closely clipped border of green. I looked at it for a long time without really seeing what was there. Then the green border took the form of block letters of the alphabet. I became suddenly interested. What was this inscription that some one had considered worthy the patience and labor of setting out?

I followed the lettering around, searching out a starting point. I found a period, so I began from there to group the letters into words. They were very closely planted, with no word spacings.

W—o—e—i—n—e—r, I spelled out slowly. German, apparently, and the first two words were *Wo einer.*

W—i—l—l—e—d—a—e—i—n—w—e—g, I followed it through.

"*Wo einer Wille, da ein Weg.*" That was it. Even with my limited knowledge of German, I could not mistake its meaning. It fairly shouted its message to me:

"Where there's a will, there's a way!"

[*To be continued*]

Roosevelt Conversations

[*Continued from page 26*]

"But it was not in him to think of these things. He had his eyes on the Presidency from the moment he was elected; he has not made the record he could have made by attending strictly to the job in hand, and he has lost the Presidency. It is too bad."

Major Mitchel's failure, the Colonel believed, was due entirely to his getting out of step with the electorate.

"There is," he went on to say, "no doubt that Mitchel has given New York the best administration the city has ever had. There is every reason why his administration should be continued. Another four years and Tammany will be starved to death. If Tammany gets back now, it means another lease of life for it.

"Being with a loser, so long as what the loser stands for is right, has no terrors for me.

"The weakness of Mitchel and his fight is that he has failed utterly to keep in touch with the people. Three years ago, after Mitchel had been in office nearly a year, I told him he was in danger of making his a 'swallowtail' administration; that he was putting too many men into office the people did not know, and some that they did not like.

"I told him he would do well to put some man into responsible office who was really in touch with the best in the labor unions; that an occasional appointment of a clean-cut young Irishman would be wise, warning him at the same time that he was surrounding himself with men not in touch with the people and who would surely isolate him from the masses.

"It was not enough, I told him, to give the people a good administration—he must not give the people the impression that he was not one of them, that he was a man aloof.

"Again, a year later, I told him he would be wise if he took an occasional night away from Fifth Avenue and went east two or three blocks and got acquainted, say, with Second Avenue, and that he might with pleasure and profit hire a chauffeur who knew the way to Brooklyn. He would, I told him, have a lot of fun at a ball in, say, the Third Assembly District; a better time, perhaps, than he ever had in Fifth Avenue, find the girls just as good if not better dancers, and be a better mayor for having the fun. But he did not see things that way.

"No man seriously questions John Mitchel's honesty. But many do insist that instead of buying his influence with cash, the so-called interests secure it with invita-

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tions to tea or dinner. In the public mind he is, I'm sorry to say, a social climber. He has only himself to blame for this.

"He has blundered, too, in his very efficiency. The so-called Gary School System has become a liability, where, properly handled, it would have been an enormous asset.

"I believe it really solves the part-time school problem. That is a problem of the tenements, of the immigrants very largely. Naturally it is so — they have the large families, there are more of them, they live in the crowded sections.

"You and I know the psychology of the immigrant, of the man who works with his hands. With them, education for their children is almost an obsession. The Irishman wants a priest in the family, or a lawyer; the Jew, a student, a doctor or a rabbi, and so on. It's understandable and commendable. They want their children to be better off than they have been. Lacking much of the higher education, they appraise it at a better value than many of us who have it.

"If Mr. Mitchel had gone to them when this plan was decided upon, shown them where it would give their children more and better education, they would have been with him — they'd have called him blessed. That would have been more than a polite thing to do — it would have been the decent thing to do; for, after all's said and done, the parent has the right to be consulted on anything so vital as his child's schooling.

"Instead, having agreed that the doctors had fixed up medicine that would be good for the school patient, he decided to let the doctors jam it down the patient's throat, whether the patient liked it or not.

"It's too late now, but we cannot blame the parents of the 90,000 children on half-time if they are offended, or if they resent what has been made (and by one of the Gary school defenders) to appear as an effort to keep their children in the places of hewers of wood and carriers of water.

"No man in public office, in justice to himself, his office and the public, can allow the impression to gain ground among the people that he is no longer one of themselves, that he is a man apart."

Making Peace with Gompers

ALL the world knows that soon after the East St. Louis race riots, Colonel Roosevelt and Samuel Gompers all but came to blows on the stage of Carnegie Hall, New York. Few, however, knew that at the time of Roosevelt's death he and Gompers were friends.

They shook hands, so to speak, on the question of Americanism, Colonel Roosevelt making the advances.

The peace-making came about in this way. Gompers, at the American Federation of Labor Convention of 1917 in Buffalo, faced the fight of his life with pro-Germans and pacifists within the labor movement who hoped to put the Federation on record as opposing the War and the national program for prosecuting it to a successful finish. Days before the convention met, "S.O.S." calls were flashing to all who might help hold the fort. Among those who responded, it will be recalled, was President Wilson, but even after his visit, the situation was tense up to the moment the convention adjourned.

More than that, adjournment left all hands with a realizing sense that, however emphatic the defeat of the anti-war group had been, it was still an element of great potential danger, and that the situation was anything but suitable from the standpoint of 100 per cent. Americanism. This I sought to make clear in a long report I submitted to Colonel Roosevelt at his request, accompanying it with an oral explanation.

"Gompers," I told the Colonel, "has his back to the wall. He may need help, and need it badly, at any time."

"What can I do to help?" he asked.

"Not a thing now," I replied, "but the time may come later when you can help."

"Very well. Does Gompers know you were to take this matter up with me? Have you discussed this matter with him?"

I replied that I had not.

"There was nothing I could say," I replied, "and no occasion for me to say anything, anyway."

"All right," said the Colonel. "As you say, Gompers is playing a straight American game. In that he should have every help. I do not take back any word I have ever said about him, and I don't care whether he takes back anything he has said about me or not. We can agree and do agree on Americanism.

"Now, you go to him and say to him for me that if there is anything I can say or do to help him in this fight, to let me know, and I will do it. Make it clear to him that you have told me the kind of fight that is being made on him because of his Americanism, and say to him that whatever differences we may have had in the past or may have in the future, I am with him in this fight. It won't embarrass you to do that?"

"Not at all," said I. "It is what I expected."

"All right, go ahead. Now, make it clear to Gompers that it is not going to be necessary for him to come to me or to write to me. You can see where that might be impossible, might embarrass him. If he wishes to come, all right, let him come; but if he prefers, let him send any message he wishes through you or somebody else we both know and I will attend to the matter."

It was ten days before I had an opportunity to deliver my message to Gompers. When I did deliver it, he was as pleased a man as I have ever seen.

"Did Mr. Roosevelt really say that?" he interrupted, when I had given him but part of the message.

"He certainly did," I replied. "Furthermore, when you want him, write direct if you wish, or, if you prefer, send for me and I will arrange a meeting. If that is not advisable, send some one else the Colonel knows, or you may, if you wish, send any message through me. These are the Colonel's instructions — he wants you to feel free to call on him for any help he may be able to give."

"That certainly is very fine of the old man," said Gompers. "You may go to him and tell him for me that I thank him from the bottom of my heart, that I do appreciate his offer and why it is made and that I shall not forget his offer if the occasion requires. Is it all right to tell this to Peeham?"

Peeham, a vice-president of the A. F. of L. and chief of the Order of Railroad Telegraphers, was standing near. I saw no reason why he and others in Gompers' confidence should not be told, and said so.

"The men on whom you rely to make your fight should know," I said. "The Colonel said nothing about secrecy and would, I think, prefer that they should know."

"Henry," called Gompers to Peeham, "this young man has just given me a most pleasing message. Colonel Roosevelt offers any help he may be able to give in fighting these scoundrels; we're to call on him any time. Isn't that fine?"

Peeham, slow of speech, agreed that it was, adding:

"But why shouldn't he? — you are both in the same fight."

"Yes, Henry," said Gompers, "but you must remember Roosevelt and I have not been very friendly. You must know that men — and I include the big ones — do not always do exactly what they should do."

So ended the Gompers-Roosevelt feud — if feud it could be called.

Good Eating — *Continued from page 40*

and rice *au gratin;* stuffed tomatoes with cream sauce and bacon; a Brunswick stew — again, suggested to make the mouth water!

The real success of a vegetable dinner lies in the inspiration with which it has been planned, the intelligence and care with which it is executed, and the skill and daring with which it is served. To make good is something of an art and a science combined, and the cook who has once mastered the trick will never be greeted with the exclamation, "What, no meat for dinner!" When as a nation, we have learned to cook our vegetables better, if only half as well as we can produce them, the vegetable dinner will become a popular fashion. It is a safe prophecy.

If, after analyzing the matter, and then putting it together again, it seems to be that for most of us, at least, good eating means a little of everything good that grows — fresh local food in season, a discriminating use of manufactured products, all wisely selected and wisely combined, with good cooking, attractive service, and peace, three times a day — the vegetable garden at this time can supply one of the first and most important principles. Make the most of your garden; it will repay you.

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The Backbone of the Army

[Continued from page 20]

But even that is not all. The British .303 ammunition used a cartridge case with a rimmed base, while our standard U. S. .30 caliber ammunition was "rimless," a shallow groove or cannelure furnishing what amounts to a finger-nail hold for the extractor in withdrawing it from the chamber after firing. The advantage of "rimless" ammunition over rimmed can best be estimated from the fact that every nation in Europe was planning to adopt it when the War broke out. Great Britain continued to use the recognizedly inferior .303 ammunition solely because she had on hand a tremendous quantity of it and could not afford either to "scrap" this reserve or to hazard the obviously resulting confusion arising from an attempt to use two kinds of ammunition near enough alike to be easily mistaken the one for the other, but absolutely non-interchangeable.

Unquestionably we would be able to start production of rifles — some kind of a rifle — a few months quicker than if we attempted to change over the rifle factories making British rifles to produce rifles using our superior high-power "rimless" ammunition. True, if we continued to make British type rifles, that part of our ammunition supply devoted to troops armed with this sort of rifle could be the same as the British, but at the time this decision was made it was contemplated that American troops would fight not with the British but with the French, so that this advantage was of doubtful value.

To offset these real or doubtful advantages, the adoption of the .30 caliber "rimless" as a uniform standard for all rifles supplied to the United States forces would be of inestimable advantage from a supply standpoint, would permit our 600,000 Springfield rifles to be used instead of being "scrapped" or used only for training purposes, and would make immediately available some 200,000,000 rounds of .30 caliber ammunition which had already been accumulated, not to mention the fact that we would thereby insure *every doughboy using admittedly the best high-power ammunition in the world.*

With all these considerations in mind, General William Crozier, then chief of Ordnance, recommended the adoption of .30 caliber ammunition as the standard, and the manufacture of modified Enfield rifles to use this high-power ammunition, and capable of being manufactured in the three existing rifle factories engaged on British contracts with a minimum of change in shop equipment. General Crozier's view prevailed and the rifle program as outlined by him was approved by Secretary of War Baker, with the full concurrence of the other officers present at the conference.

Once this decision was made, our machine gun plants were all put on a .30 caliber basis, giving our army the enormous advantage of having rifles and machine guns made *so that they could all use not only the same cartridges interchangeably, but also the best high-power ammunition in the world.* No nation had ever done this, but now, with a great war ahead (possibly a long war), America proposed to do it, even at the cost of some delay. It was a case of *reculer pour mieux sauter*, as the French say — draw back to leap better.

Much credit is due General Crozier for his vigorous championship of this policy in which he was supported by General Pershing and all other military authorities in full possession of the facts in the case. Not only did we provide .30 caliber cartridges for all rifles and all machine guns used in the American army, but, after modifying the Enfield rifle to suit our ammunition, we improved it in other ways, notably the lock mechanism, so that it shot a third faster. Then we standardized this modified Enfield — a thing the British had never done — so that a soldier of the battlefield could repair his broken rifle with parts taken from another rifle, knowing that all parts were absolutely interchangeable, no matter which munitions plant they came from — New Haven, Ilion or Eddystone.

Attainment of this interchangeability of parts also caused some initial delay in arriving at quantity production, but it was time well spent both from the standpoint of being able to take a rifle from each of three plants separated by hundreds of miles, to disassemble each into its hundred separate parts, to shuffle all three hundred separate parts, and then to reassemble three perfect rifles from parts picked up indiscriminately. And from another practical standpoint, it showed in the production figures of completed rifles. Each part, large or small, rugged or delicate, was made with a high degree of accuracy to start with, instead of being turned out approximately to size and filed and fitted into place according to the personal whim of the workmen in the assembly room. As a result, where twenty assembled rifles per man per day was a good average in the manufacture of the old British model Enfield, 128 assembled rifles per man was attained under the interchangeability requirements of the Army Ordnance Department in the manufacture of the modified Enfield Model of 1917.

Credit for attaining interchangeability of these rifles is universally bestowed upon Brigadier General John T. Thompson, Ordnance Department, U. S. Army, Chief of the Small Arms Division of the Office of the Chief of Ordnance.

If it is asked why we made Enfields at all instead of Springfields (the Springfield being our own rifle and admittedly second to none) the answer is that it would have taken a year and a half to put American private factories on a basis of quantity production for Springfields. We could not wait a year and a half. We made all the Springfields that we could at the national armories, over 300,000 during the War, but we went ahead full speed with the modified Enfields, which became our 1917 model, and before the end of the War were producing these at the rate of over 200,000 a month, and in all we produced over 2,000,000 of them, enough for all possible needs on the firing line, with a huge surplus. The Eddystone plant of the Remington Arms Corporation, alone, within one year of the time when they began quantity production, turned out a million rifles, which is probably the greatest rifle-making achievement the world has ever known.

AND so, in the fall of 1918, there came a splendid vindication of the original decision, for during the months preceding the Armistice America was producing rifles twice as fast as England and five times as fast as France and had far exceeded the total rifle production of either nation for the entire period between April 6, 1917, and November 11, 1918.

The only consequence of our few months' delay in reaching maximum rifle production was that some of the first levies of troops did not have rifles for training at American training camps as soon as we could have wished, and this gave rise to recriminations about drilling with broom sticks; but this temporary inconvenience was incomparably less important than would have been the disadvantage of the use of two kinds of ammunition in the American army, or the lack of interchangeability of parts of rifles in the hands of our troops. *It can be said positively that not one American soldier was at any time delayed five minutes in embarking for Europe by the lack of a modern rifle. Nor was there at any time a shortage of rifles for our troops.*

Furthermore, the production of our high-power "rimless" ammunition, capable of being used interchangeably in every American-made shoulder rifle, automatic rifle or machine gun, was being produced at a rate ten per cent. greater than Great Britain's and twice that of France, the grand total of American production reaching 2,879,148,000 rounds.

This quantity, enough to provide 1,700 rounds for every man armed with a rifle in a hundred American Army divisions, was produced in eight American factories: The U. S. Cartridge Company, the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, the Western Cartridge Company, the National Brass and Copper Tube Company, the Peters Cartridge Company, the Frankford Arsenal, the Munitions and Defense Company of Canada, and last and most important of all in its product, the Remington UMC plant at Bridgeport, *which alone turned out 7,000,000 cartridges a day.*

Such were the results of patriotic cooperation among American small arms and small-arms ammunition manufacturers, of their inspired efficiency and unselfish devotion to the common good. It makes one rather proud to be an American, doesn't it?

The Cause of Stomach Acidity and Fermentation

How to Remove it in 48 Hours

By R. S. Thompson

IF I were asked to sound a health warning that would be of the greatest possible benefit to mankind, I should say emphatically—"Beware of acid stomach." For acid stomach is the cause of fermentation which, bad enough in itself, is the forerunner of a hundred ills that sap the energy and vitality of its victims. I venture to say that ninety per cent of all sickness starts with acid stomach. Yet the cause of stomach acidity can be removed in 48 hours!

Nature provides hydrochloric acid as one of the digestive fluids, but too much of this acid causes fermentation, hurries the food out of the stomach, and carries the acid all through the body. As a consequence, poisons (toxins) are formed which are absorbed into the blood, causing autointoxication, nervousness, mental depression, and countless ills of which this is but the beginning.

Every one of the vital organs in time becomes affected—the heart, the liver, the kidneys, the intestines, the nerves, and the brain all decline, for the stomach is the Power Plant of the body. Even the teeth are affected by acid stomach, for the gums recede and pyorrhœa will be the result.

Stomach remedies only neutralize the acid because they are stronger than the acid. This ultimately ruins the lining of the stomach. The acid being neutralized is absorbed into the blood only to come back to the stomach in greater quantities at the next meal.

How much more sensible would it be to attack this disorder at its source. Instead of attempting to neutralize the acid after it has formed, why not prevent it from forming in the first place?

Superacidity is caused by wrong eating, and the remedy must be found in the field of the cause—in eating correctly.

The individual sufferer from indigestion, acidity, fermentation, gas and such disorders has not carried his experiments with food very far. If he had he could easily cure himself in 48 hours, as Eugene Christian, the famous food scientist, has proved beyond all doubt.

The reason which led Eugene Christian to take up the study of food in the first place was because he himself, as a young man, was a great sufferer from stomach and intestinal trouble.

So acute was his affliction that the best specialists of the day, after everything within their power had failed, gave him up to die. Educated for a doctor himself, Christian could get no help from his brother physicians.

Believing that wrong eating was the cause and that right eating was the only cure, he took up the study of foods and their relation to the human system. What he learned not only restored his own health in a remarkably short space of time, but has been the means of relieving some 25,000 other men and women for whom he has prescribed with almost invariable success even though most of them went to him as a last resort.

Christian says that all stomach and intestinal disorders, with their countless sympathetic ills, are caused by wrong selections and wrong combinations of food, and that right combinations of food will positively remove every stomach and intestinal disorder by removing its causes.

No one would think of putting salt into an open wound, and yet we do worse than that when we keep putting irritating acid-creating food combinations into our stomachs already surcharged with acid.

The word diet is one which has an unpleasant sound—it makes us think of giving up all the things we like for those we have no taste for. But Eugene Christian's method is entirely different—instead of asking his patients to give up the things they enjoy, he prescribes menus which are twice as enjoyable as those to which the patient is accustomed.

Christian believes in good foods deliciously cooked—the kind all of us like best and which may be obtained at any home, store, hotel, or restaurant. He says that most of the things we eat are all right—but that we don't know how to combine or balance them.

Often, one food good in itself, when combined with another food equally good, produces an acid reaction in the stomach; whereas either of the foods alone or eaten in combination with some other food would have been easily and perfectly digested.

Unfortunately, each food we eat at a meal is not digested separately. Instead, all of the foods we combine at the same meal are mixed and digested together. Consequently, if we eat two or more articles at the same meal which don't go well together, there is sure to be acidity, fermentation, gas, and all kinds of digestive trouble.

At Eugene Christian's New York office there is a constant stream of men and women who go to him for treatment after having tried everything else, and rarely are they disappointed in the outcome. Some of the results he has attained read like fairy tales. I know of a number of instances where his rich patrons have been so grateful for their restoration of health and energy that they have sent him checks for $500 or $1,000 in addition to the amount of the bill when paying it.

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice and whose cases he is unable to handle personally that he has written a course of little lessons which tells you exactly what to eat in order to overcome the ailment which is troubling you.

These lessons, there are 24 of them, contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, curative as well as corrective, covering all conditions of health and sickness, including stomach acidity, constipation, and all intestinal disorders from infancy to old age and all occupations, climates, and seasons. They also tell you how to reduce and how to gain.

With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with the great food specialist, because every possible point is so thoroughly covered and clearly explained that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will remove the causes of your disorder the day you receive the lessons and you will find that you secure results with the first meal. Many people who have suffered for years from acid stomach find that their ailment vanishes completely in 48 hours.

If you would like to examine these 24 Little Lessons in Corrective Eating, simply write The Corrective Eating Society, Inc., Dept. 109, 443 Fourth Avenue, New York City. It is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely ask them to send the lessons on five days' trial, with the understanding that you will either return them within that time or remit $3, the small fee asked.

Please clip out and mail the following form instead of writing a letter, as this is a copy of the official blank adopted by the Society, and will be honored at once

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New York City

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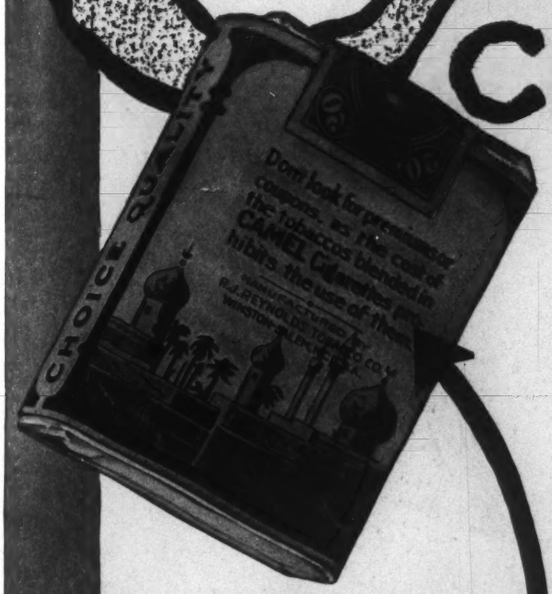
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